

JANUARY
No. 46

Bill
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CRACK COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

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Captain **TRIUMPH** battles **MR. WEARY!**

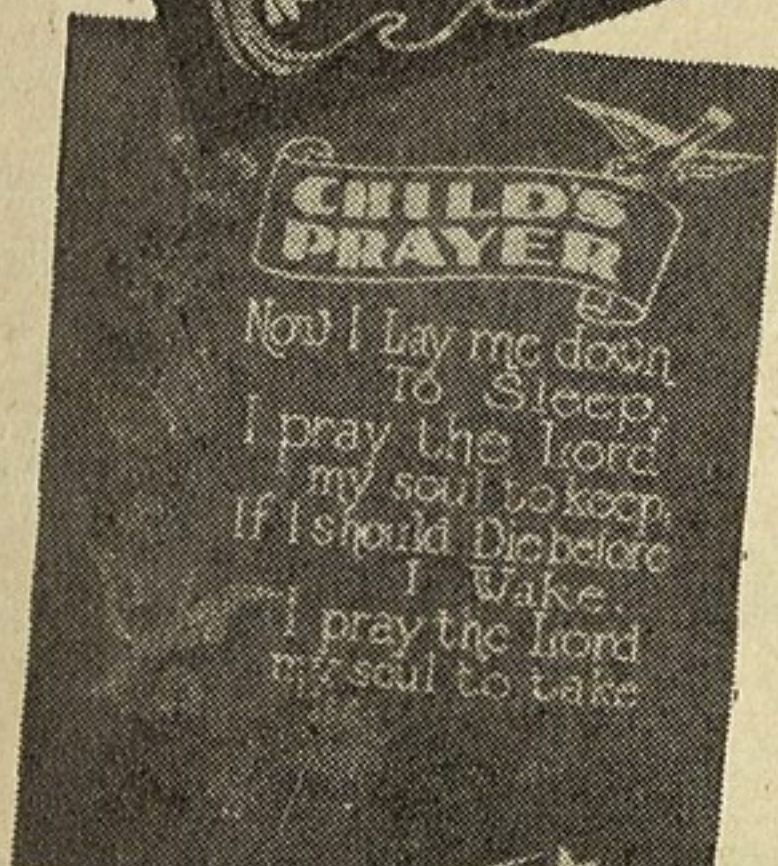
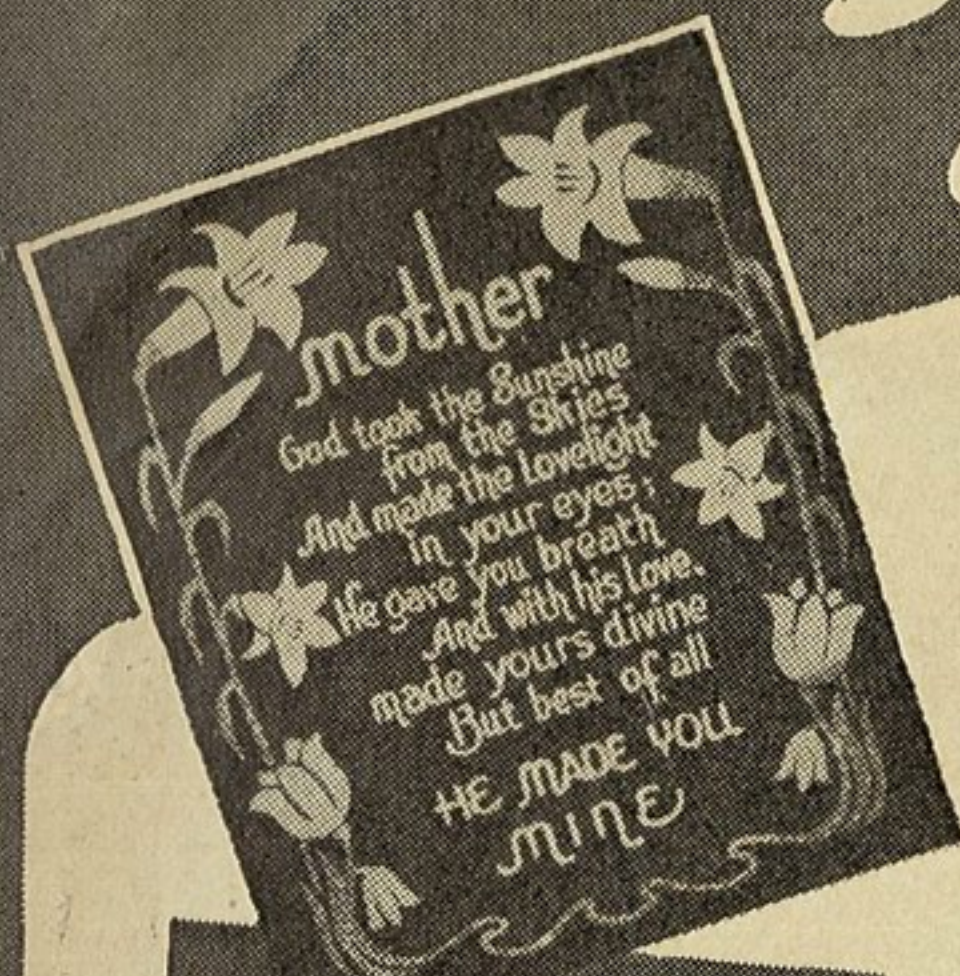




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SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.50

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REMEMBER:

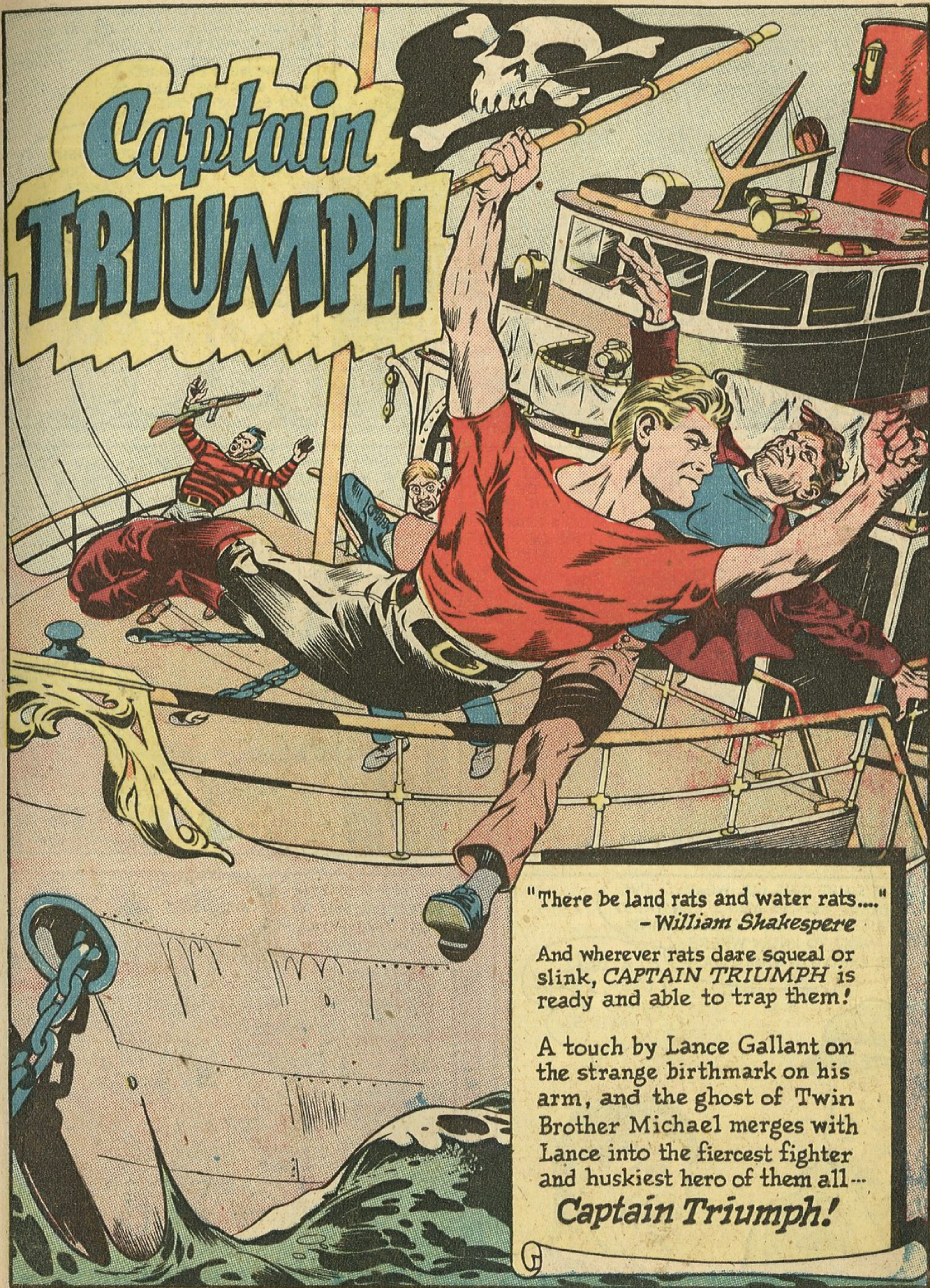
No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

**WRITE
FOR COMPLETE
DETAILS
TO**

CREDIT SALES COMPANY

406 North Main Street P. O. Box 106 Normal, Illinois

Dept. Q1



Captain TRIUMPH

"There be land rats and water rats...."
- William Shakespere

And wherever rats dare squeal or slink, **CAPTAIN TRIUMPH** is ready and able to trap them!

A touch by Lance Gallant on the strange birthmark on his arm, and the ghost of Twin Brother Michael merges with Lance into the fiercest fighter and huskiest hero of them all...
Captain Triumph!

CRACK COMICS

A vacation spot on the coast...

I'VE LOOKED FORWARD TO THIS HOLIDAY, BIFF! SO HAVE YOU AND KIM---

YES, AND PERHAPS EVEN CAPTAIN TRIUMPH WILL BE GLAD TO HAVE ONE!



Michael's ghost is never far from his beloved twin brother Lance....

YES, HE MUST BE BORED WITH BLASTING BULLIES AND SMACKING SNEAKS! NO REASON TO CALL ON HIM DOWN HERE!

I HOPE LANCE IS RIGHT! PERHAPS I OUGHT TO TAKE A SCOUTING TRIP AROUND THE TOWN!...



WEARY TOLD US TO BE HERE AT FOUR BELLS! WE'D BETTER NOT BE A SECOND LATE!

I NEVER HEARD OF WEARY, BUT HE PICKS A POOR TYPE OF ASSOCIATES!



THE CRAFT'S READY TO SAIL, MR. WEARY! OF COURSE, WE'RE ONE HAND SHORT--

I WANT A FULL CREW, LUGGER!



BUT IT'S LIKE THIS, MR. WEARY! I'VE GATHERED ALL THE MEN I CAN TRUST IN THIS PORT! ANY REGULAR HAND WILL WANT TO KNOW WHERE WE'RE SAILING --- WHAT FOR---

A **FULL** CREW, I SAID! AND NO ALIBIS!



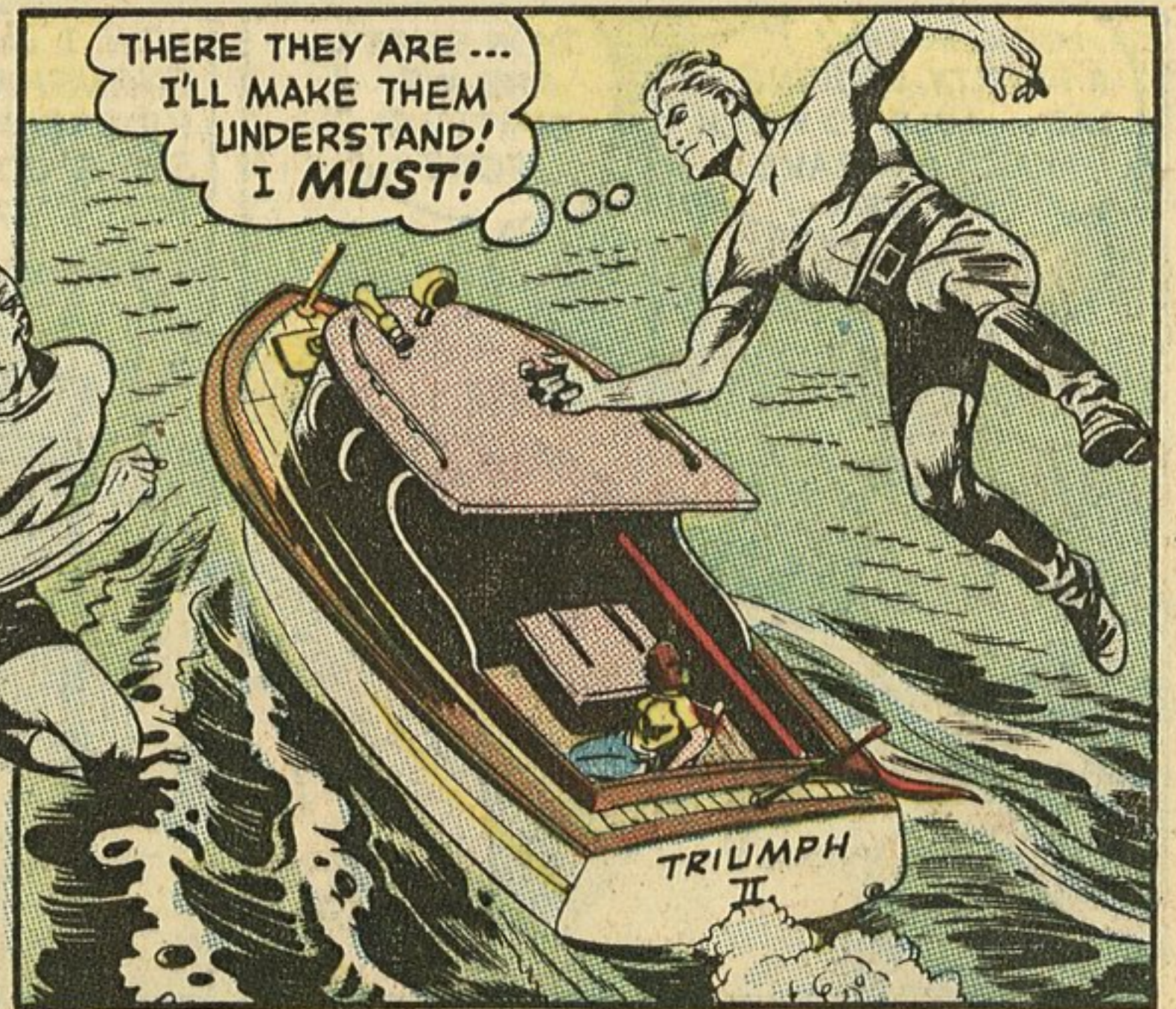
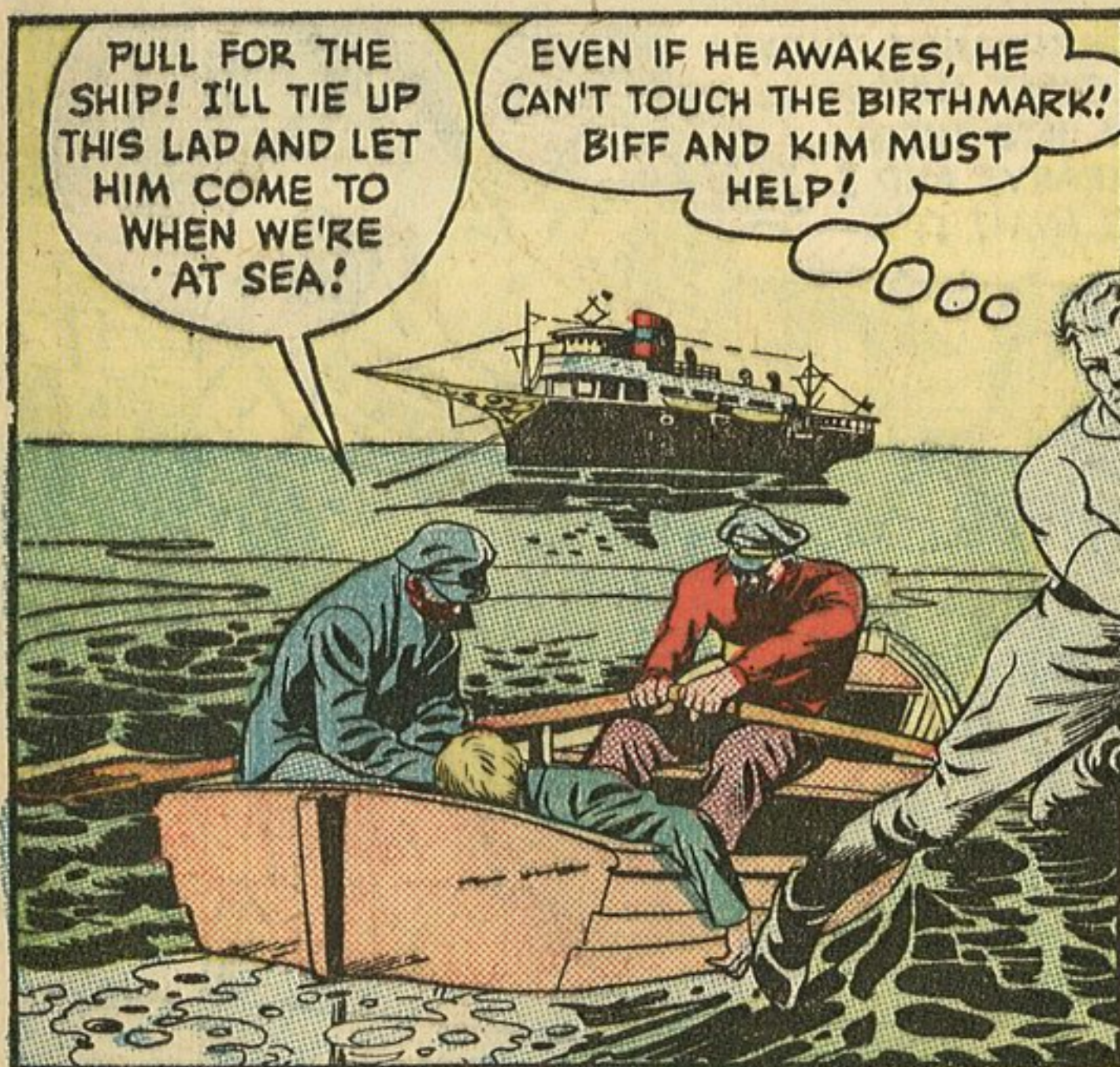
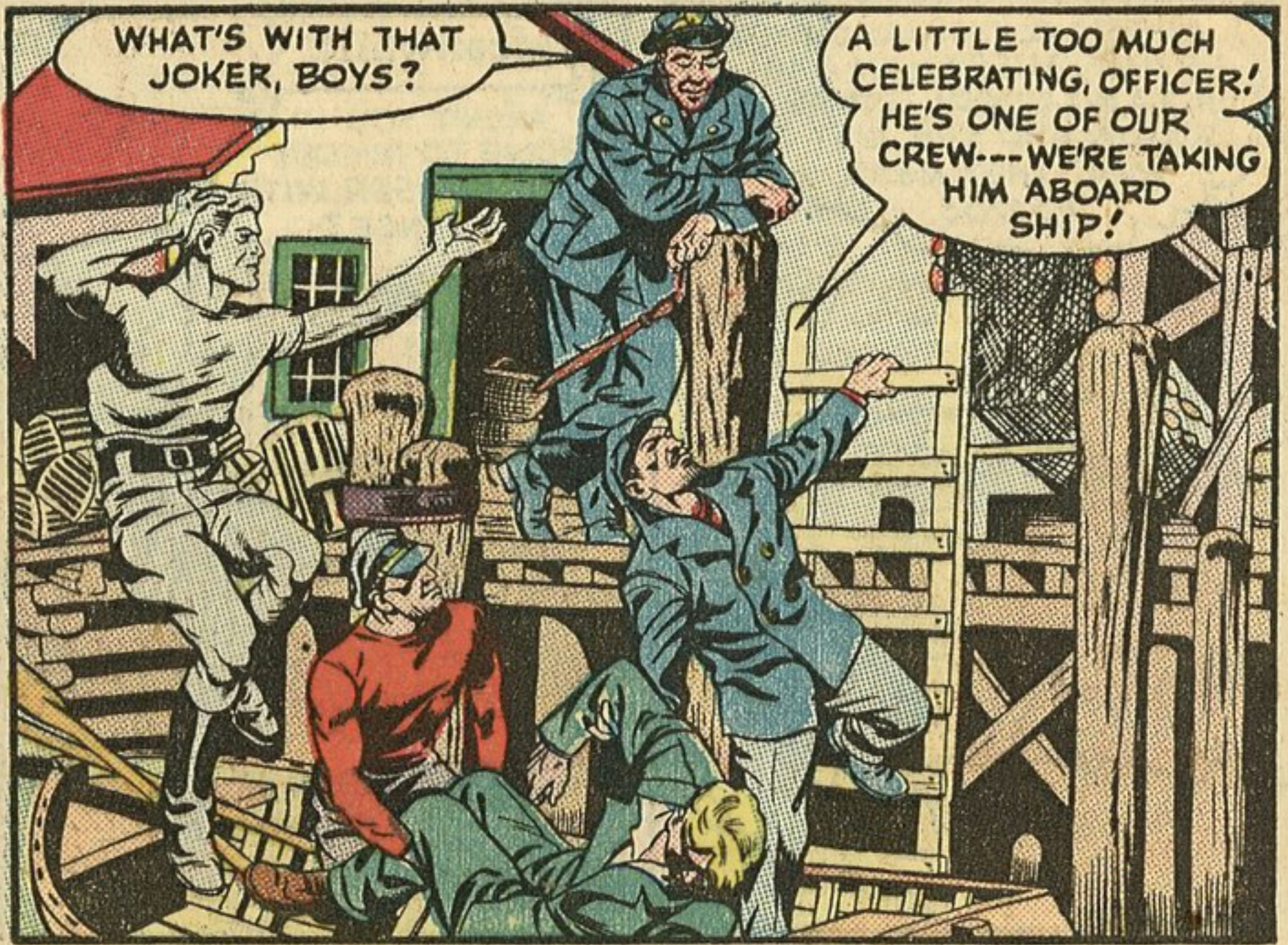
THERE'S ONLY ONE PRACTICAL WAY TO GET THAT EXTRA HAND, LUGGER!

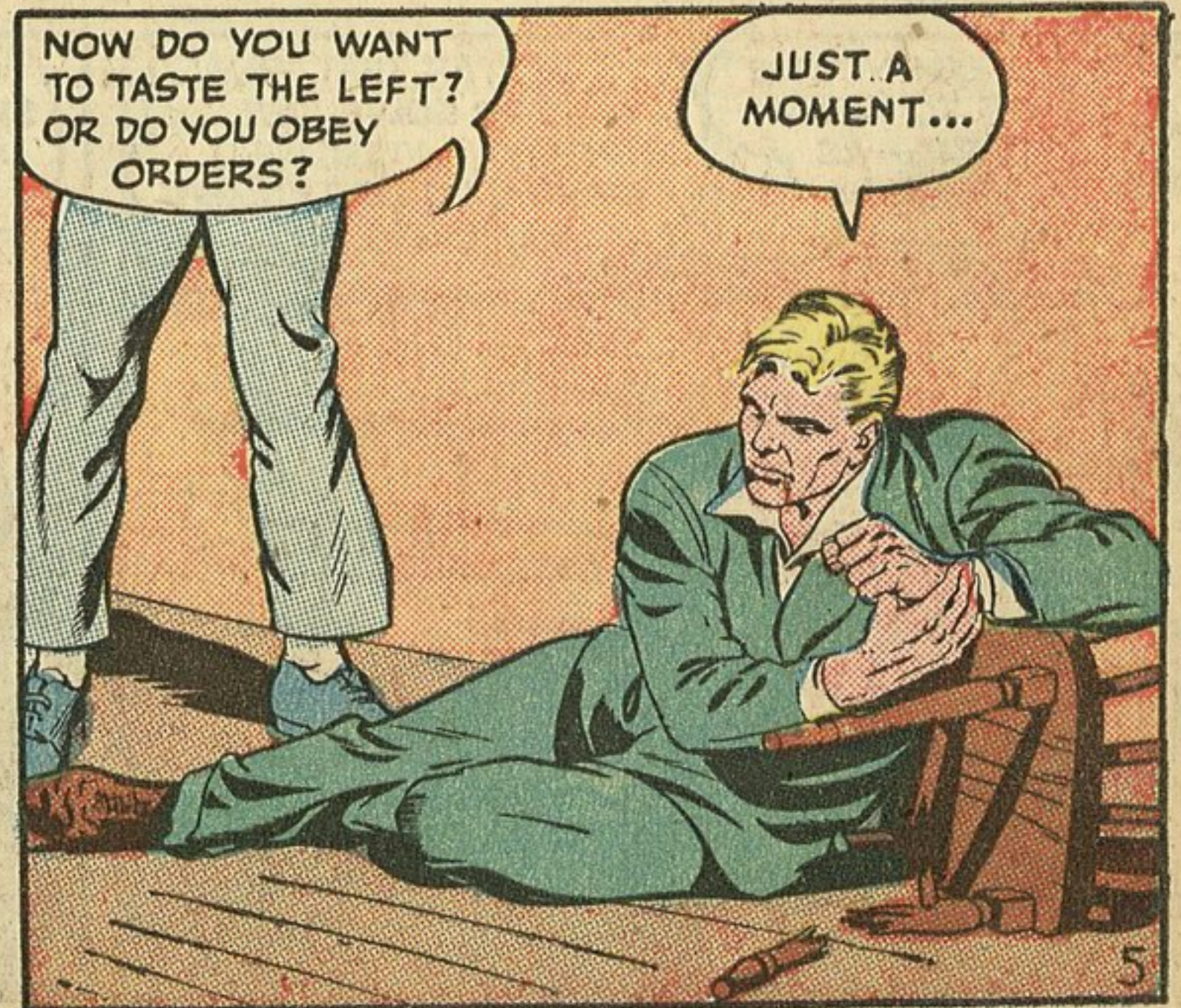
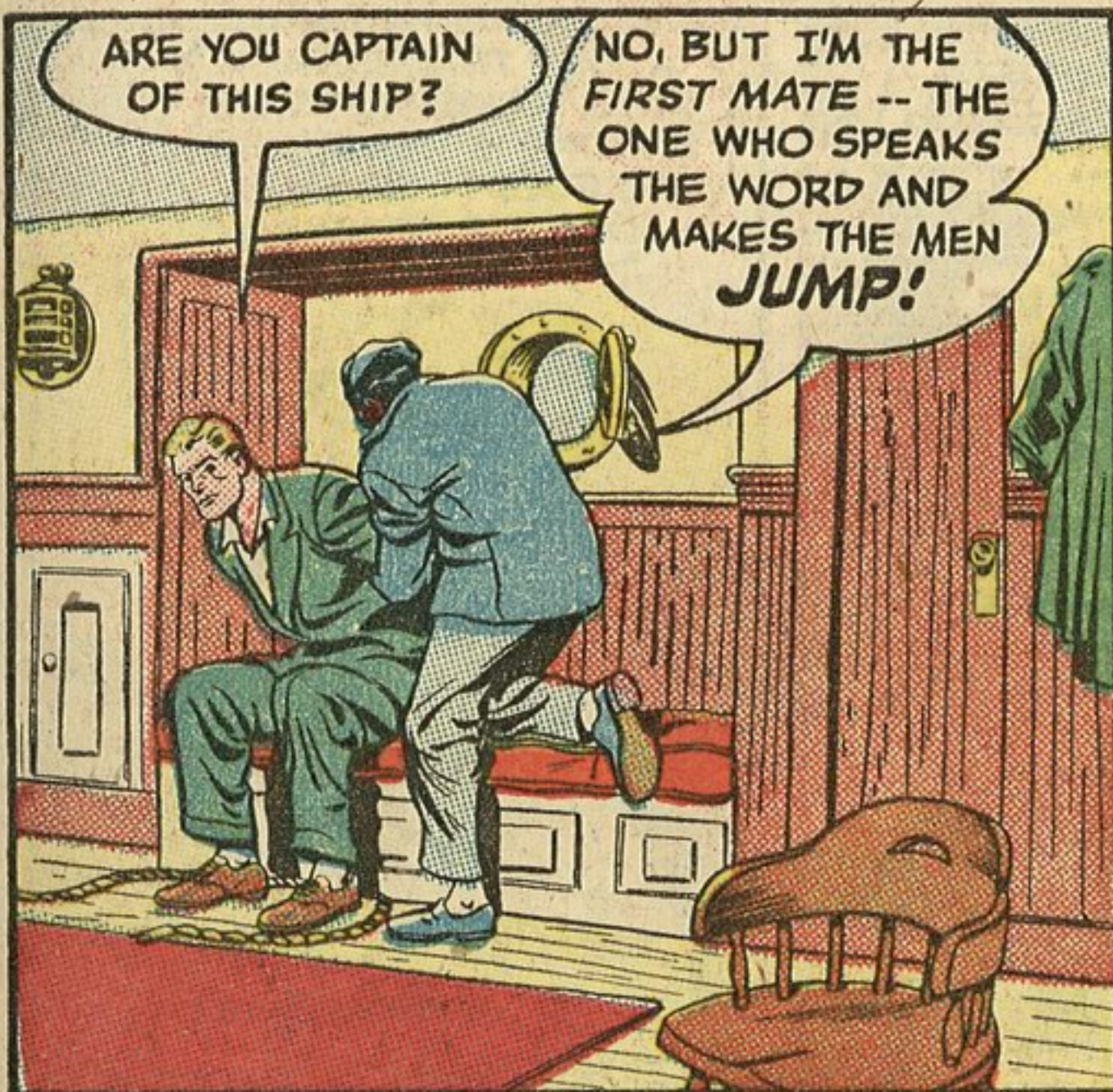
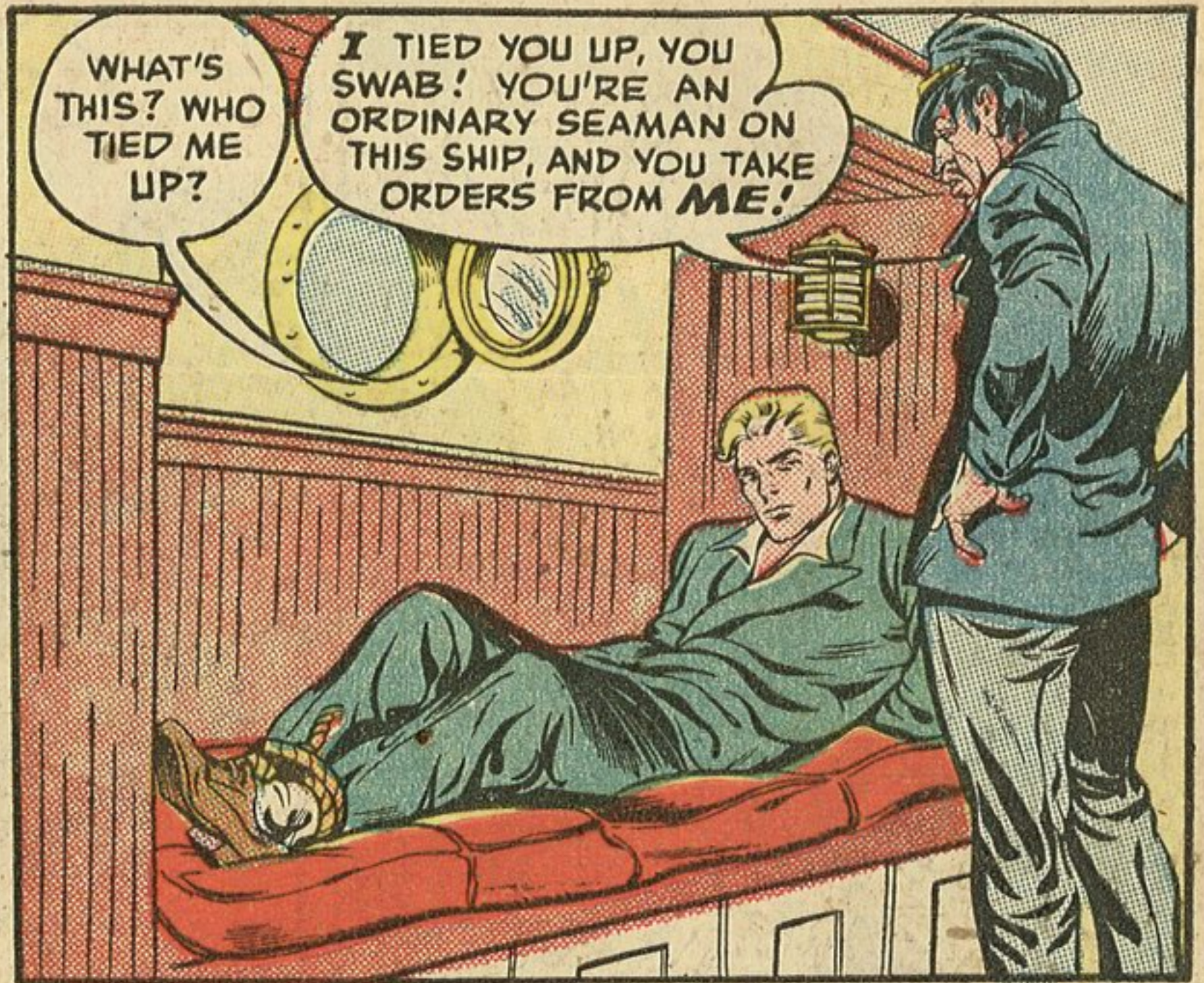
AYE, AYE!



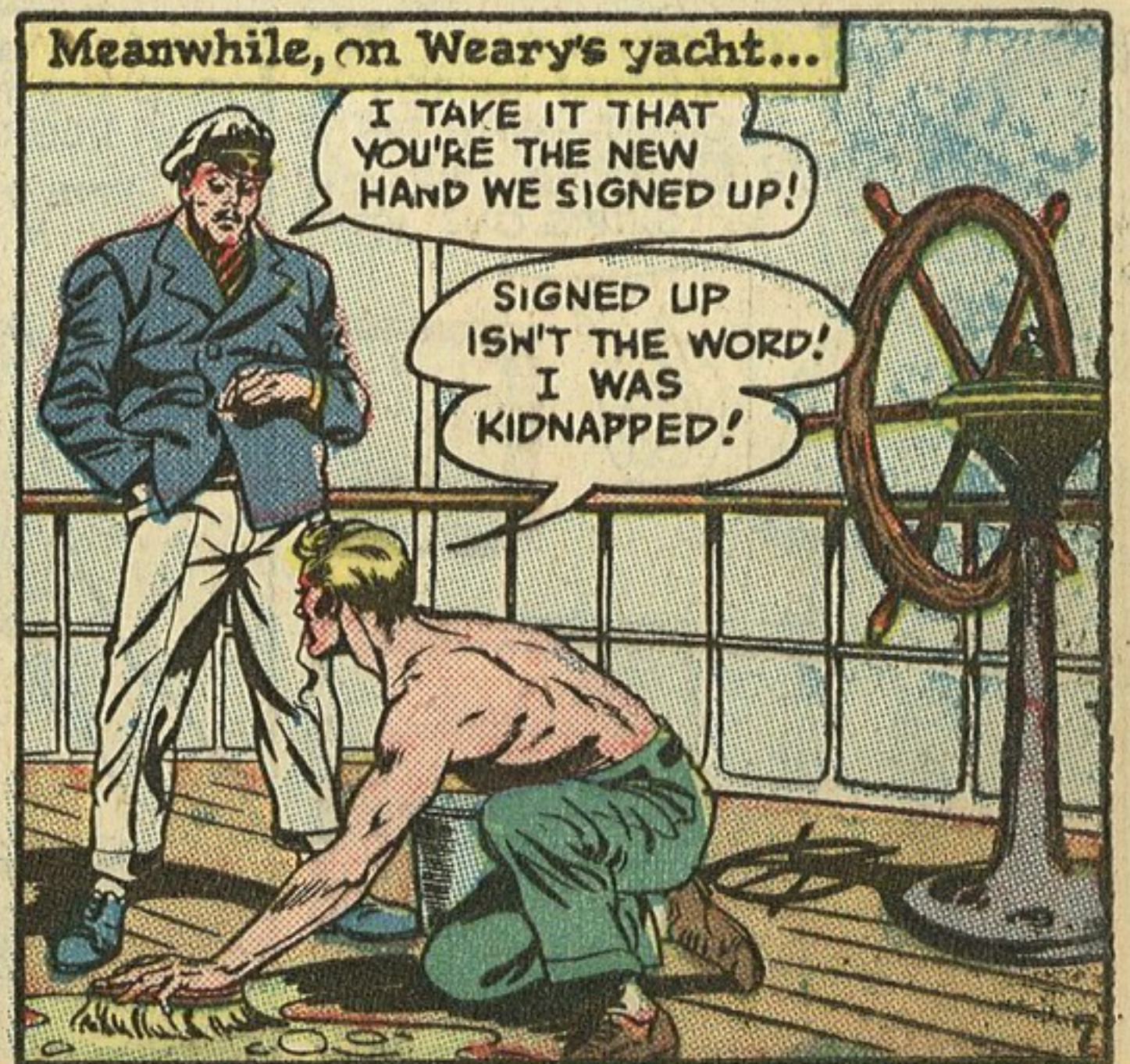
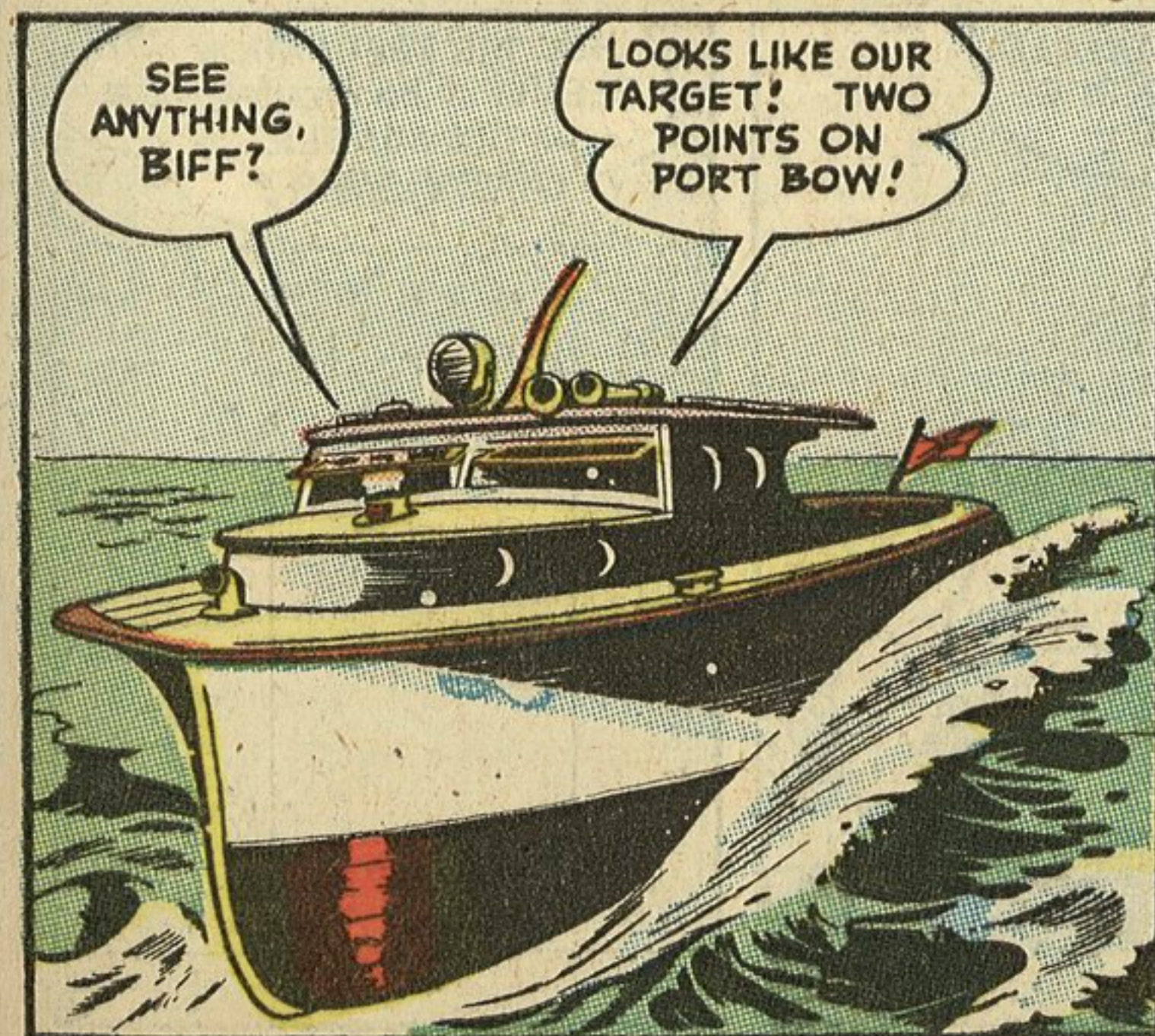


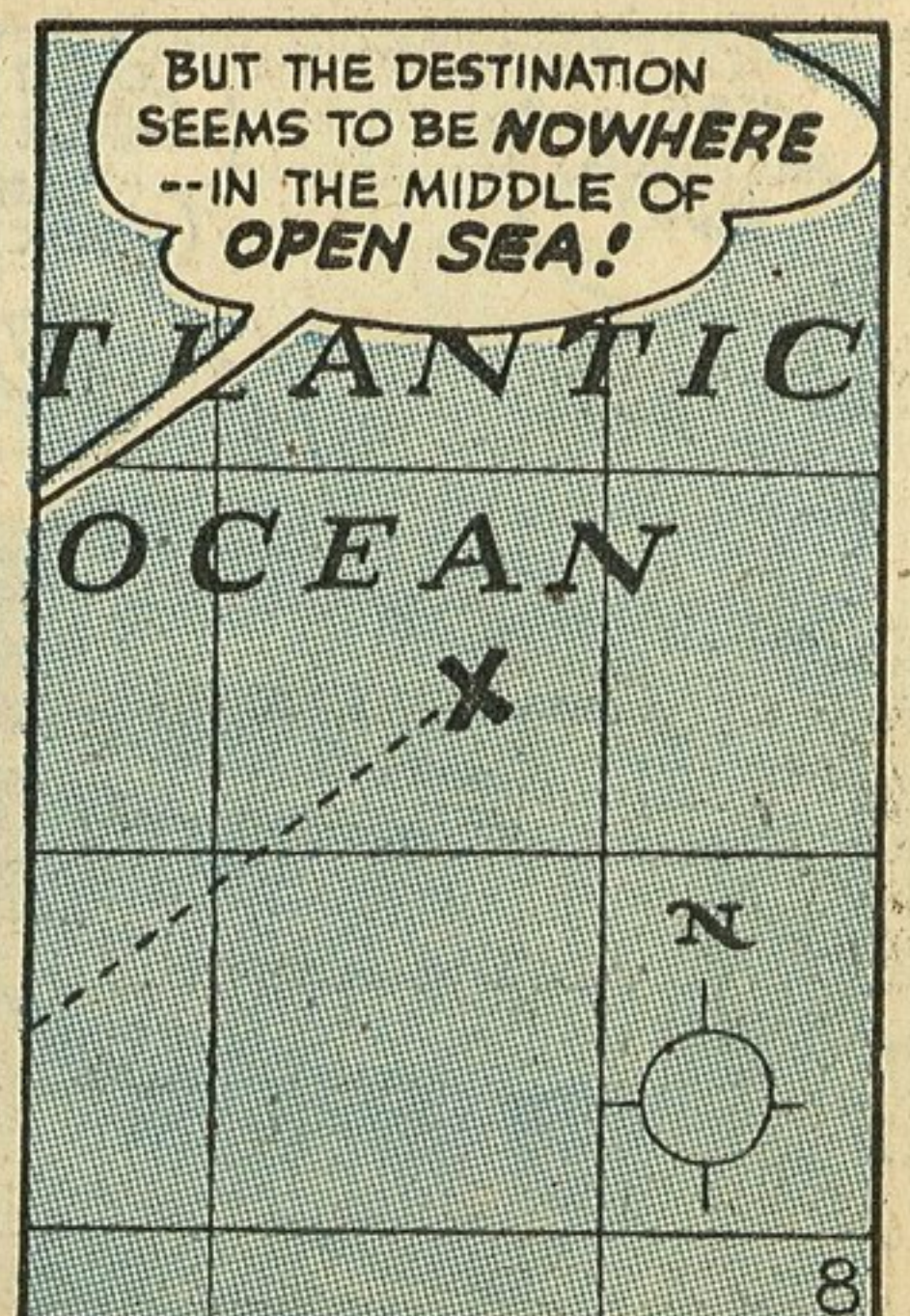
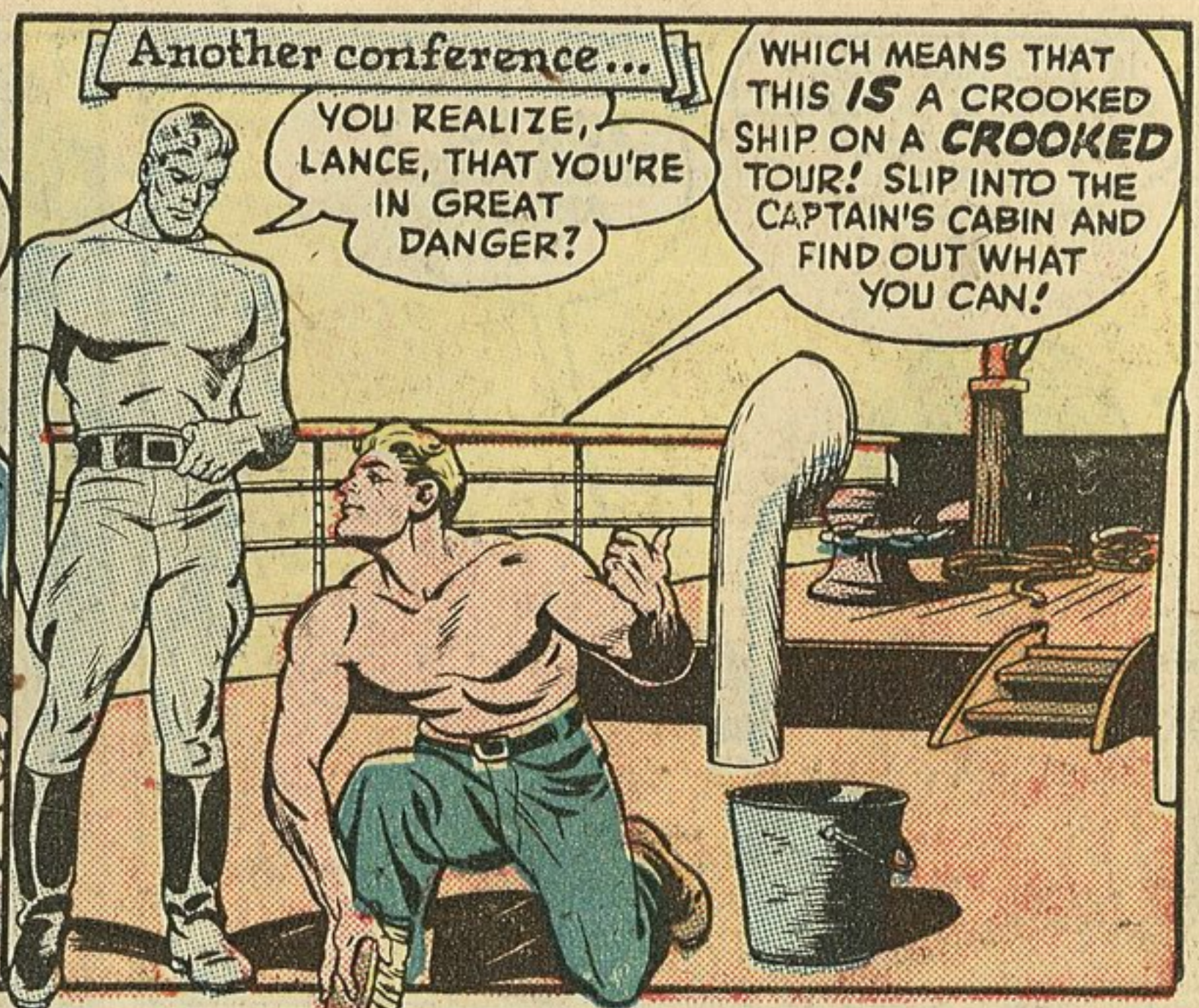
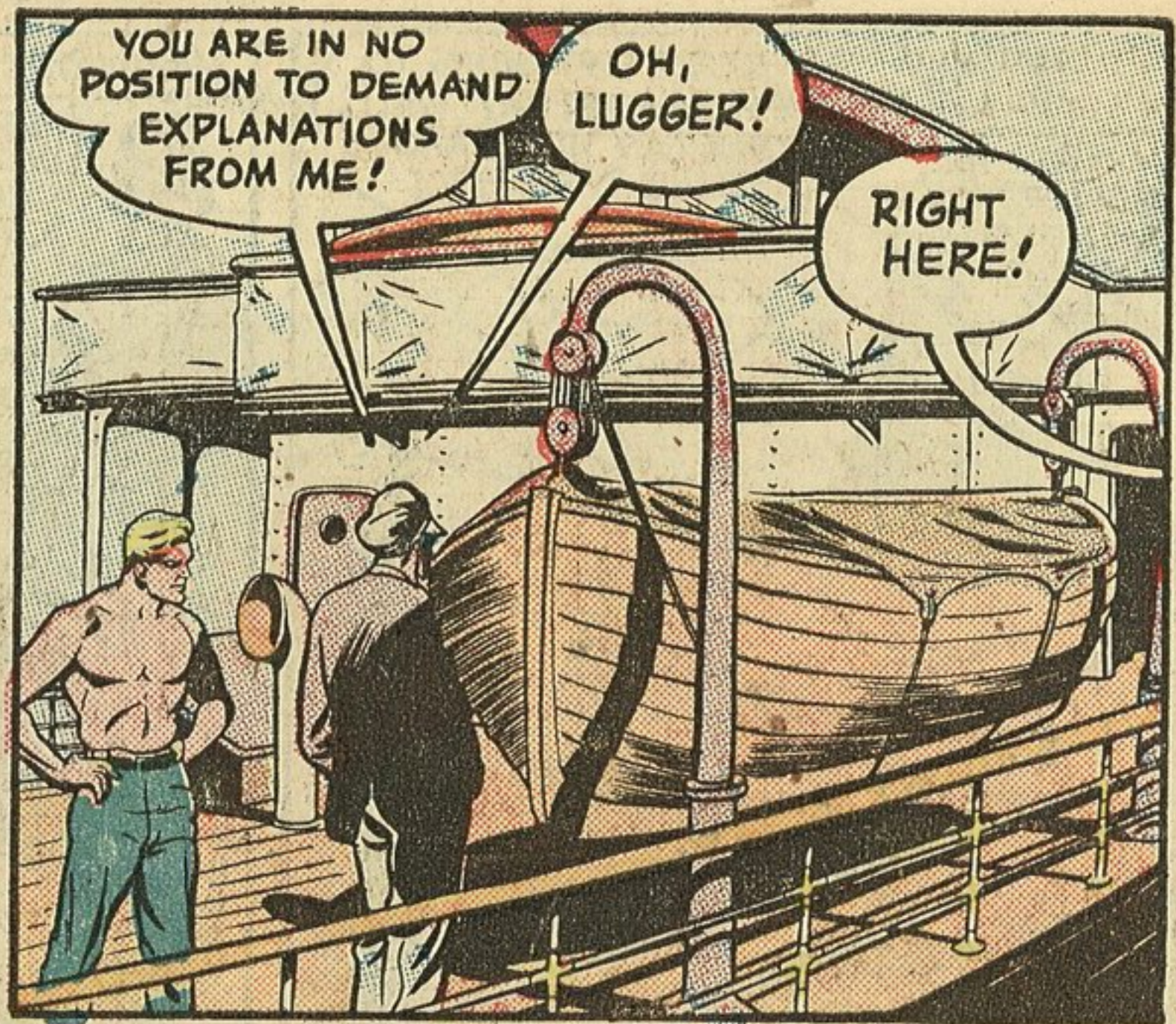
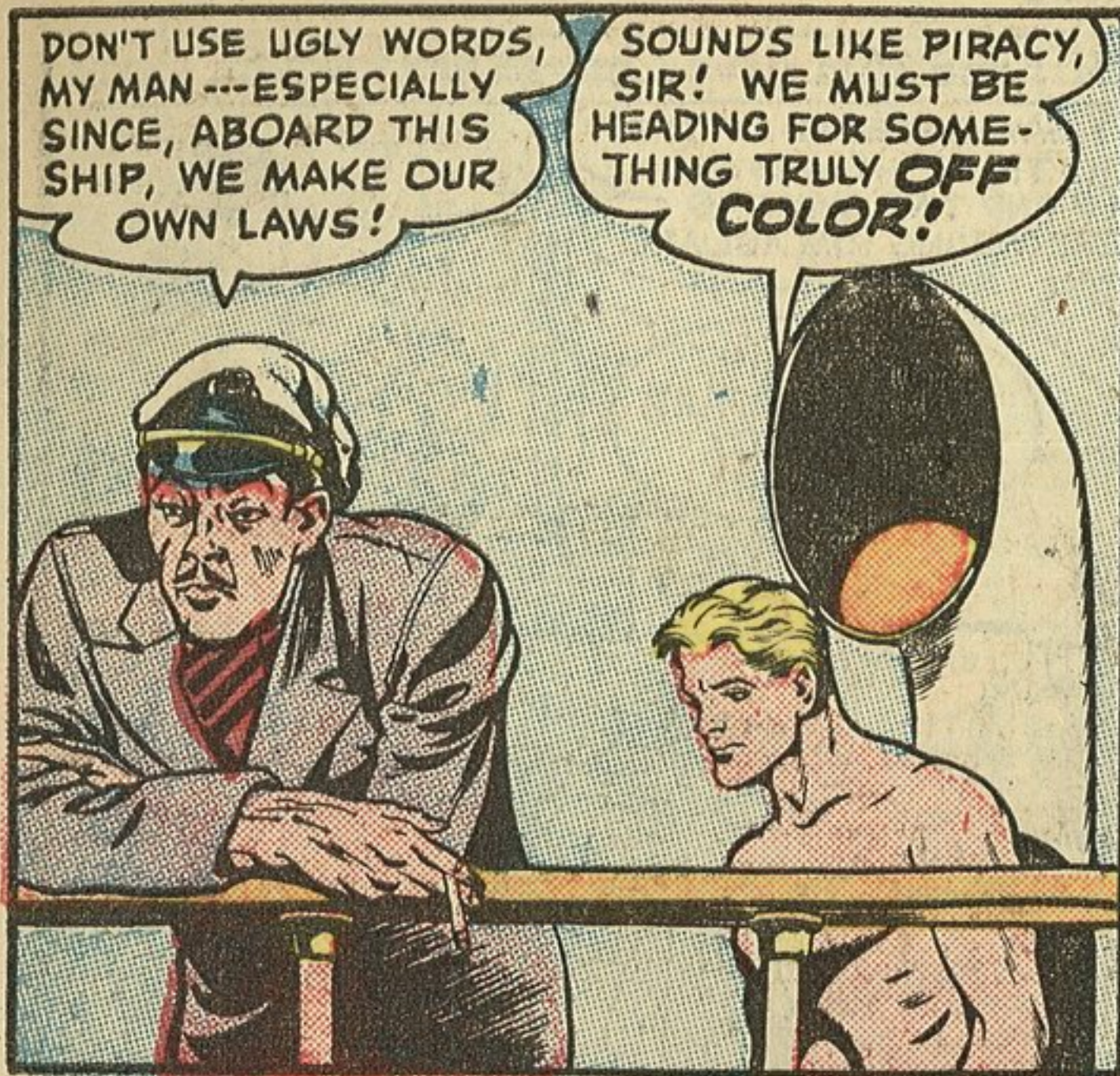
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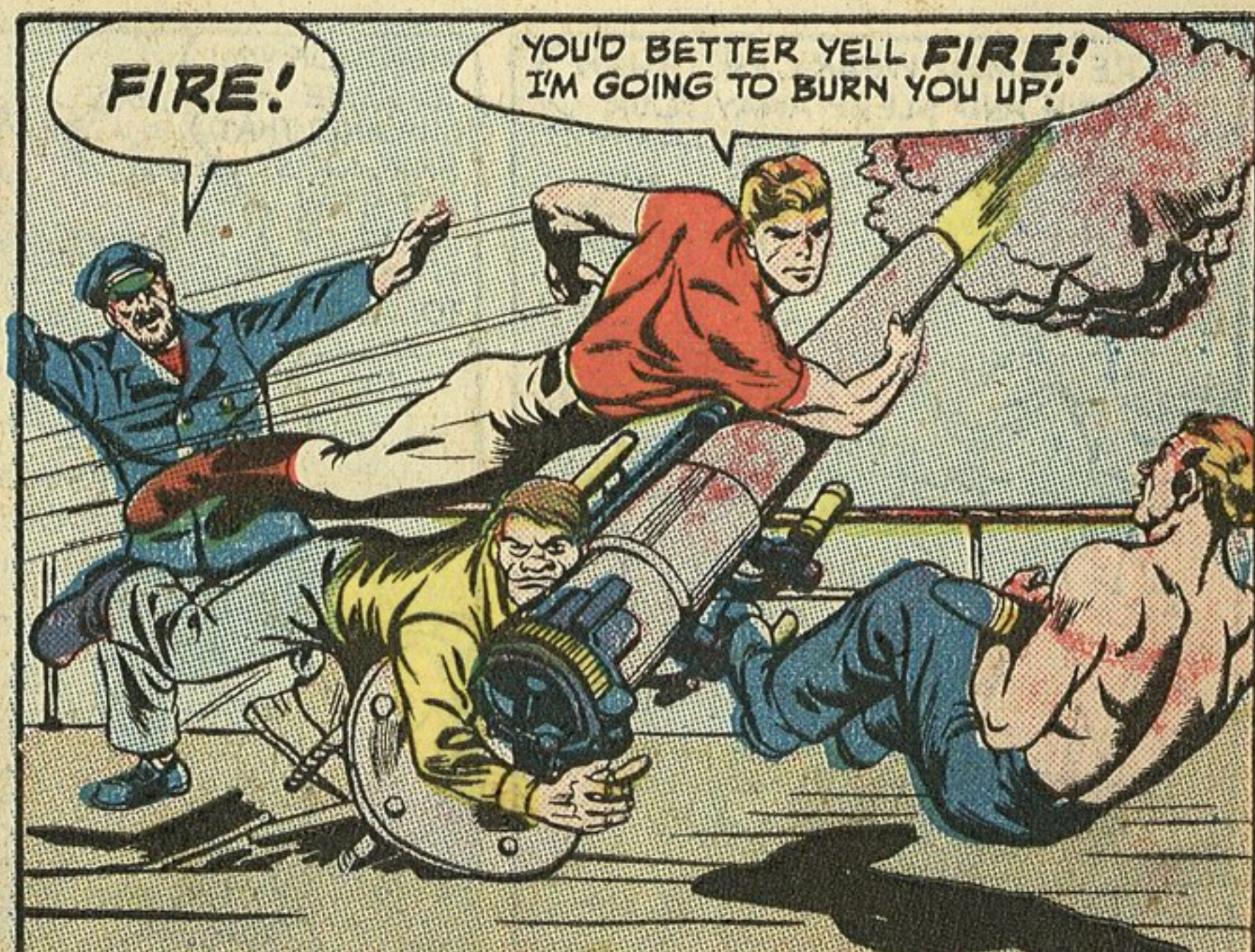
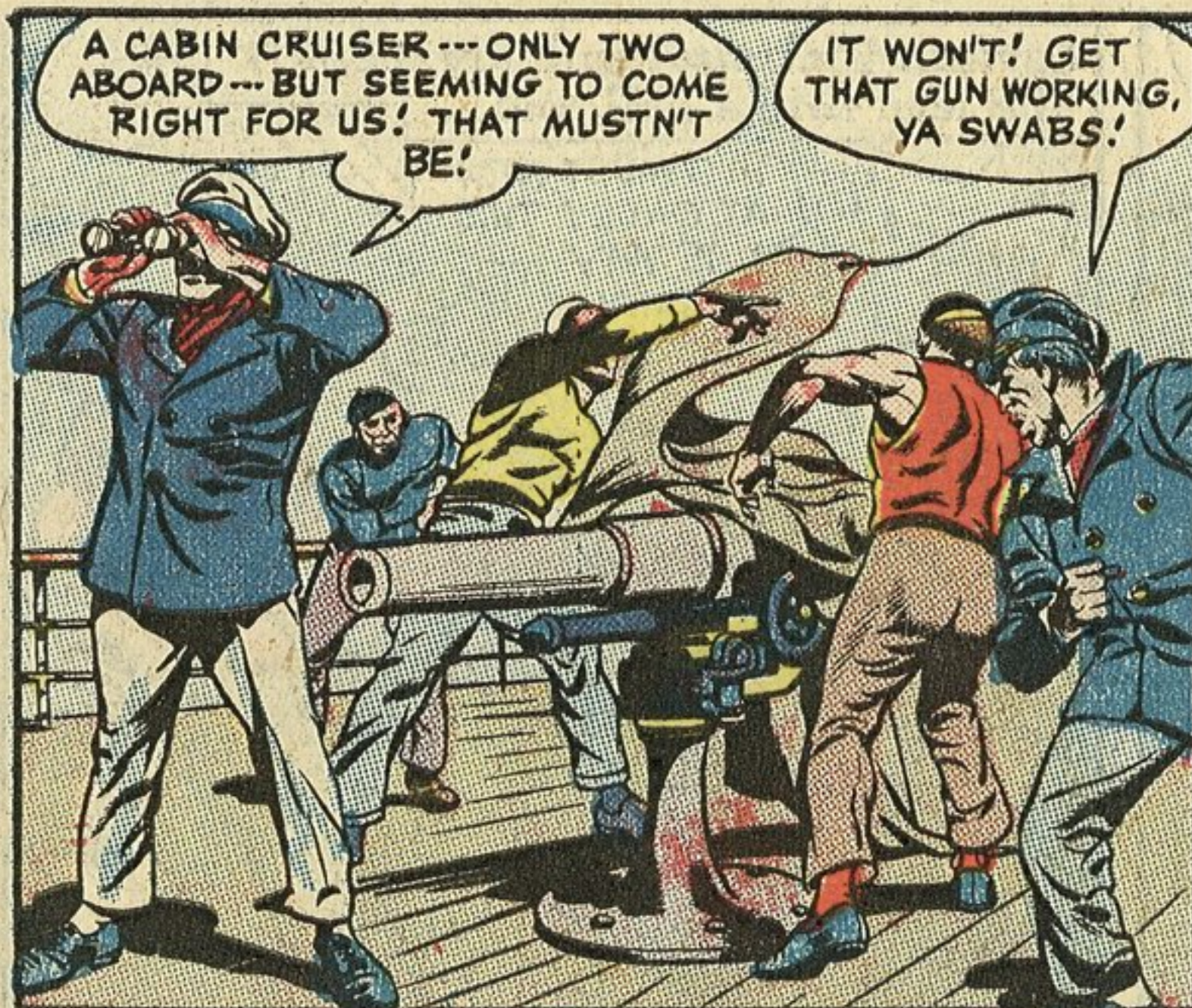
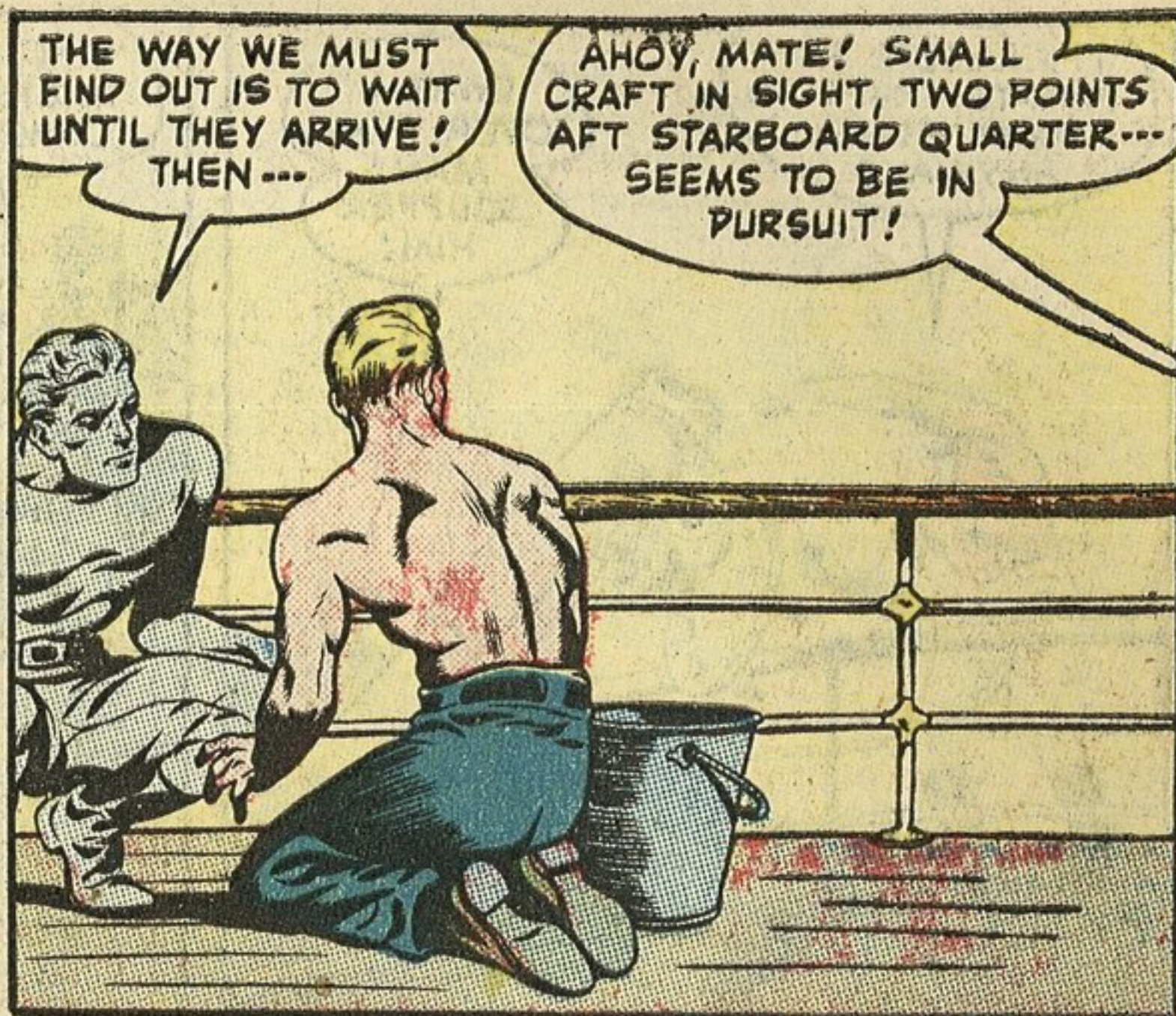
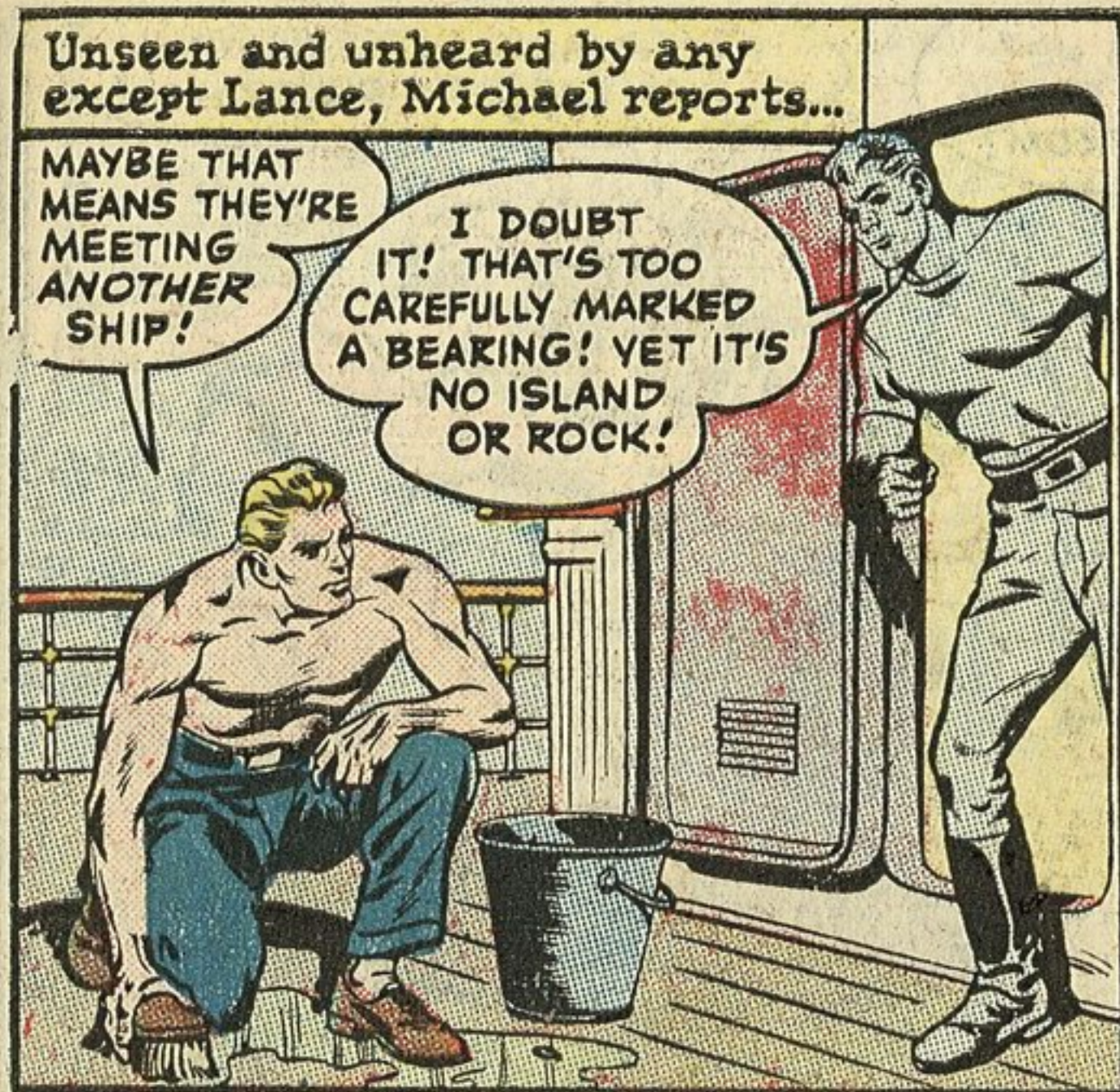


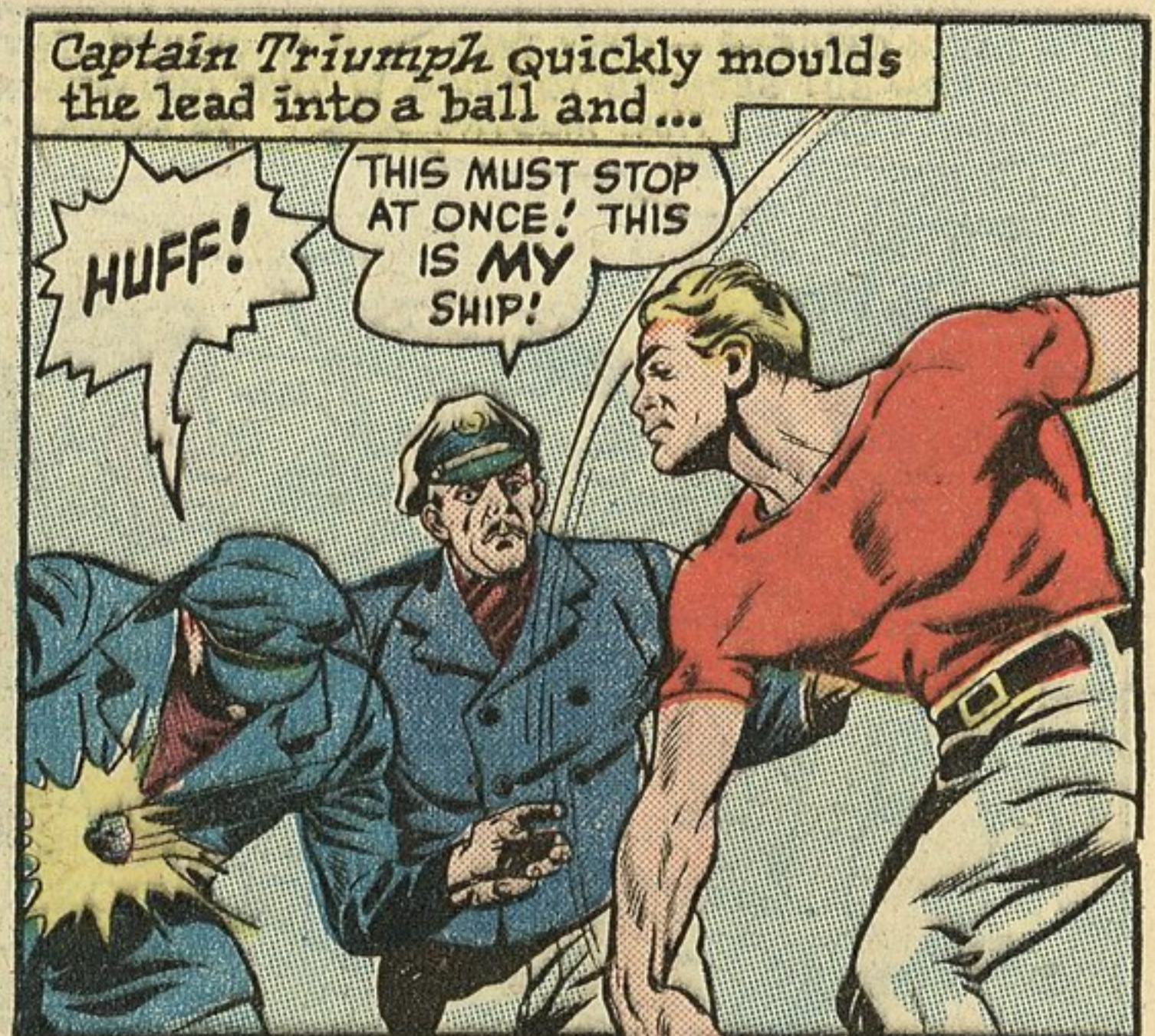
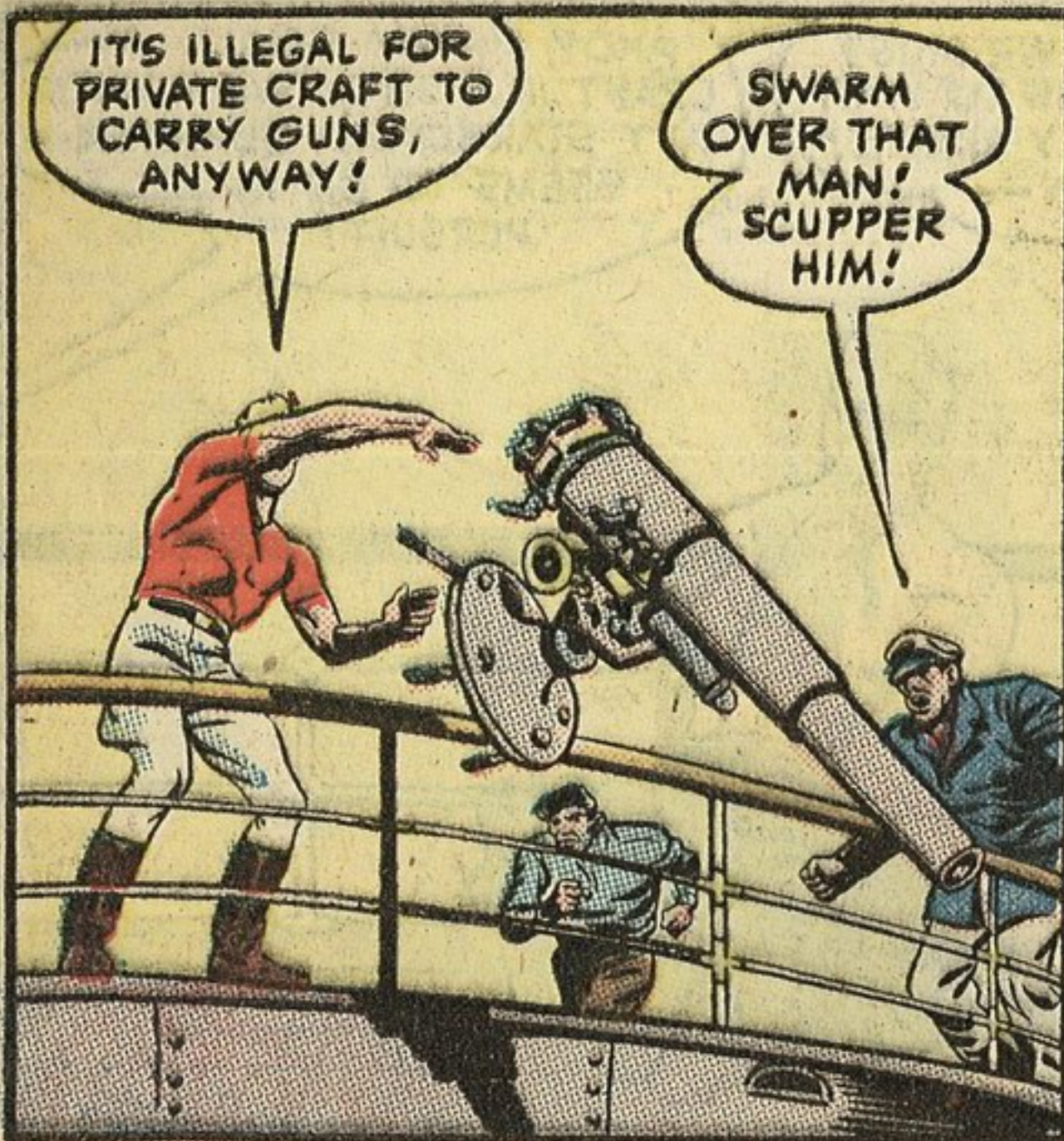








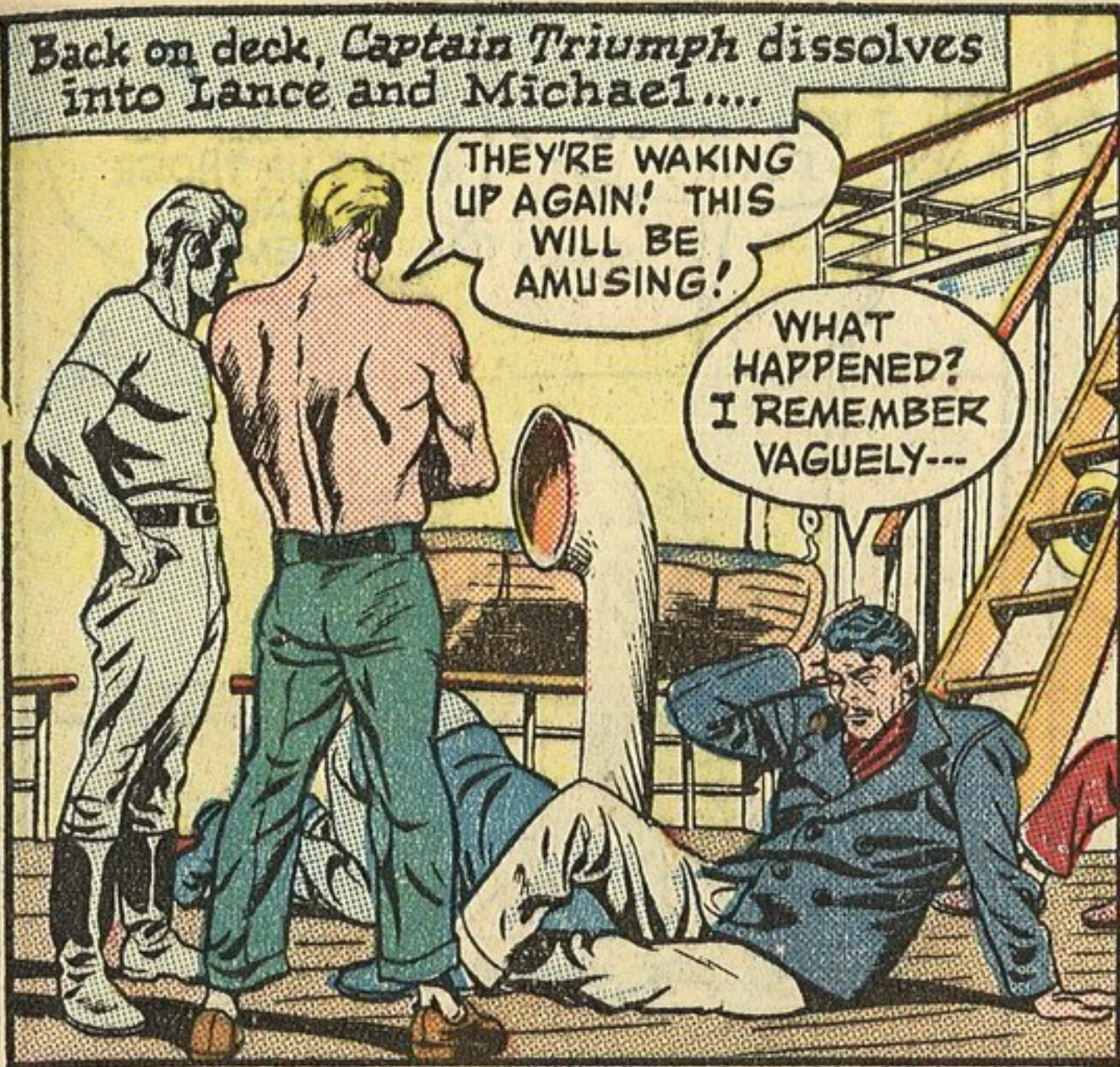




Back on deck, Captain Triumph dissolves into Lance and Michael....

THEY'RE WAKING UP AGAIN! THIS WILL BE AMUSING!

WHAT HAPPENED? I REMEMBER VAGUELY---

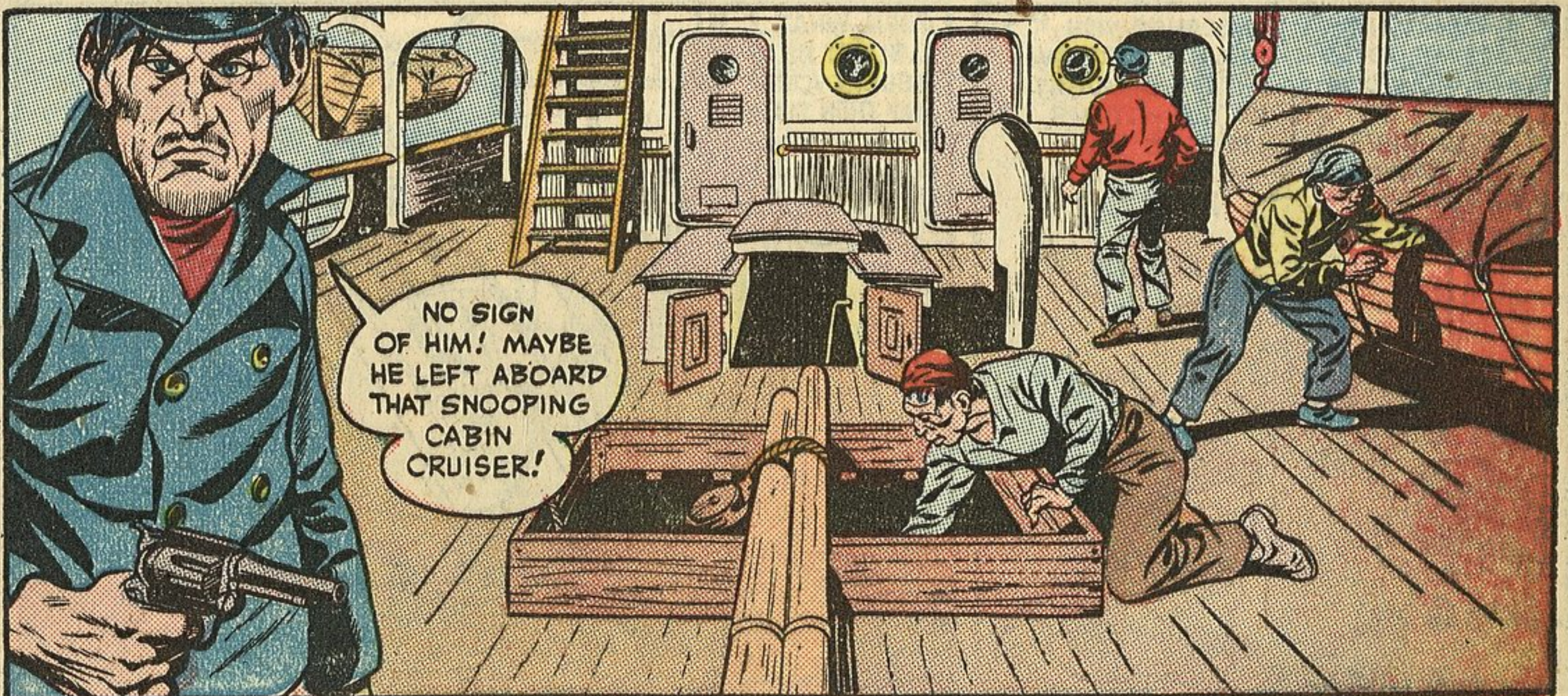


ARM YOURSELVES! FIND THAT RED-SHIRTED STOWAWAY WHO SMEARED OUR PLAN! KILL HIM ON SIGHT!

RIGHT, SIR!



NO SIGN OF HIM! MAYBE HE LEFT ABOARD THAT SNOOPING CABIN CRUISER!

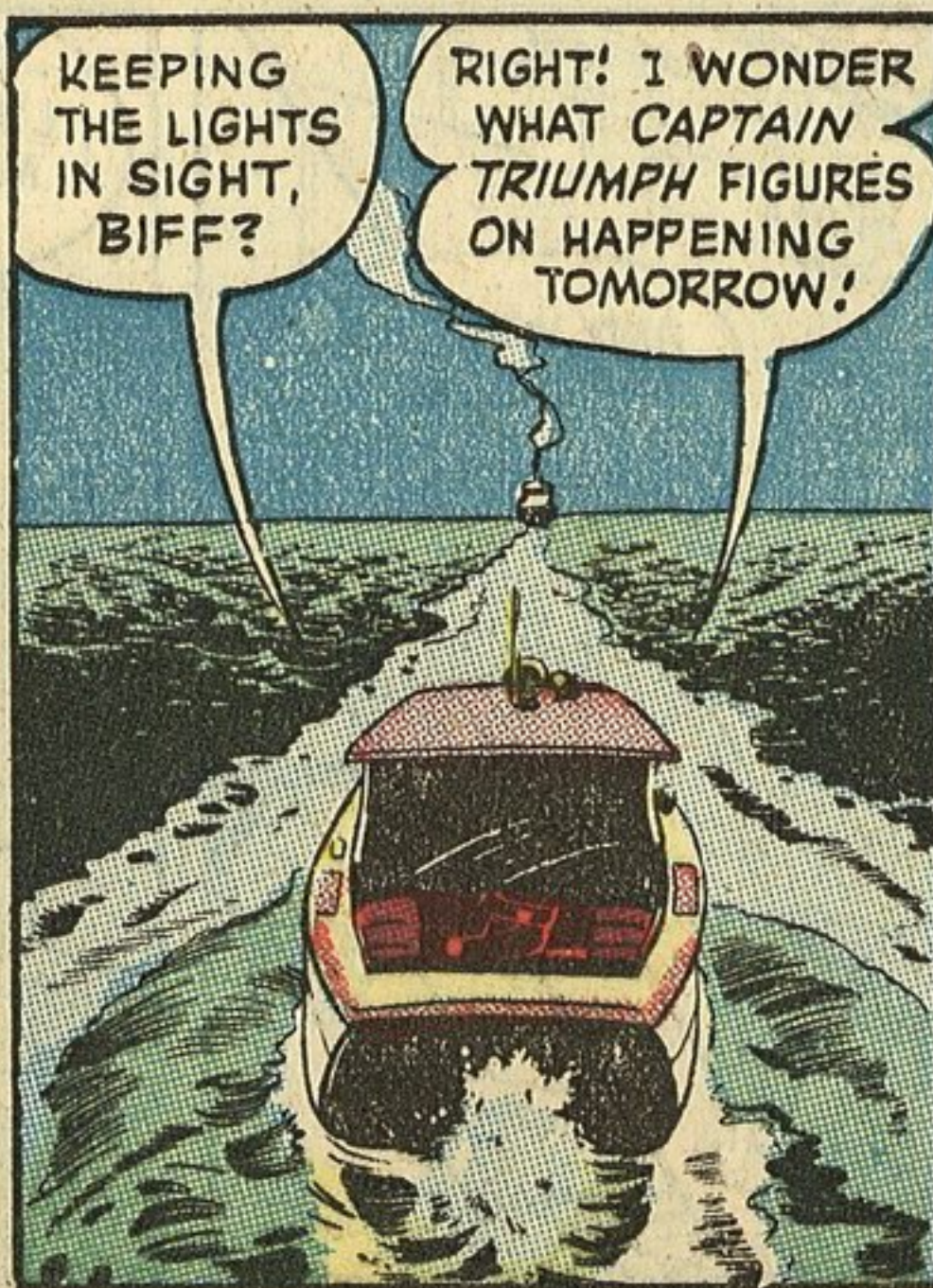


Night falls.... the strange voyage continues....



KEEPING THE LIGHTS IN SIGHT, BIFF?

RIGHT! I WONDER WHAT CAPTAIN TRIUMPH FIGURES ON HAPPENING TOMORROW!

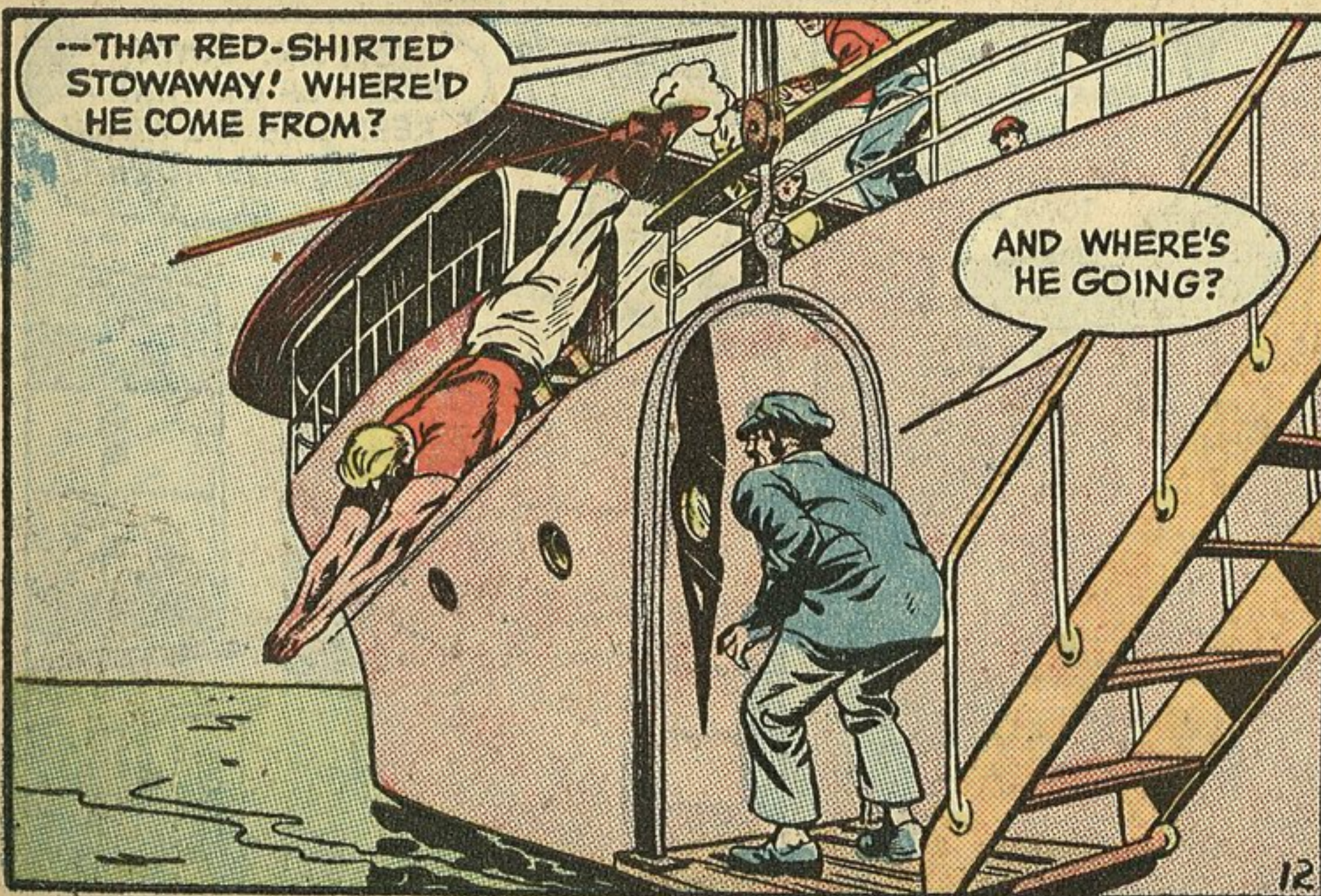
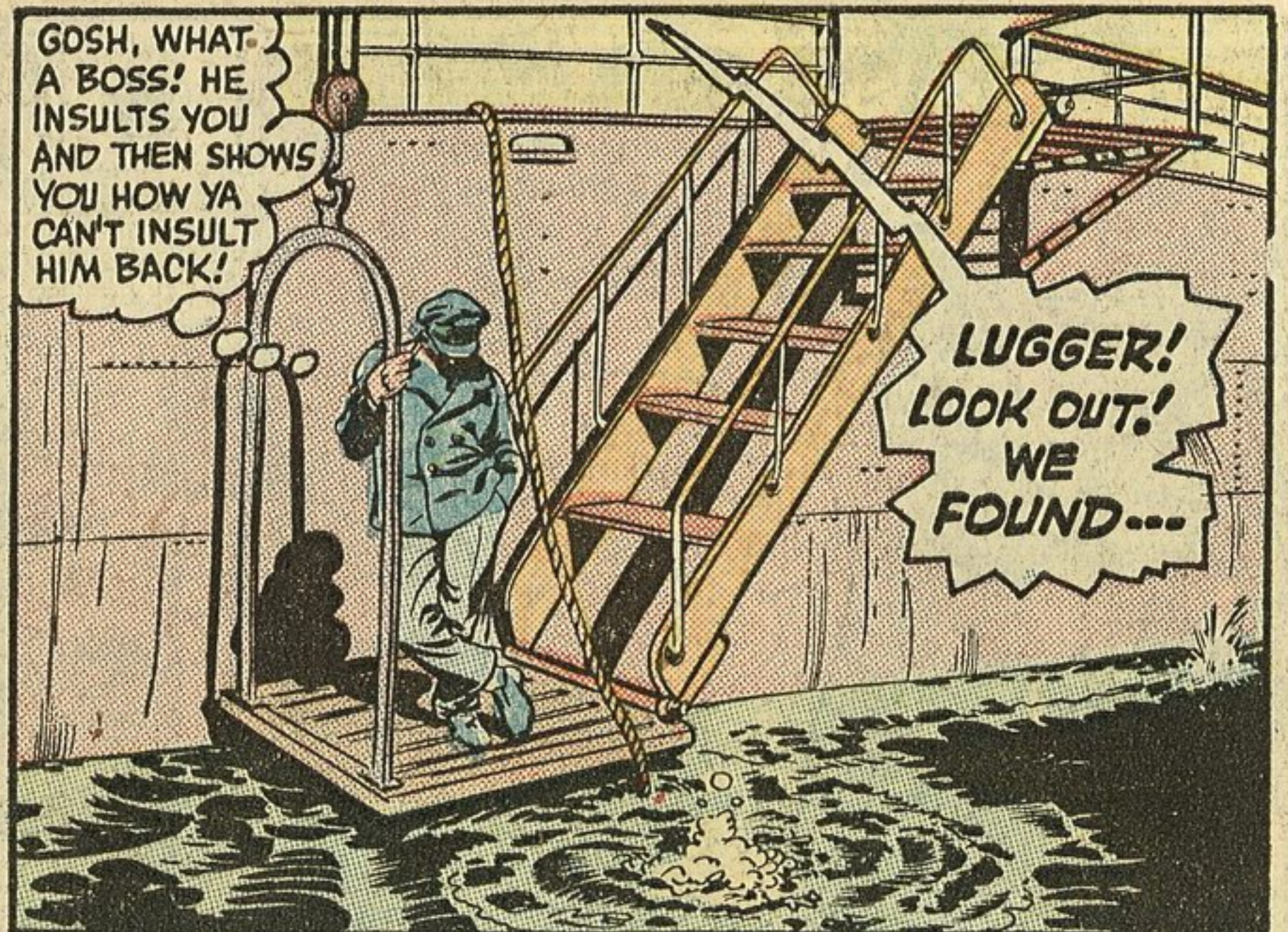
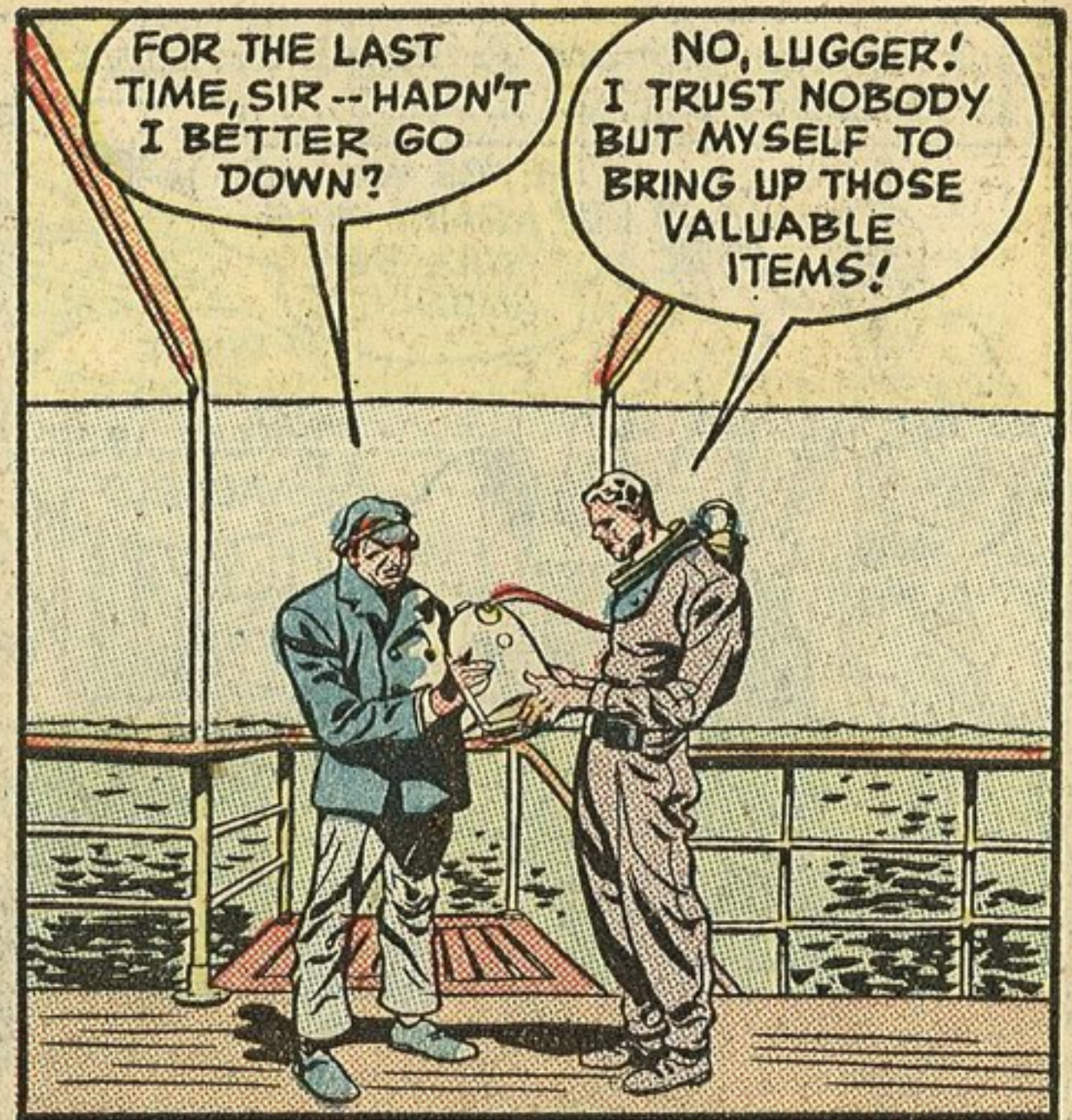


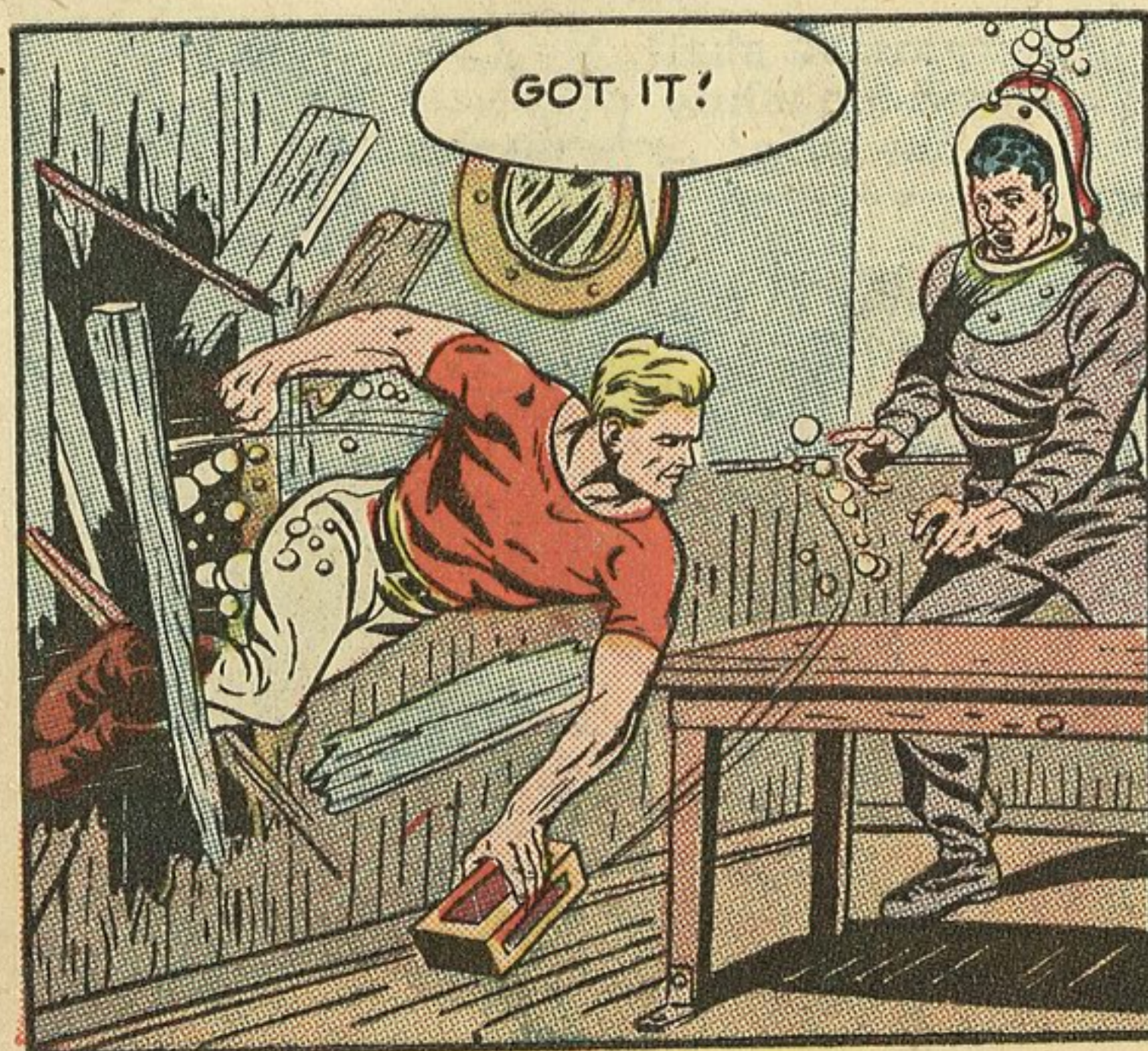
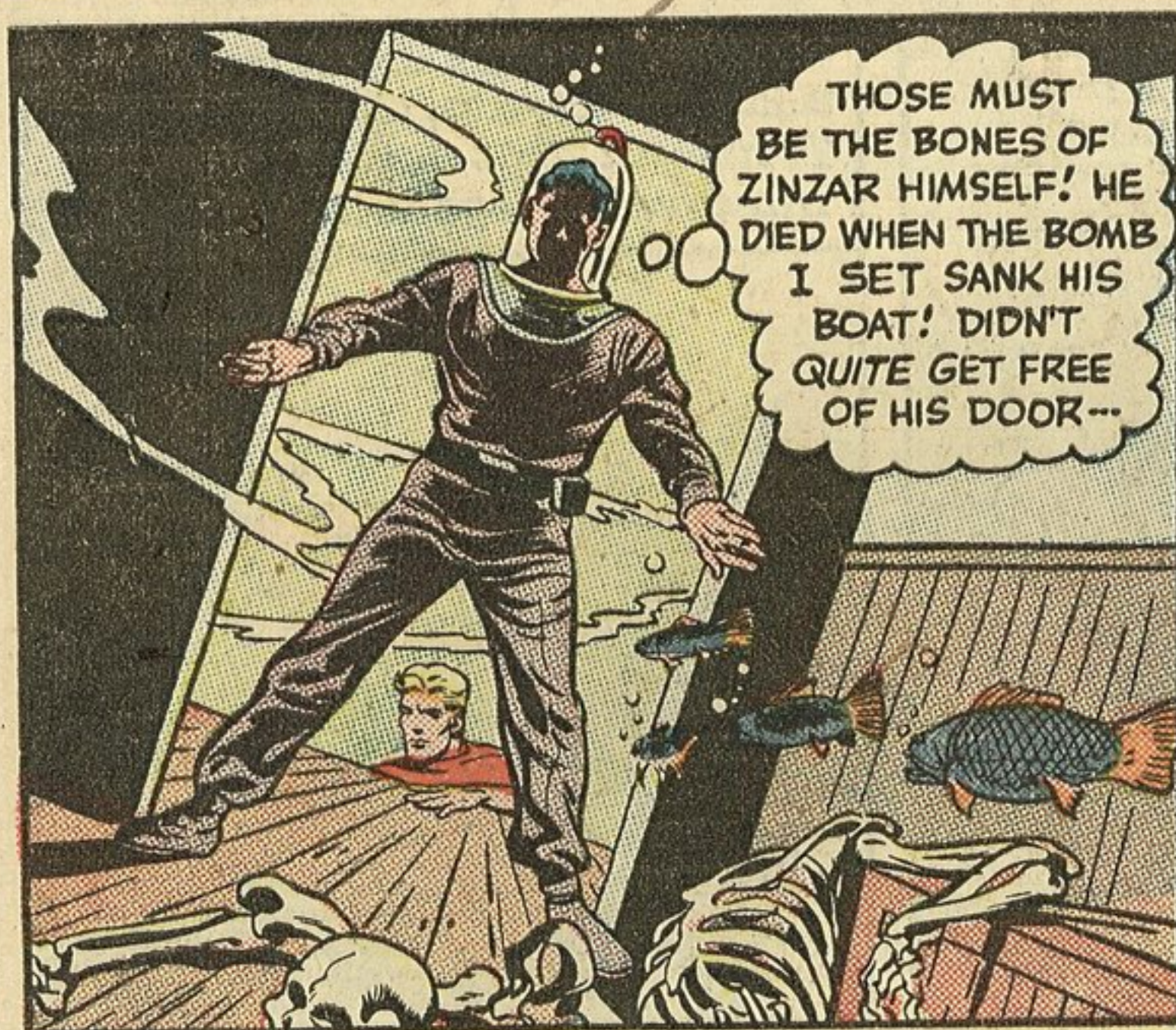
Dawn....

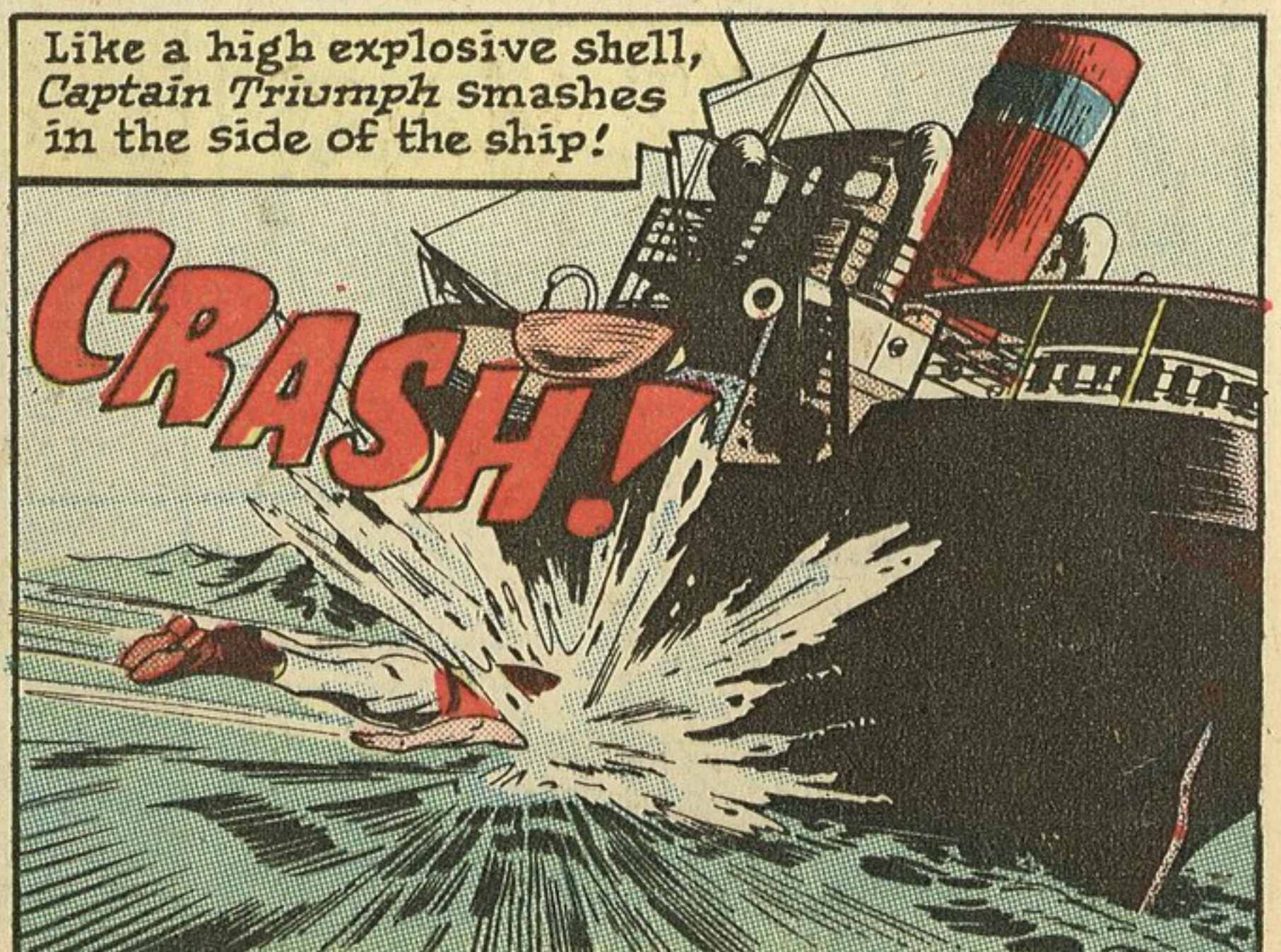
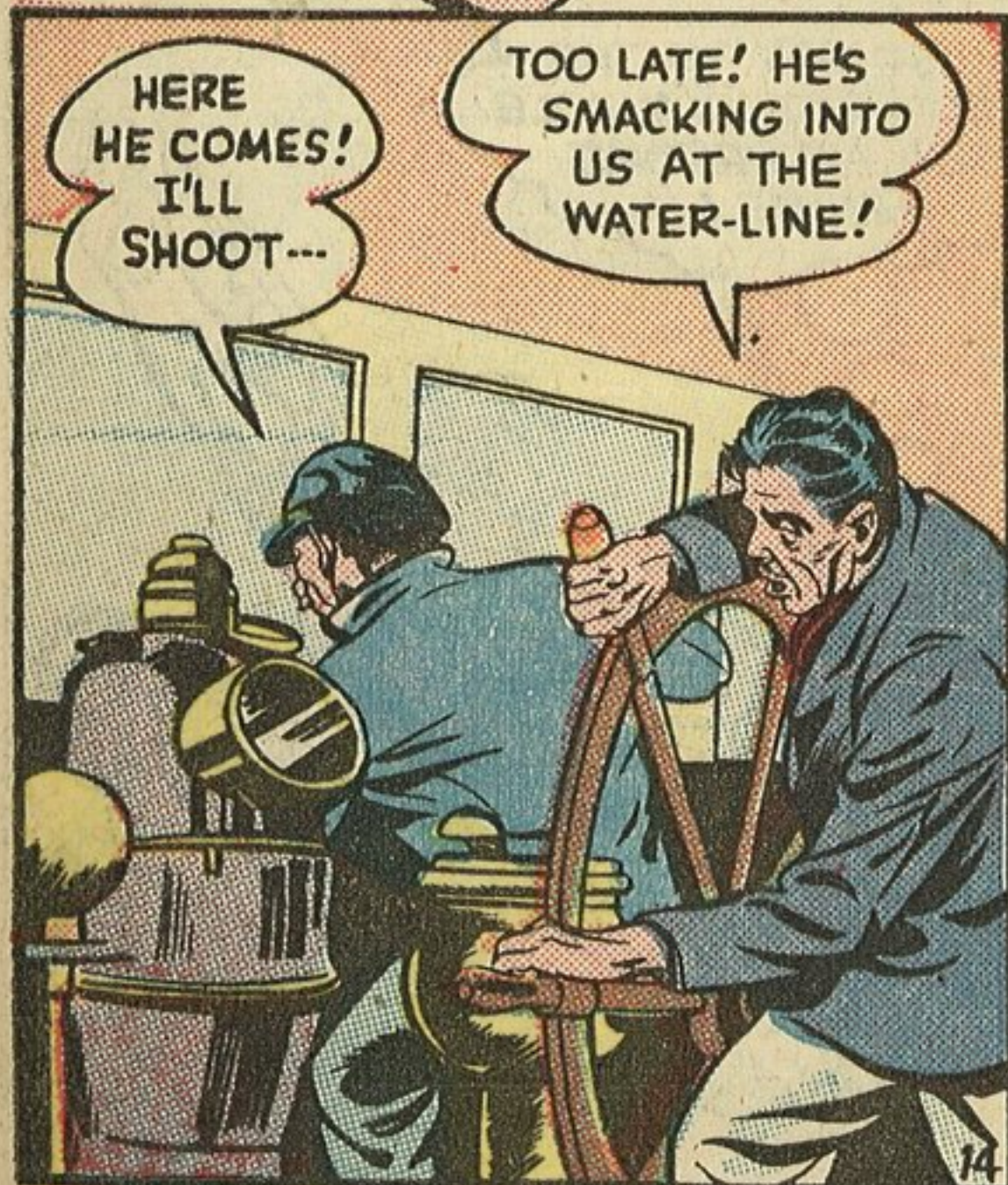
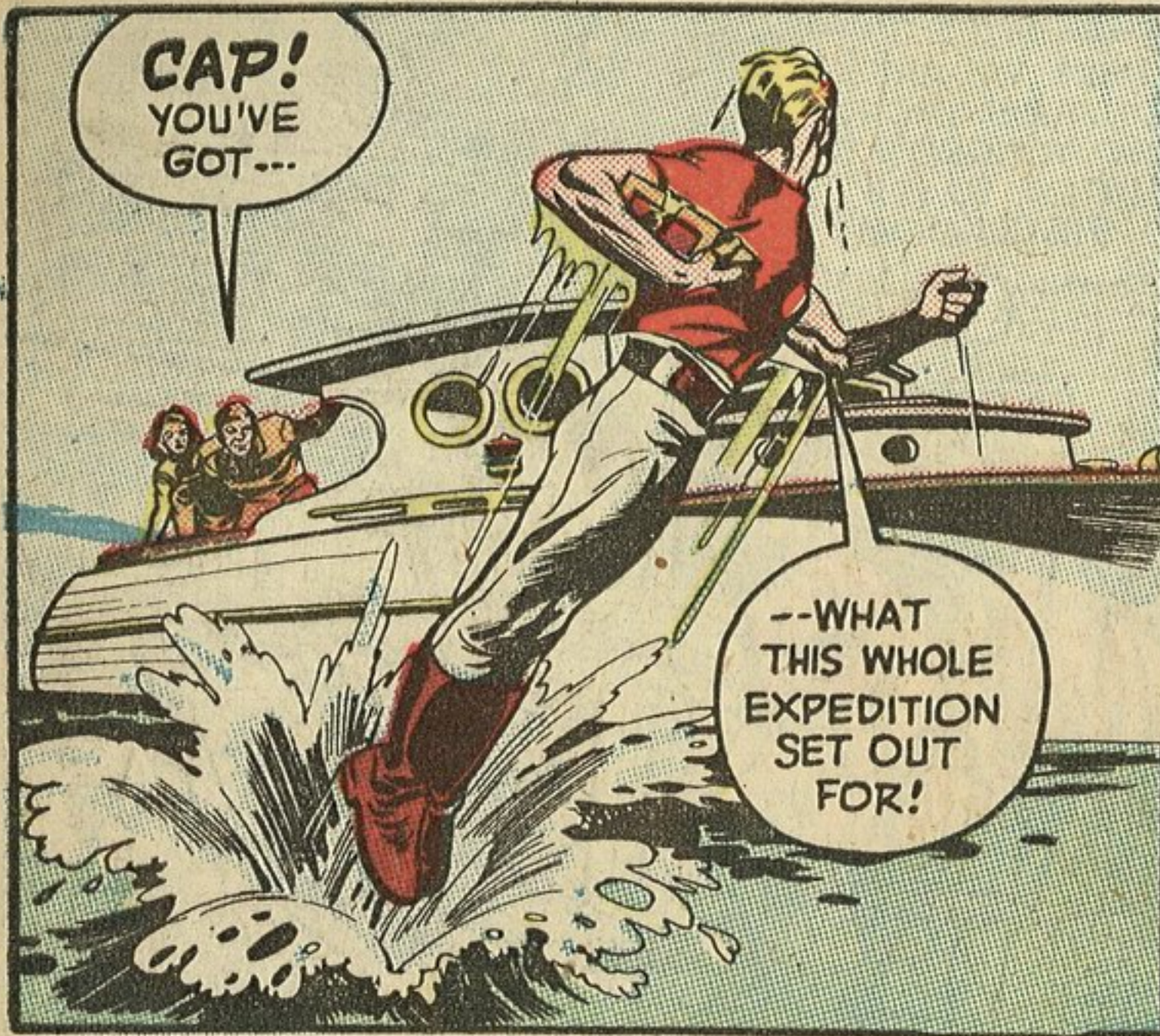
WE'RE THERE, LUGGER!

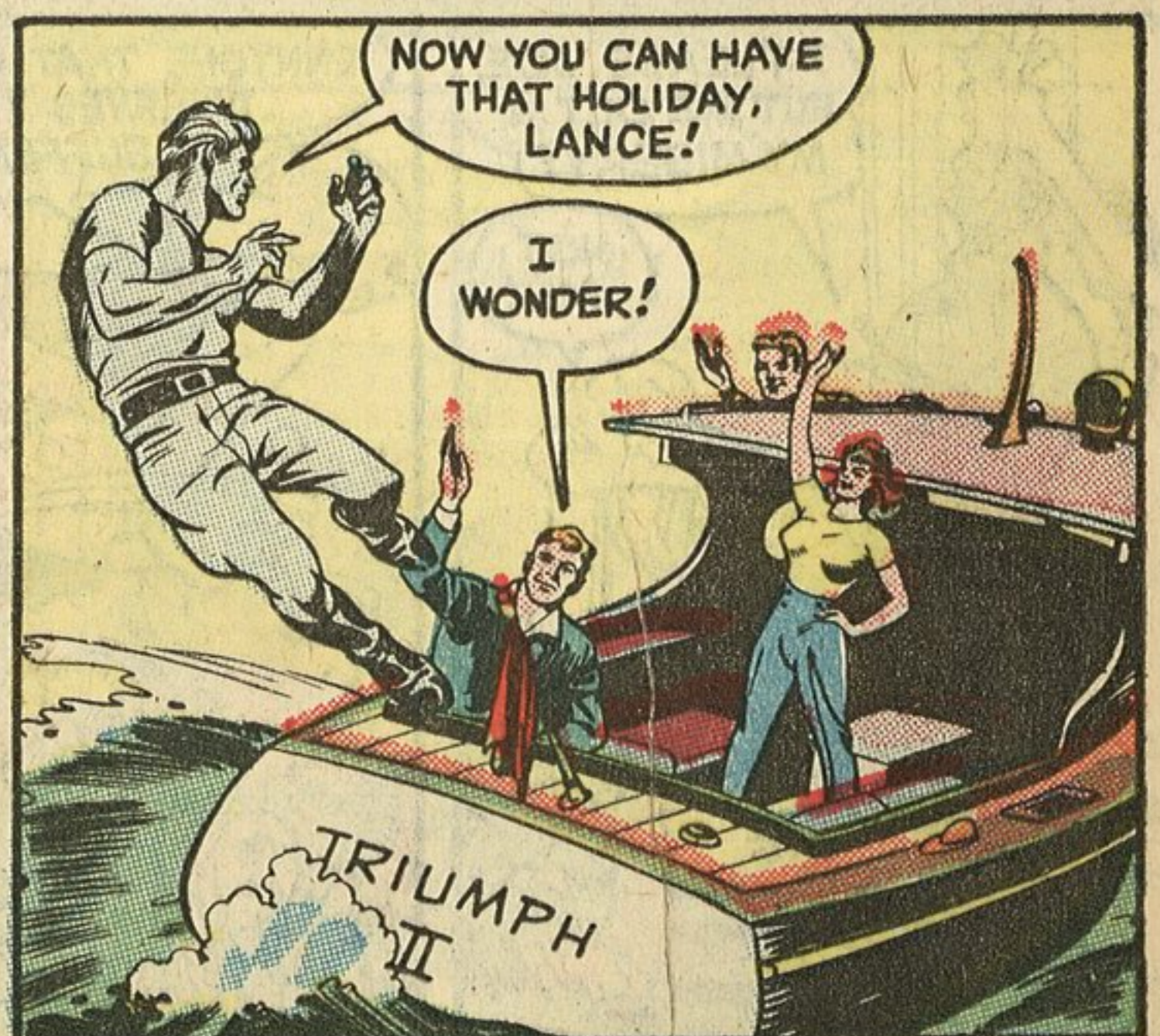
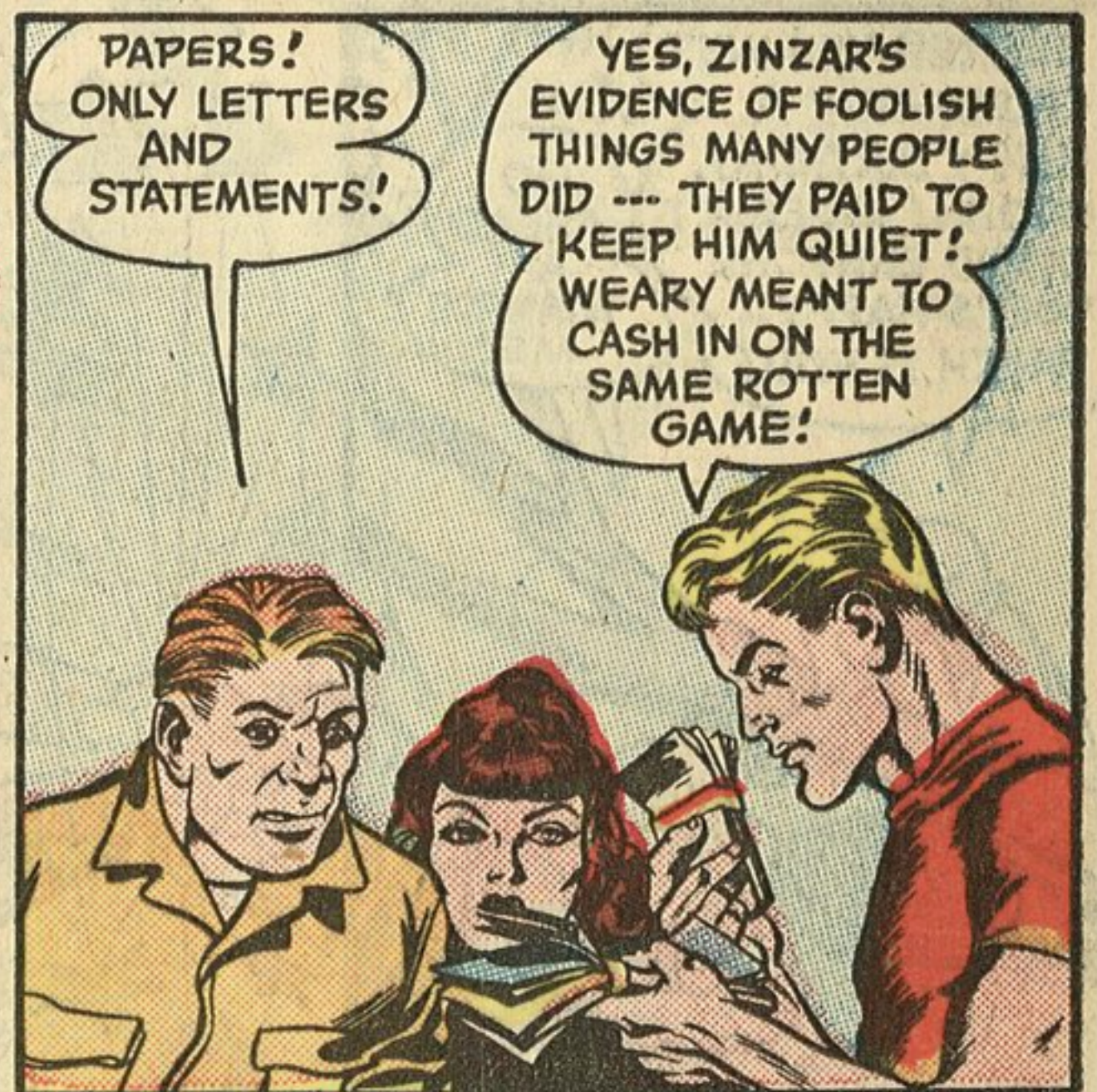
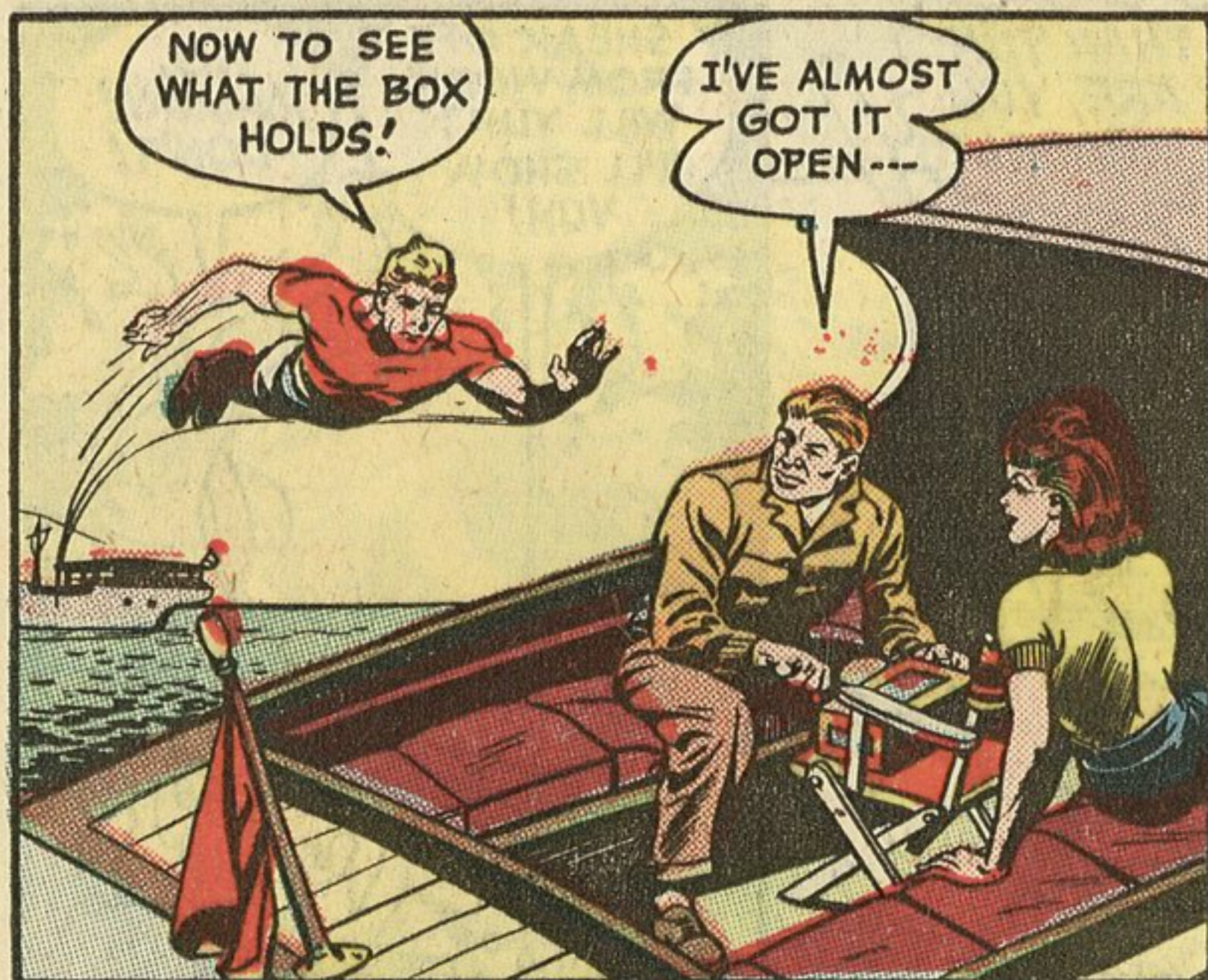
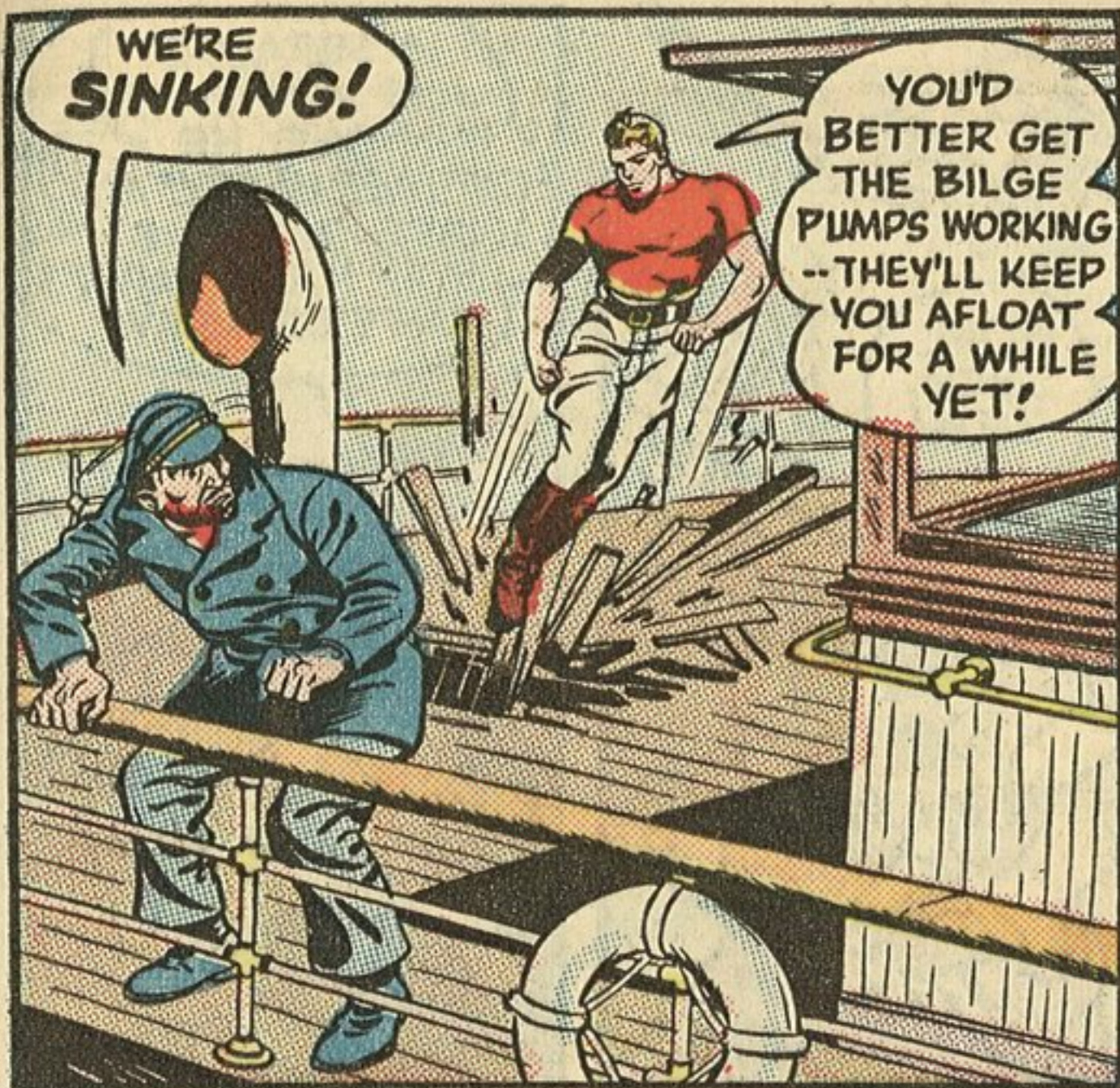
YES, SIR! DOWN BELOW US ON THAT REEF LIES THE WRECK OF THE BOSPHORUS!

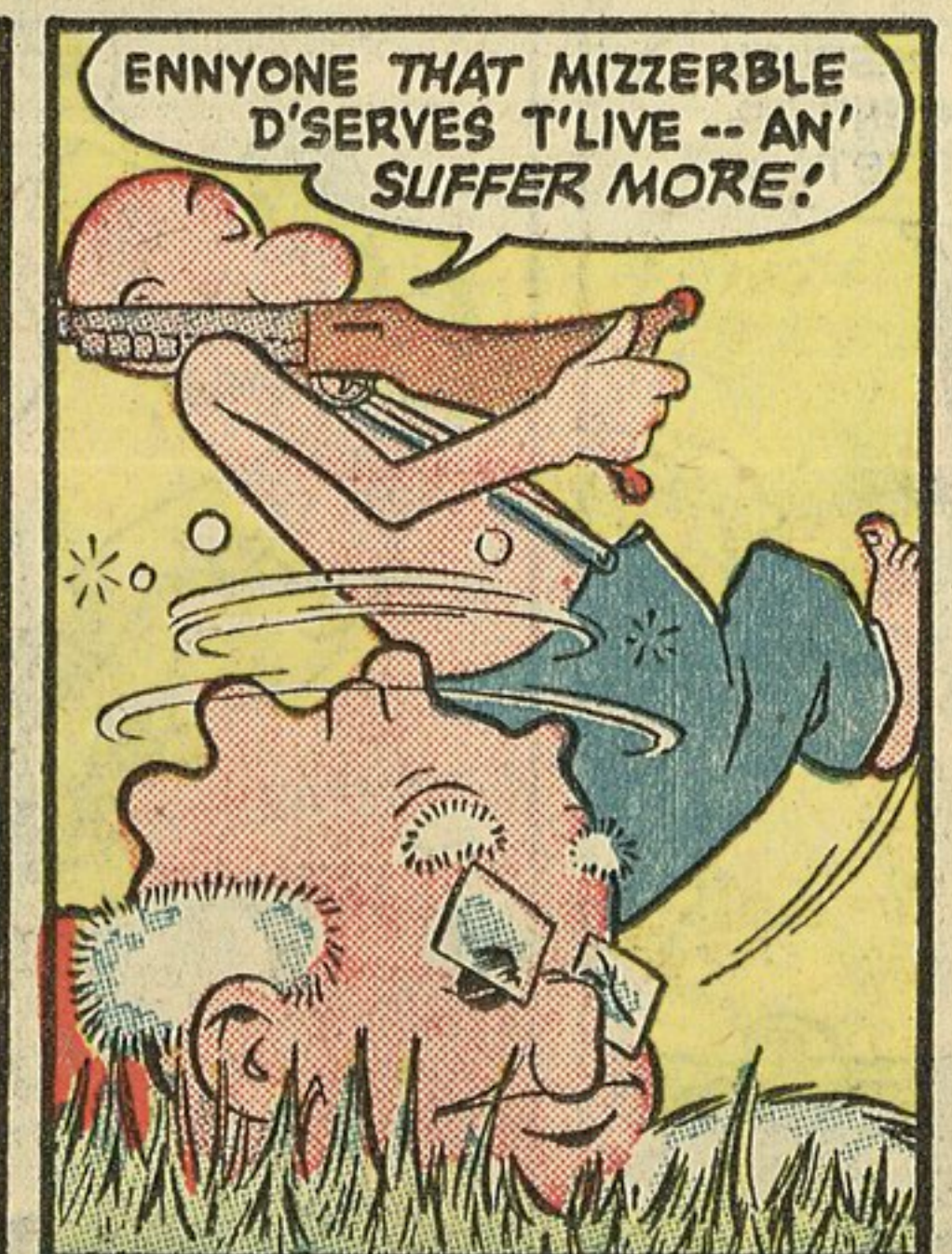
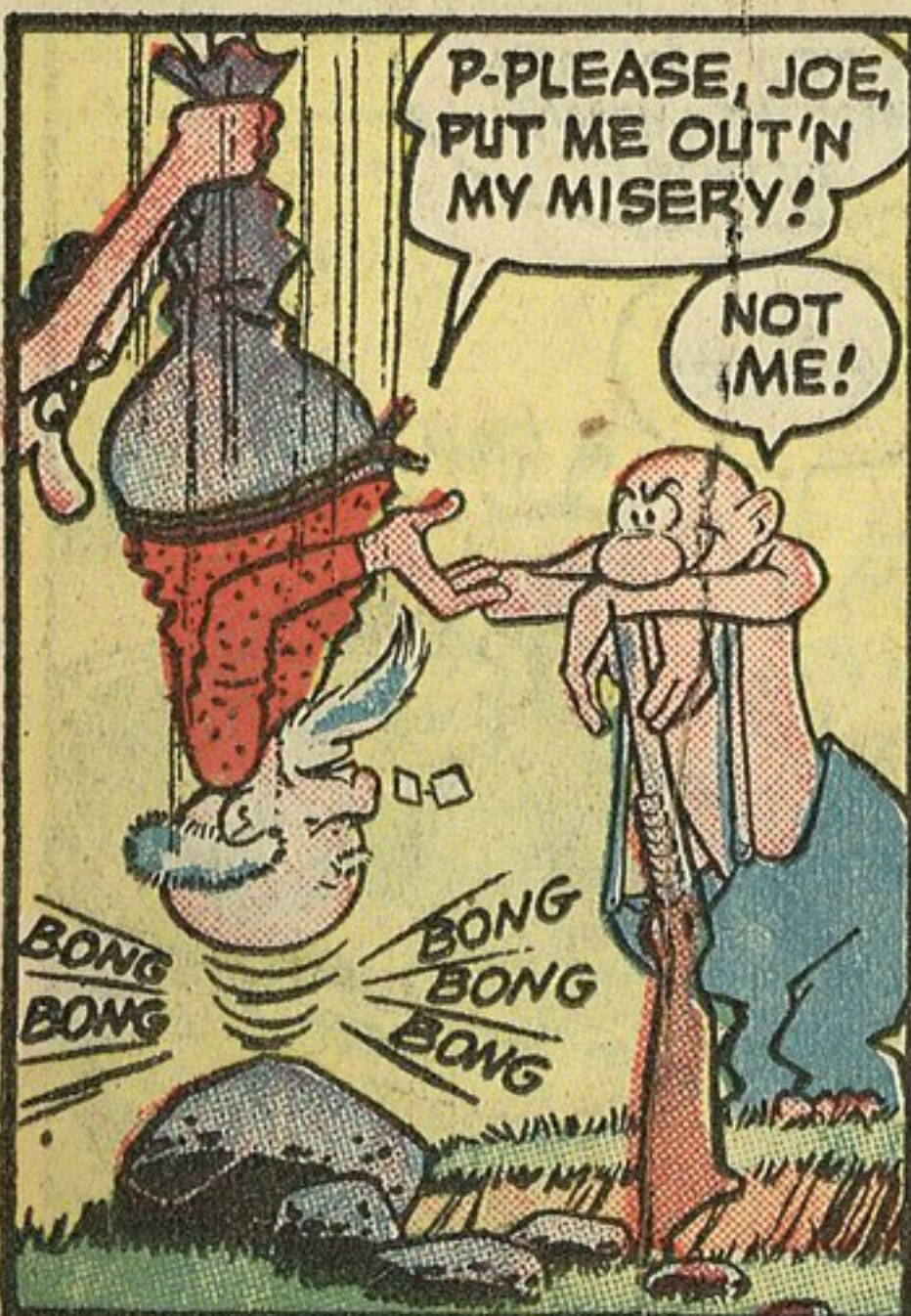
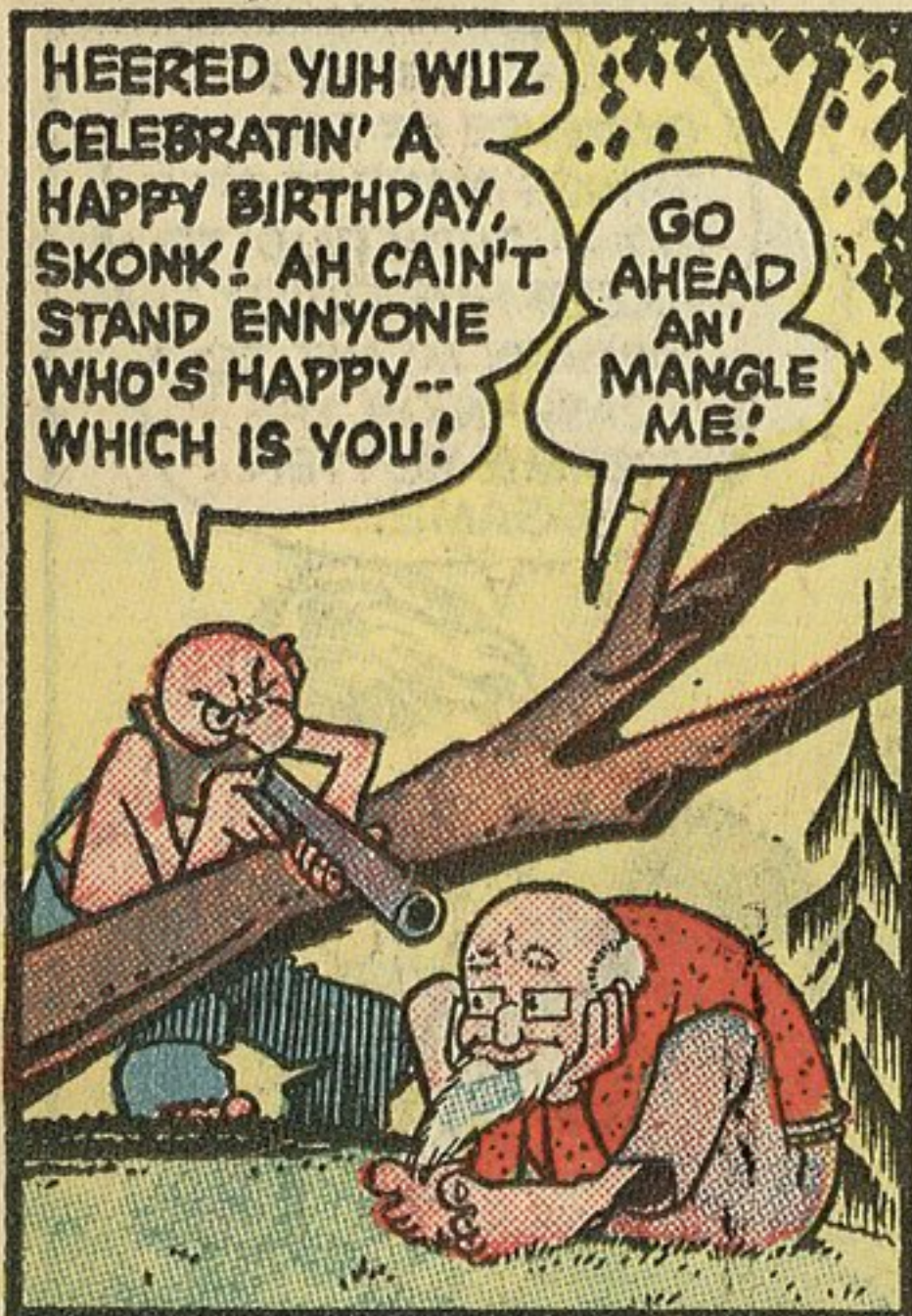
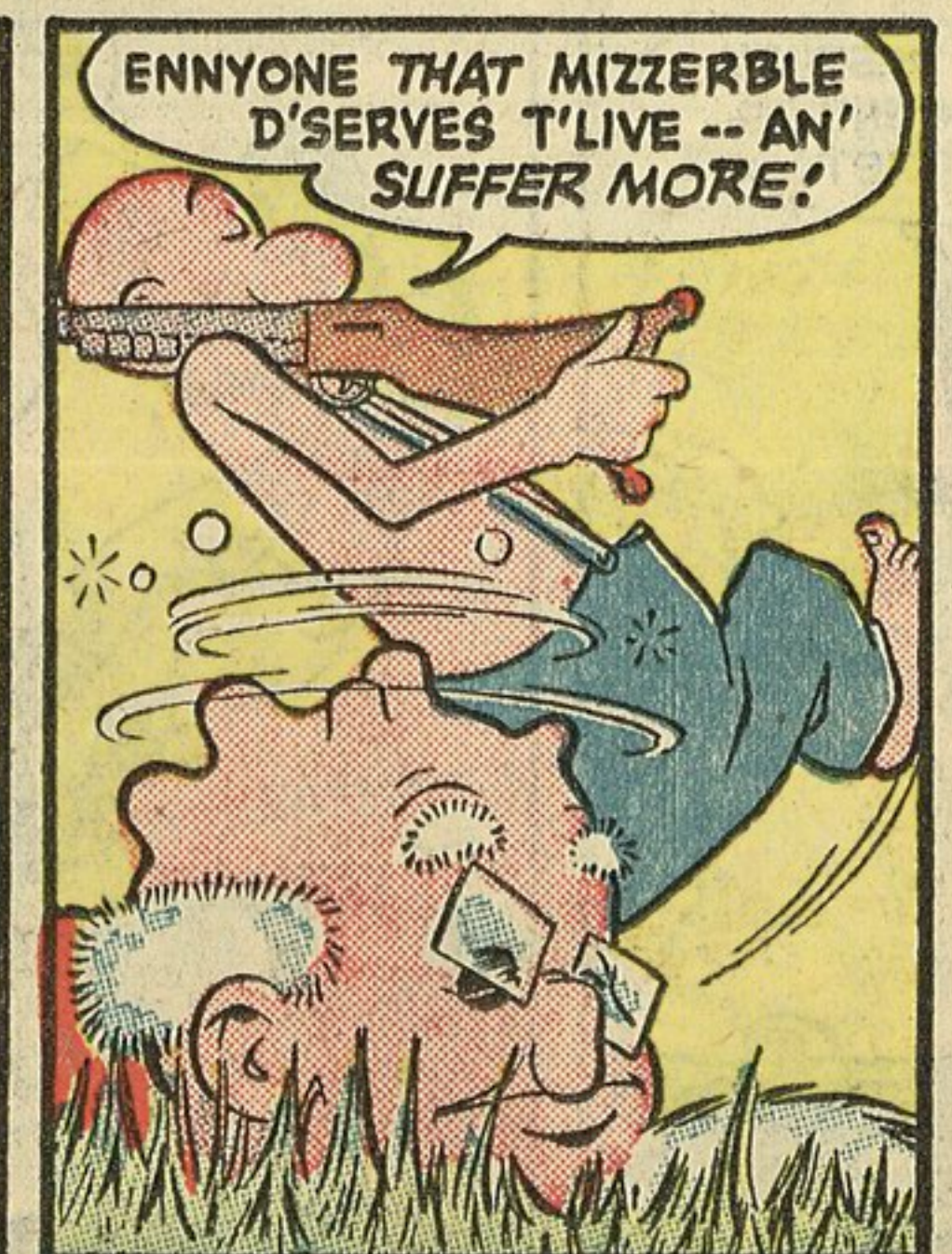
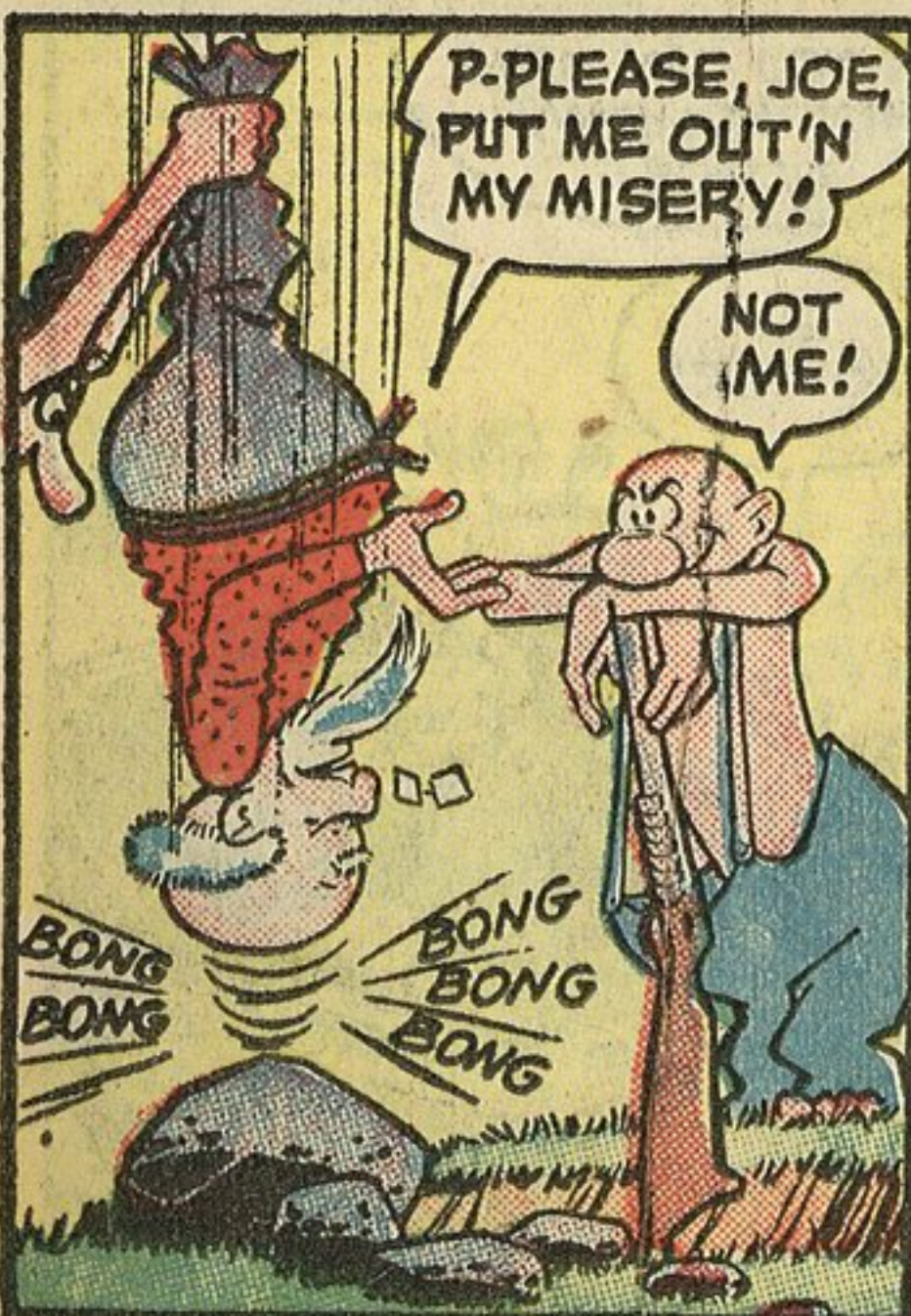
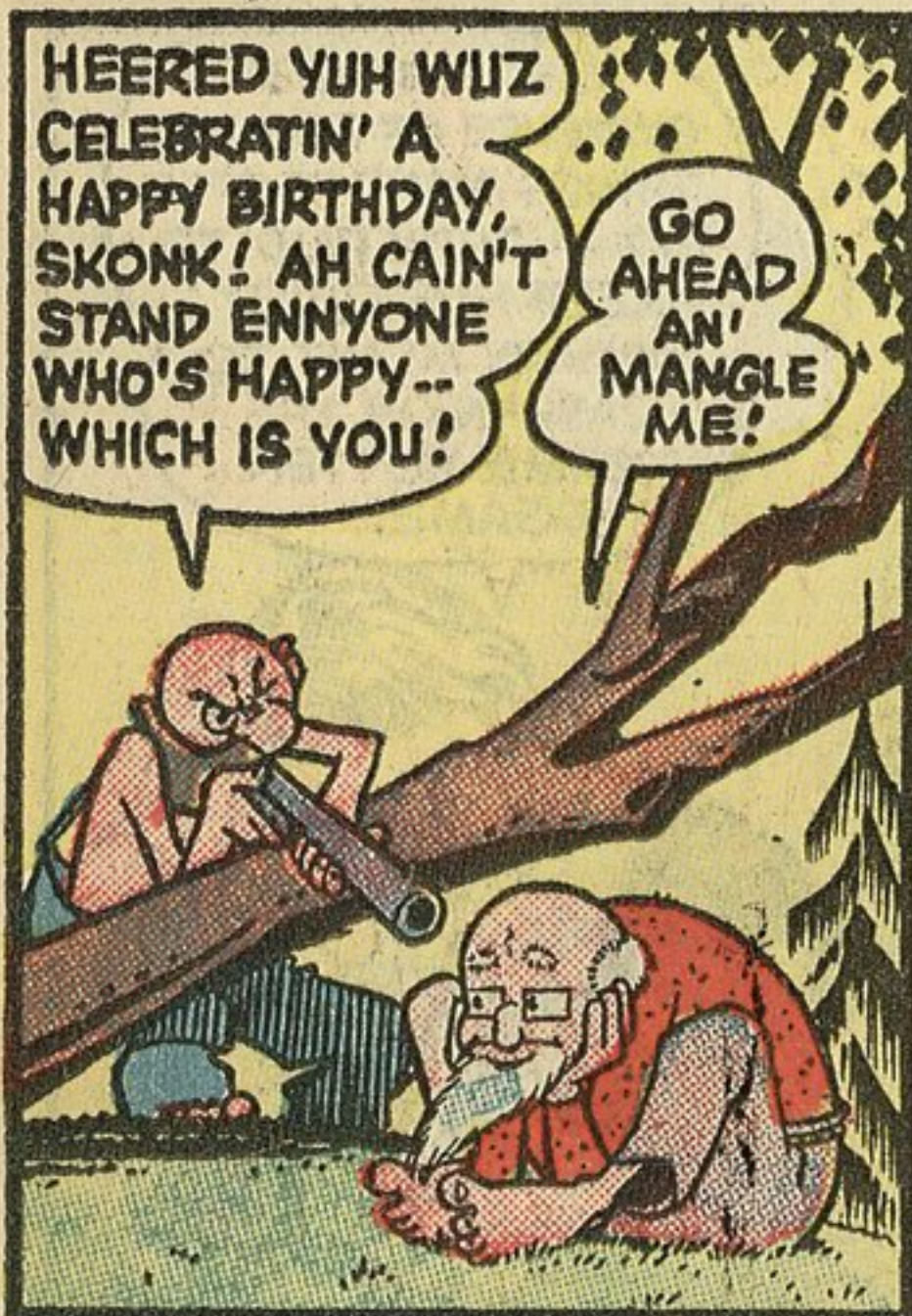
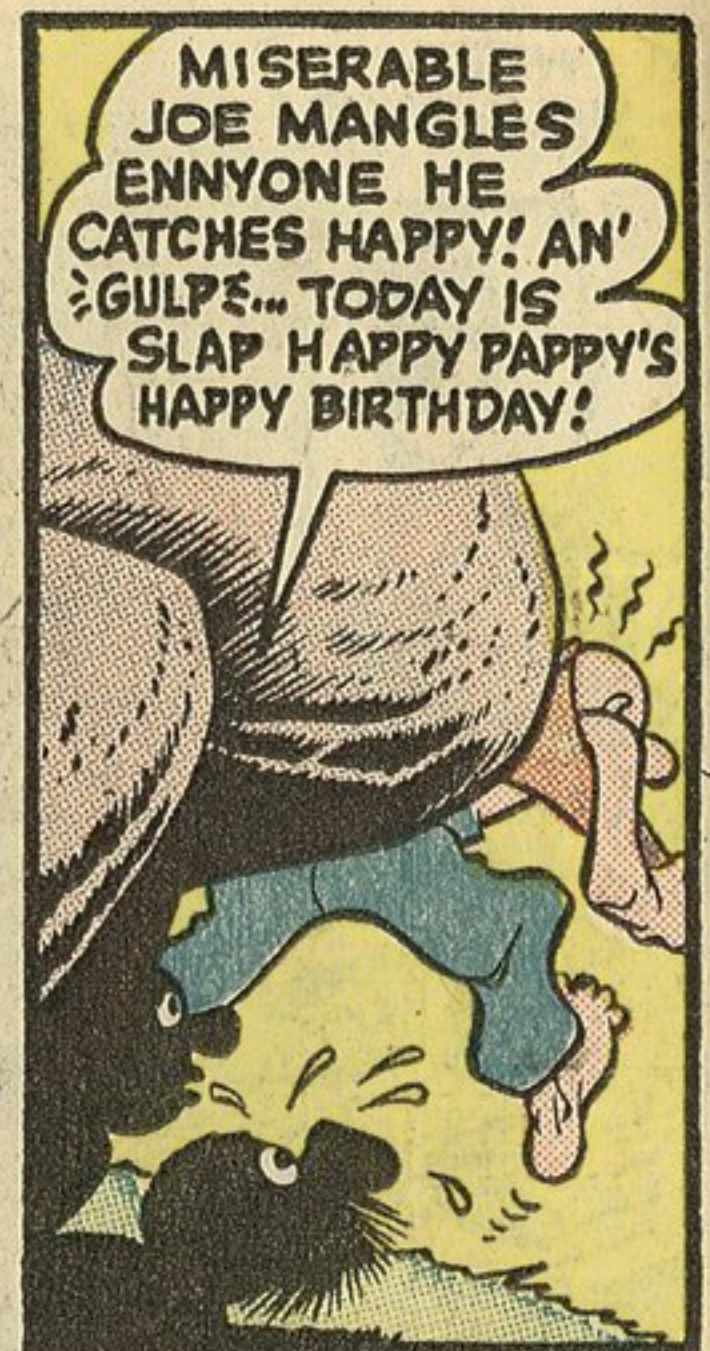
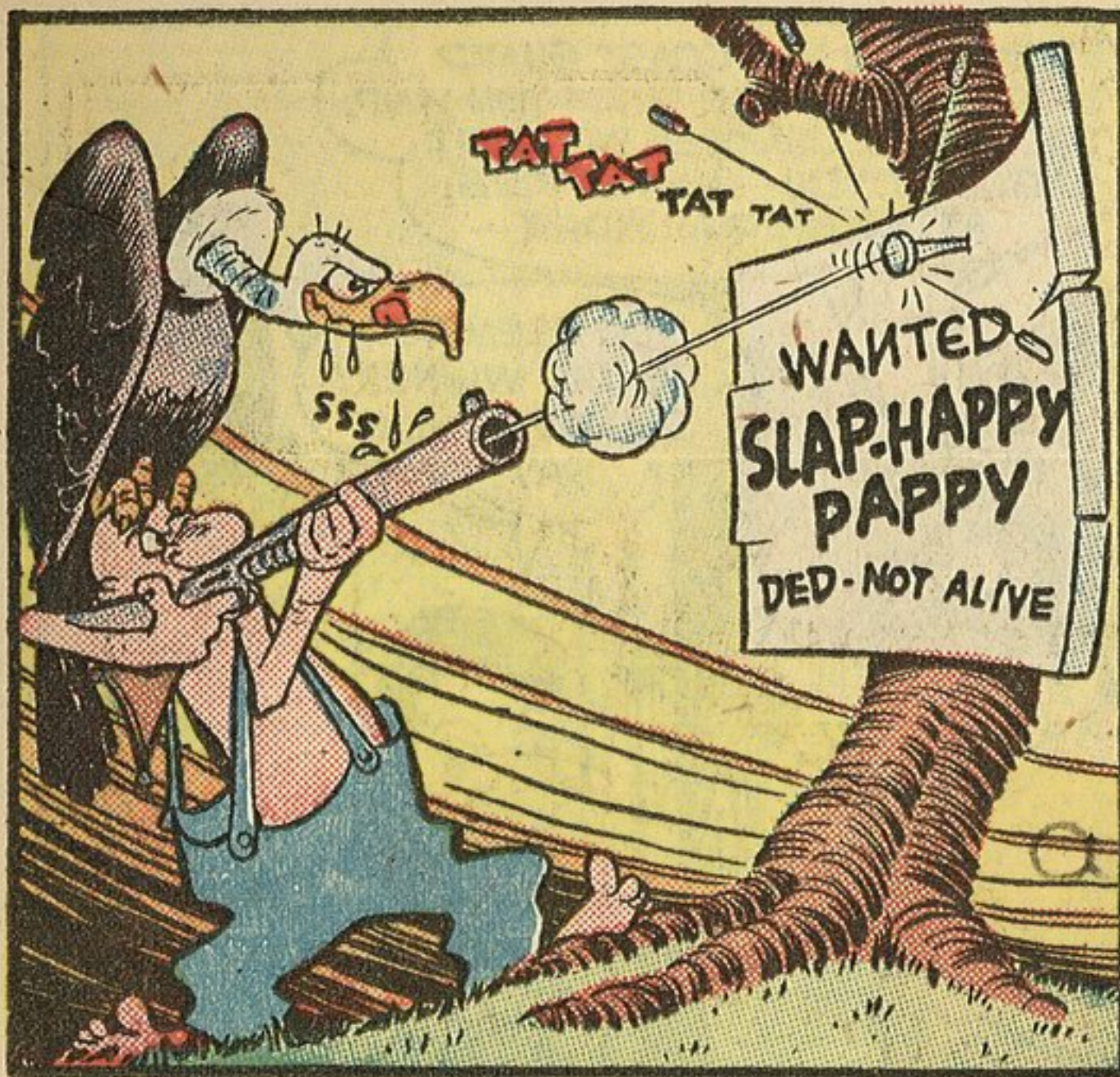




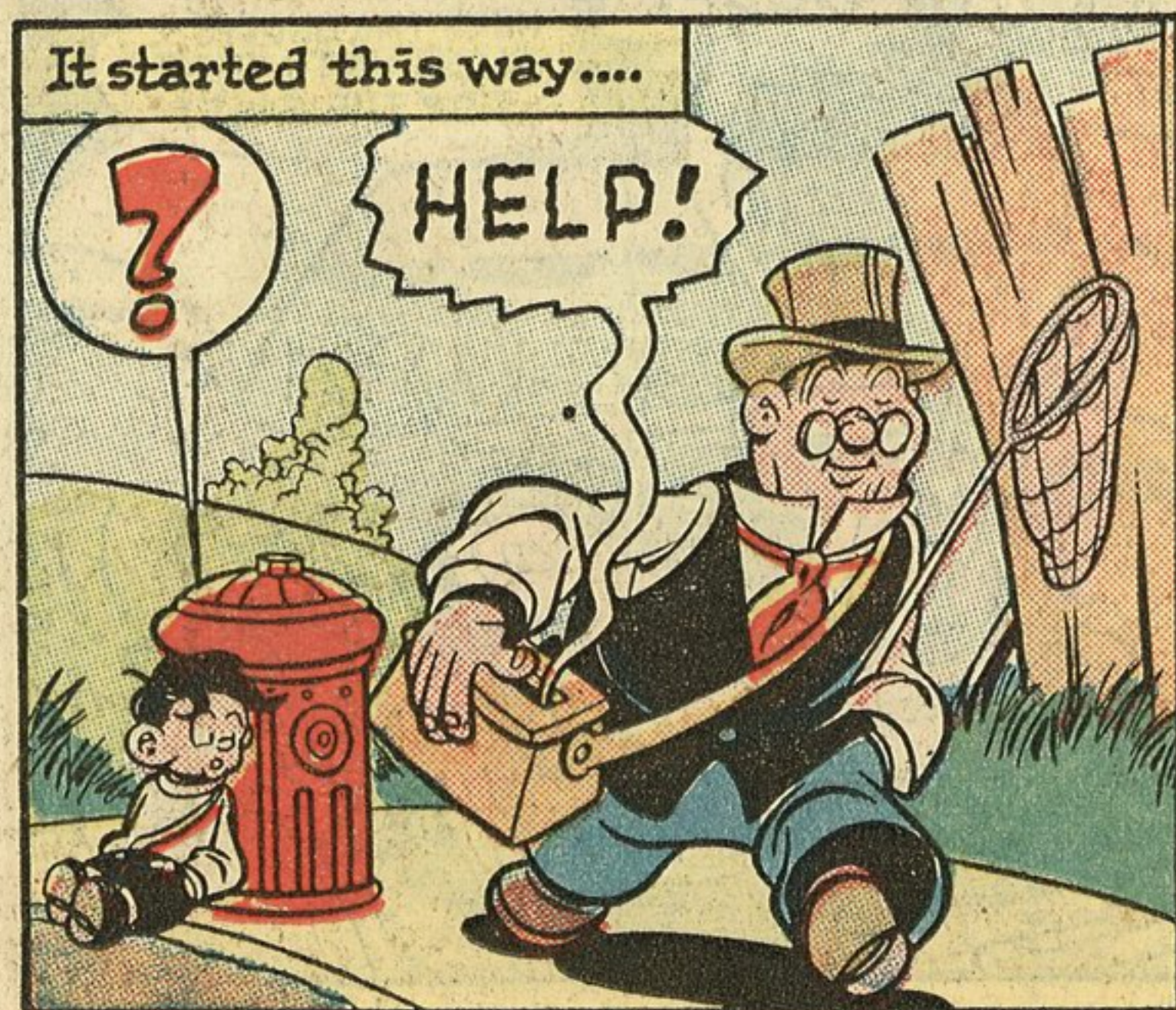
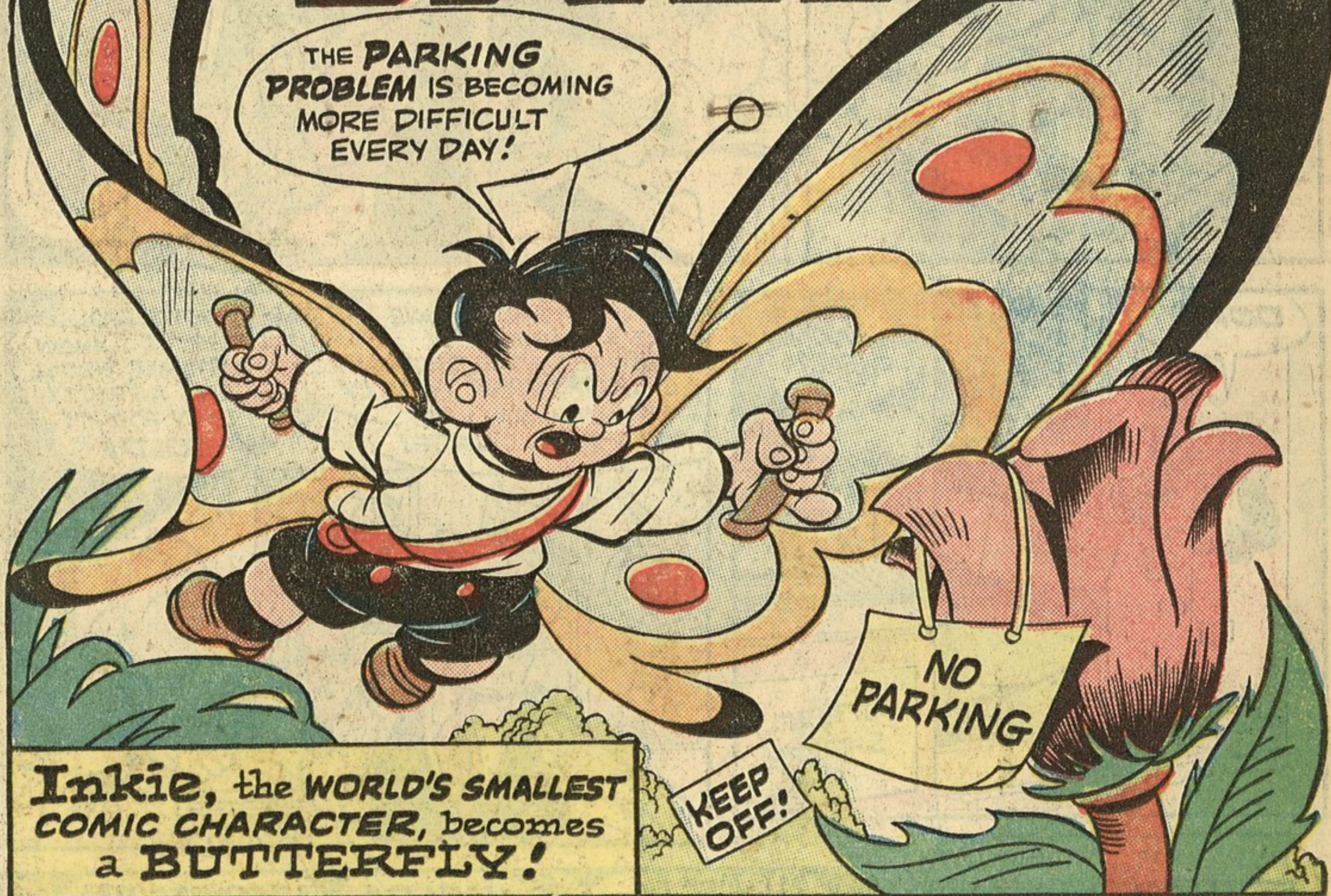


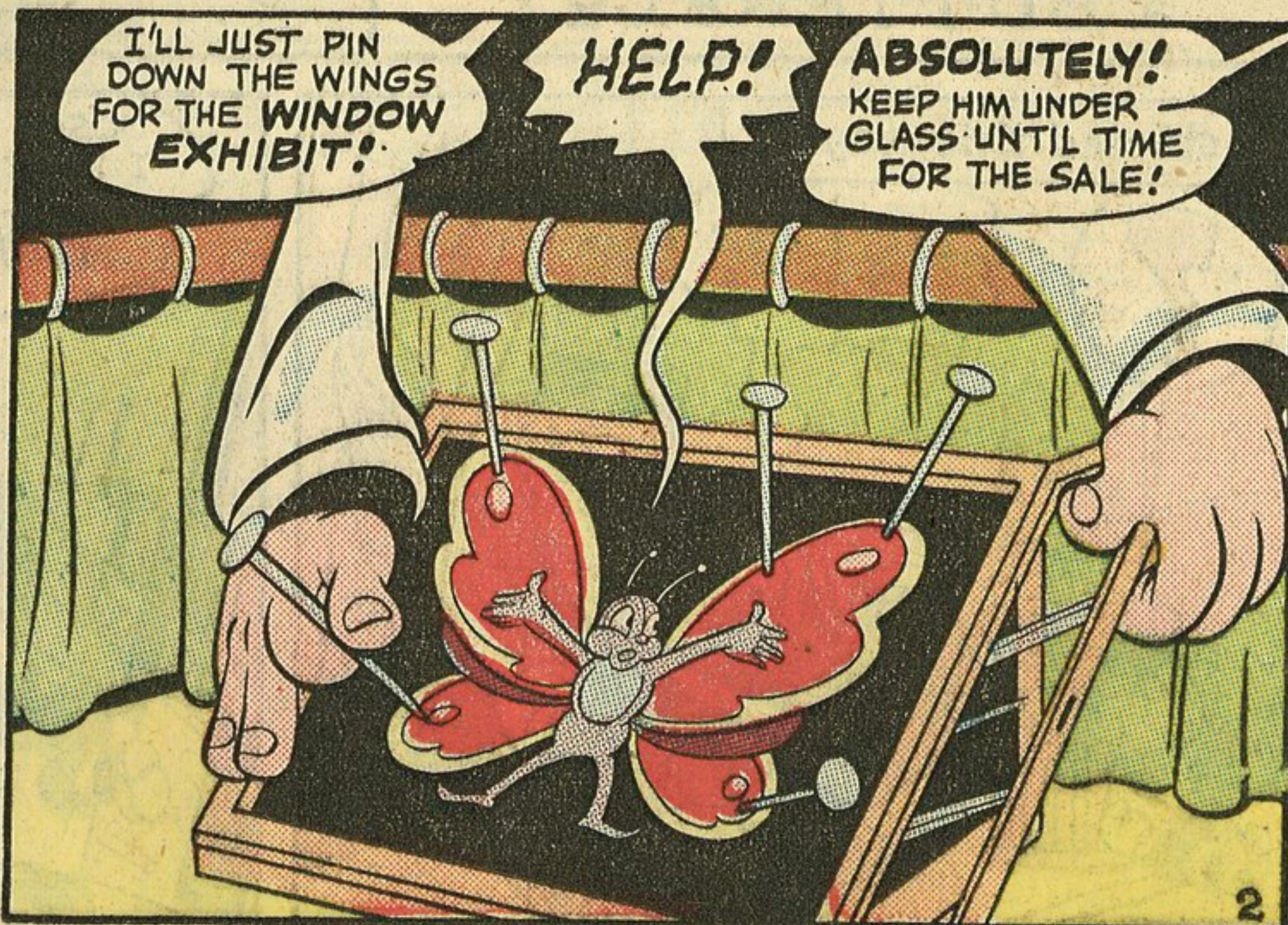
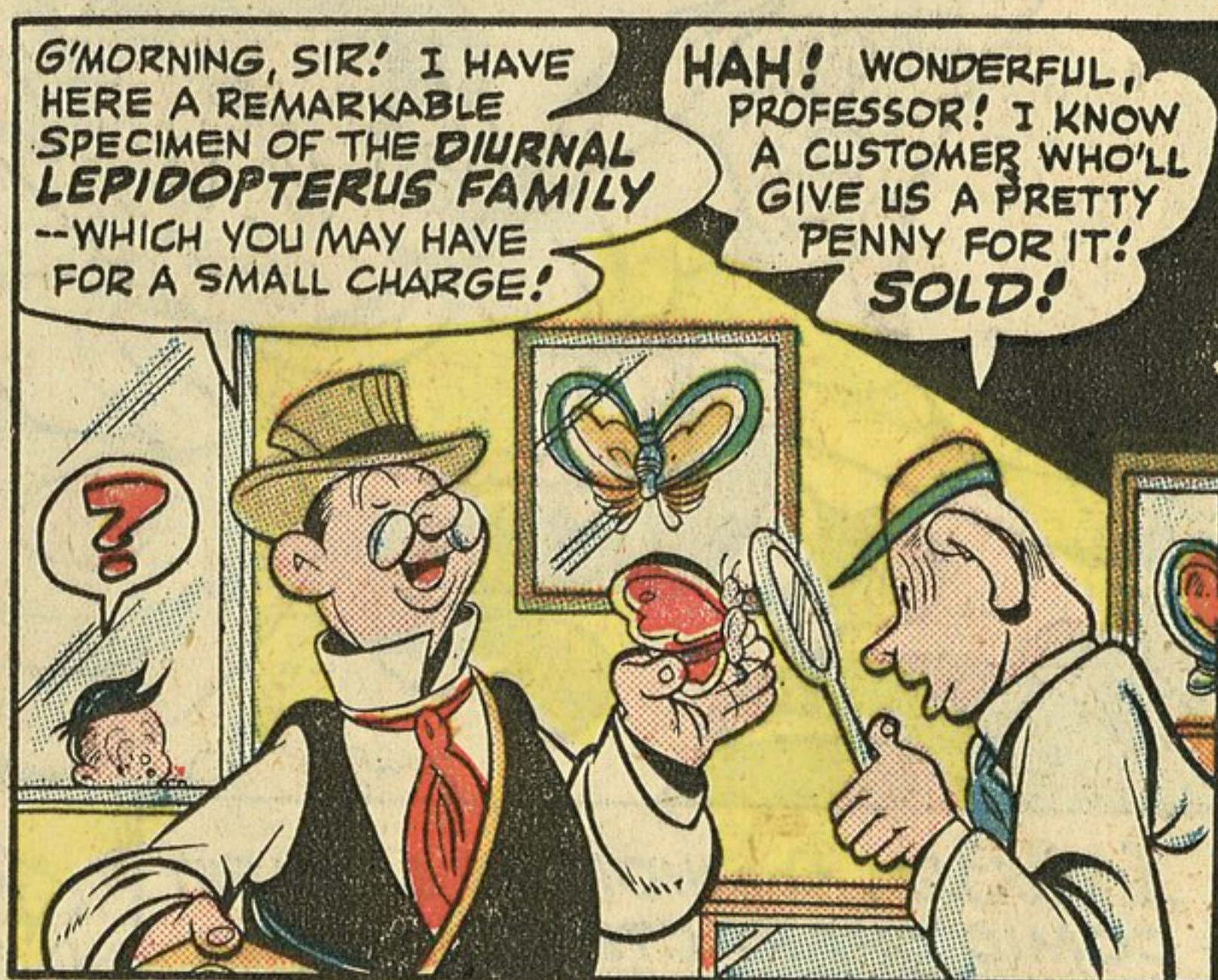
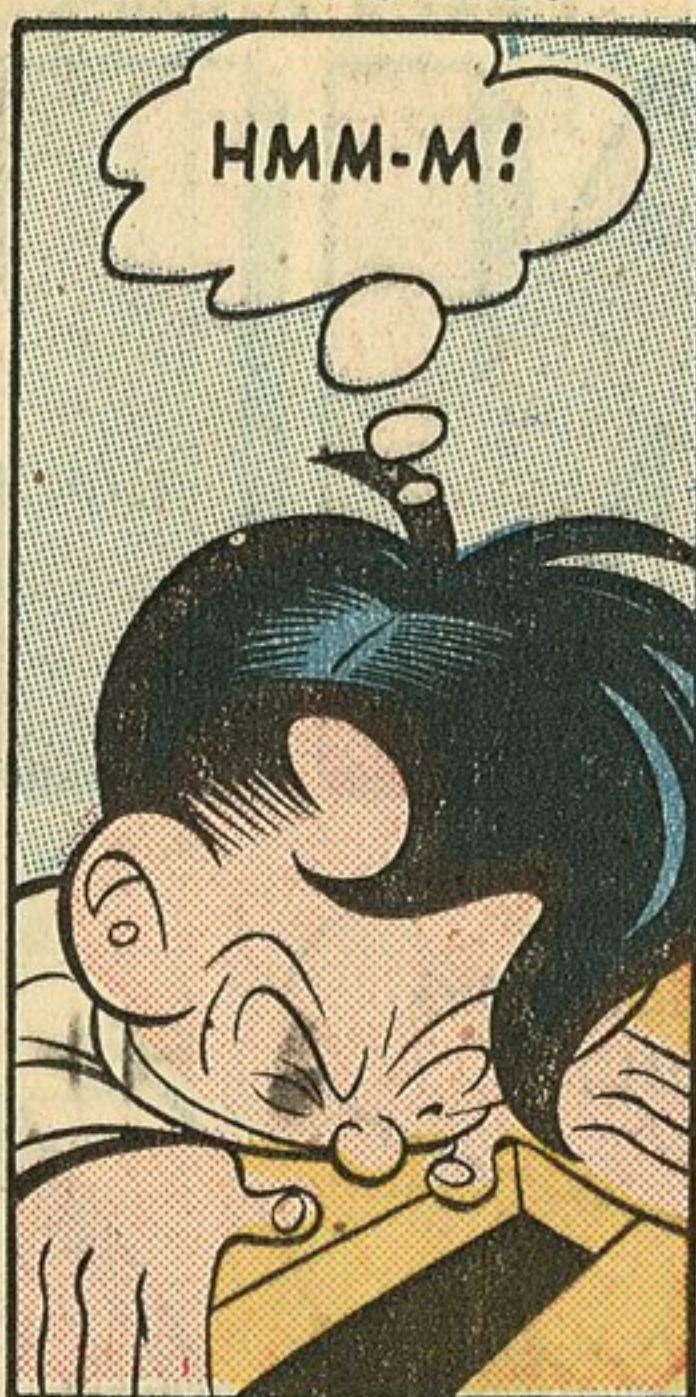
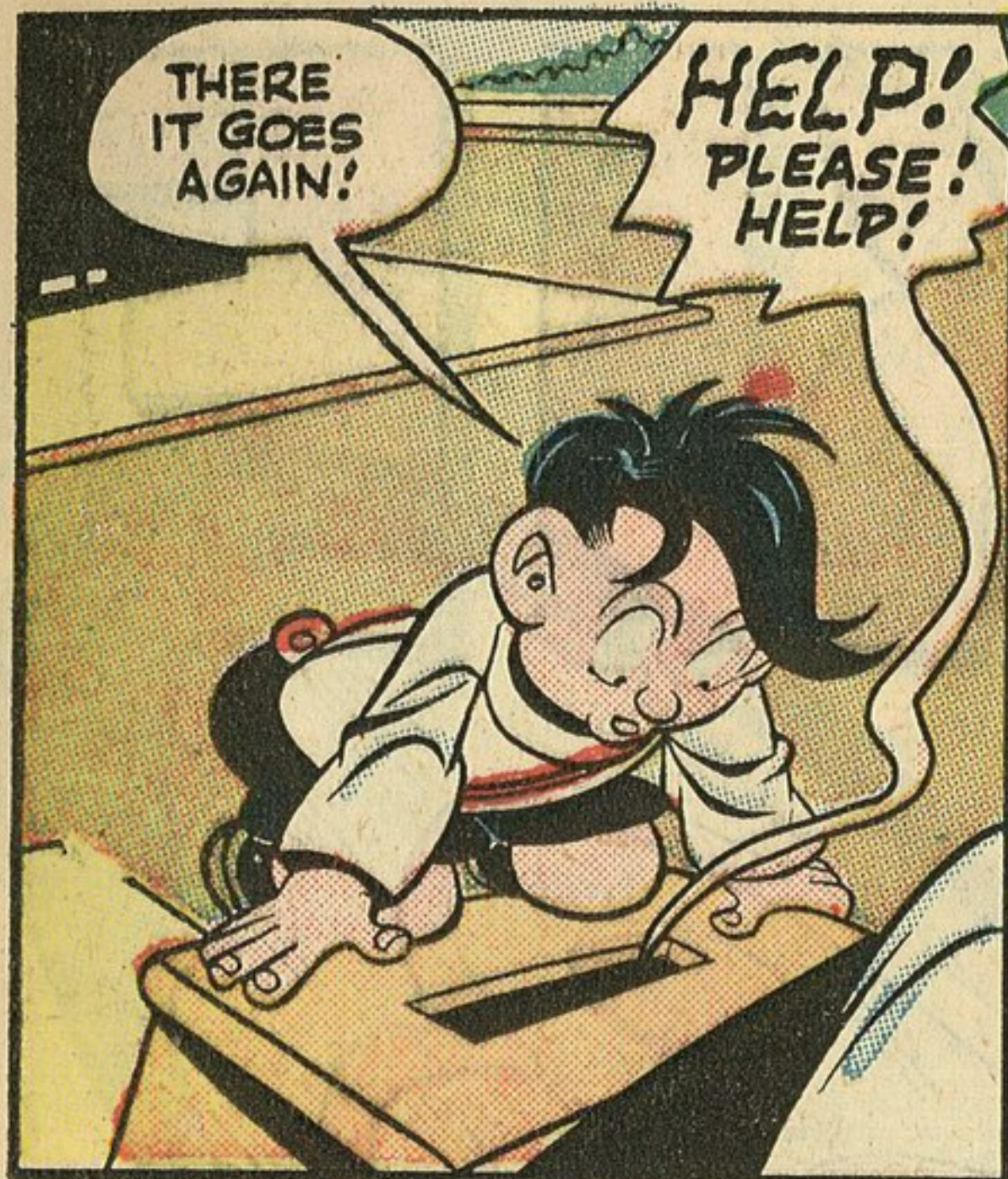


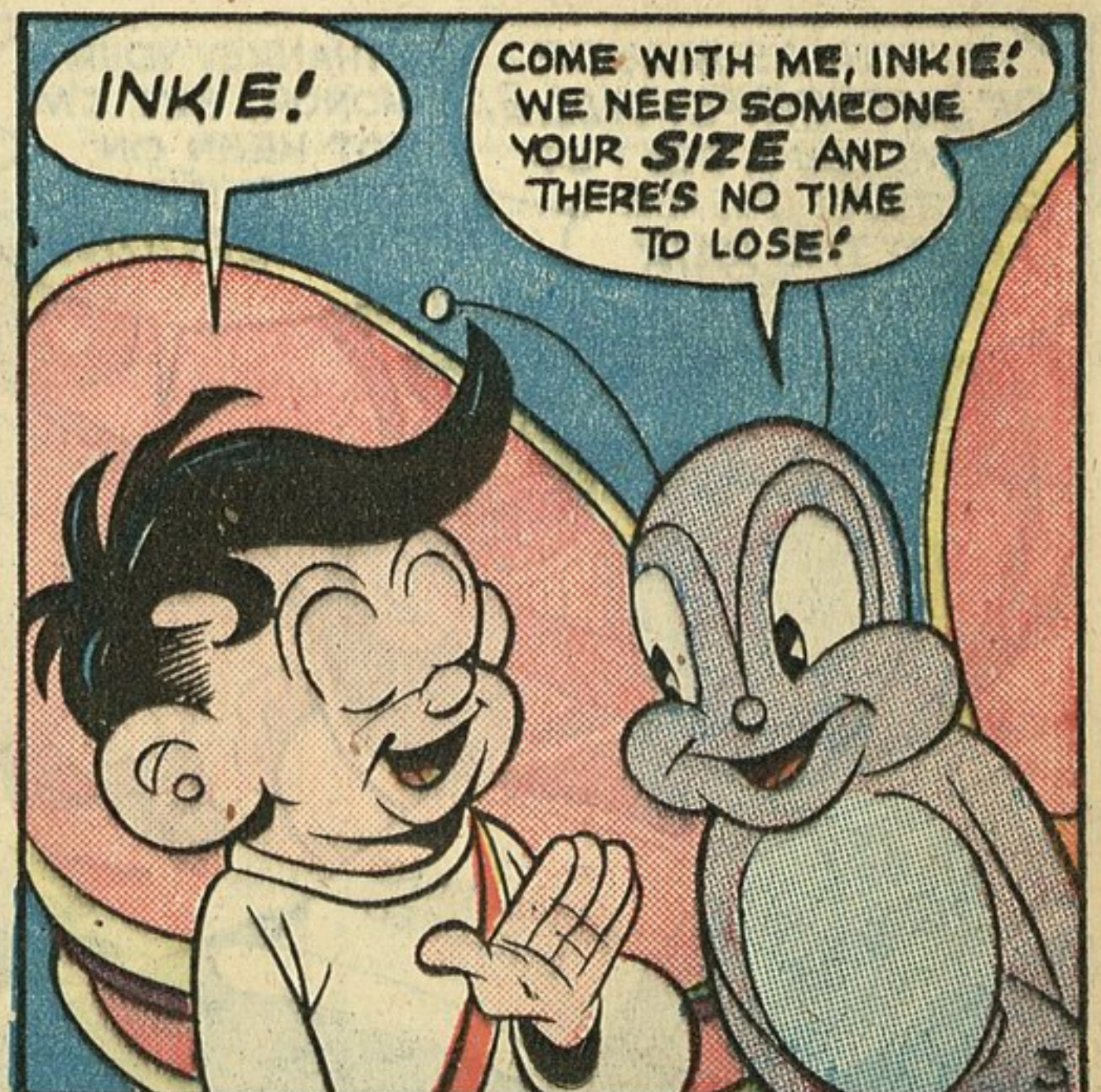
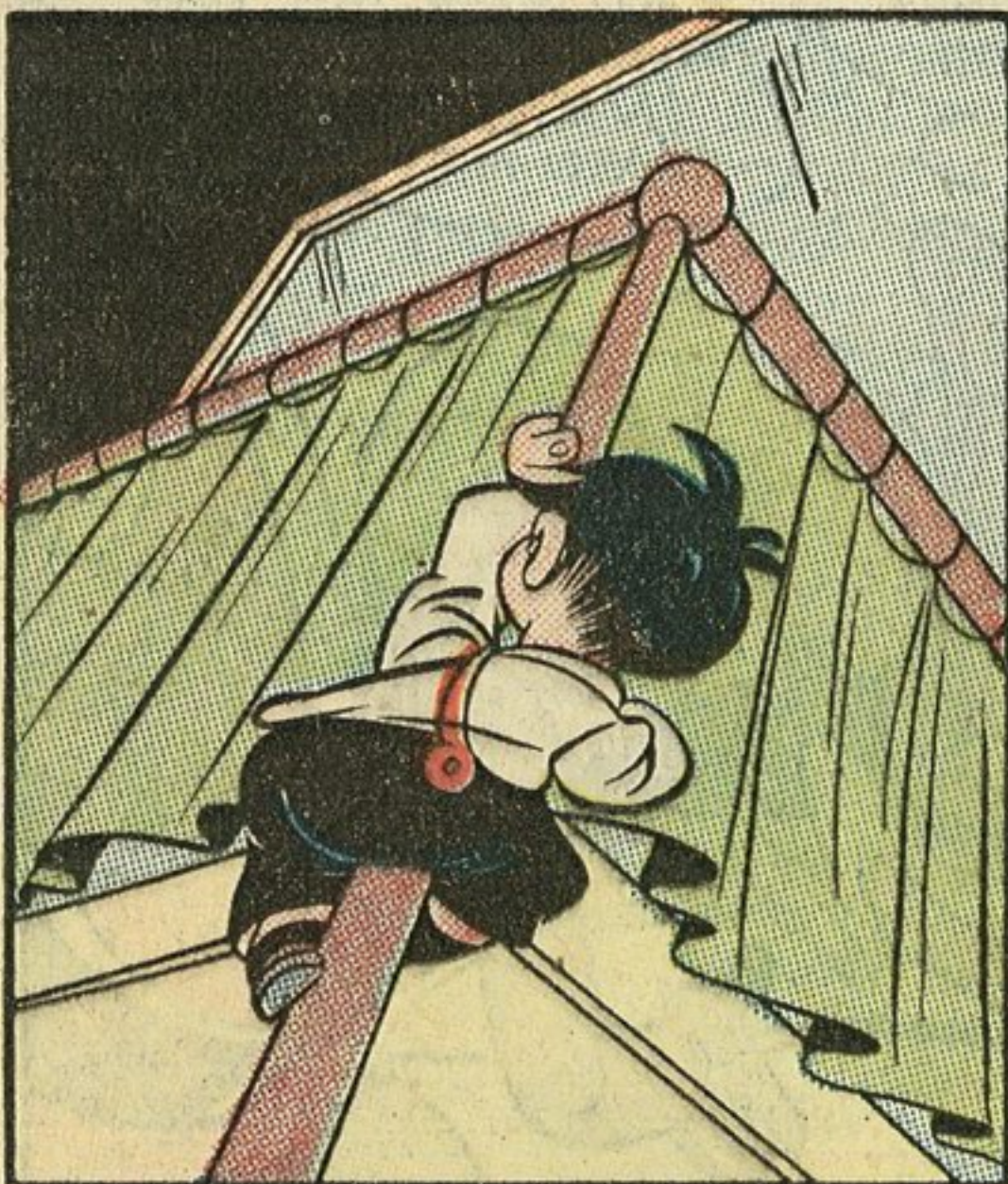
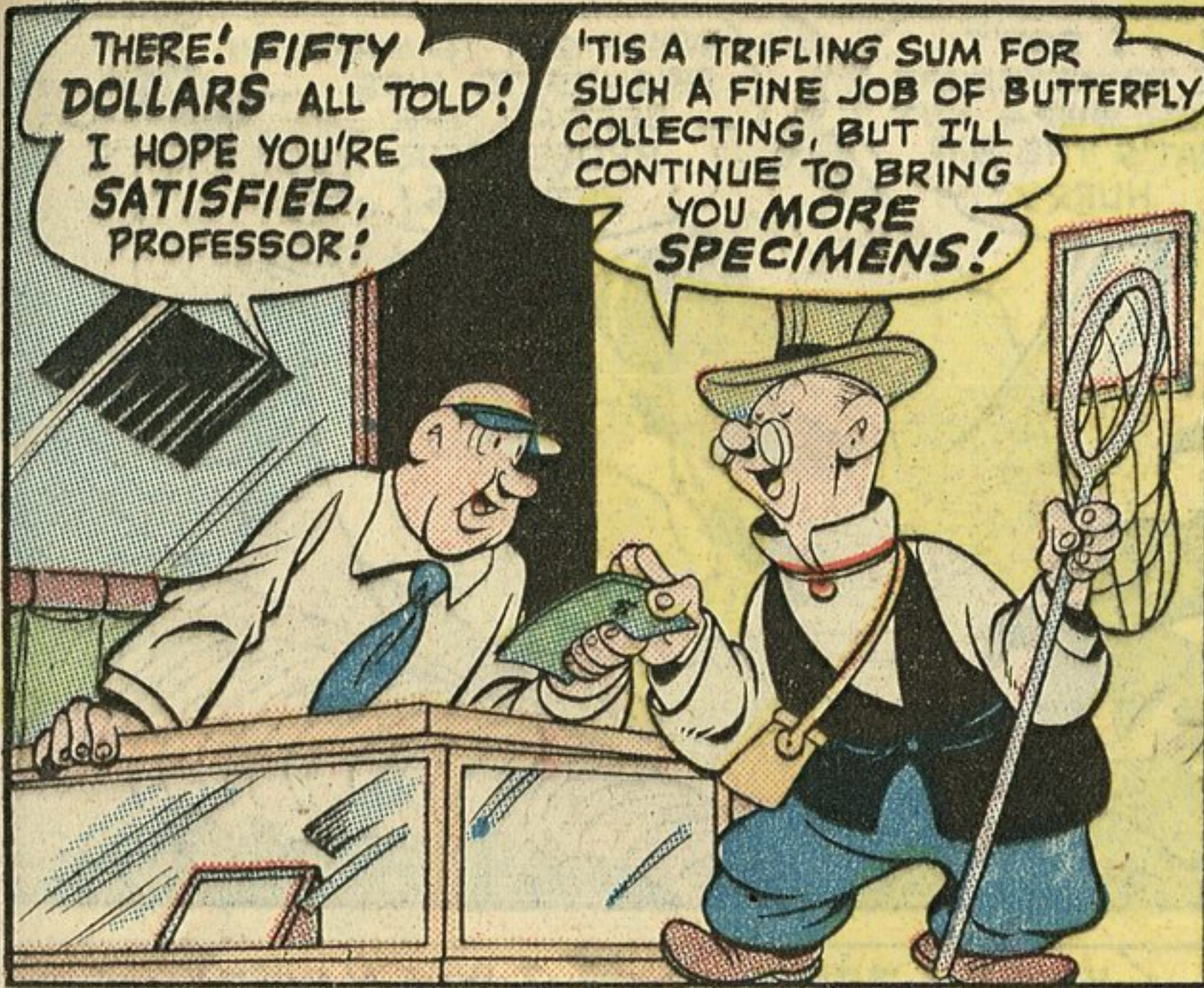




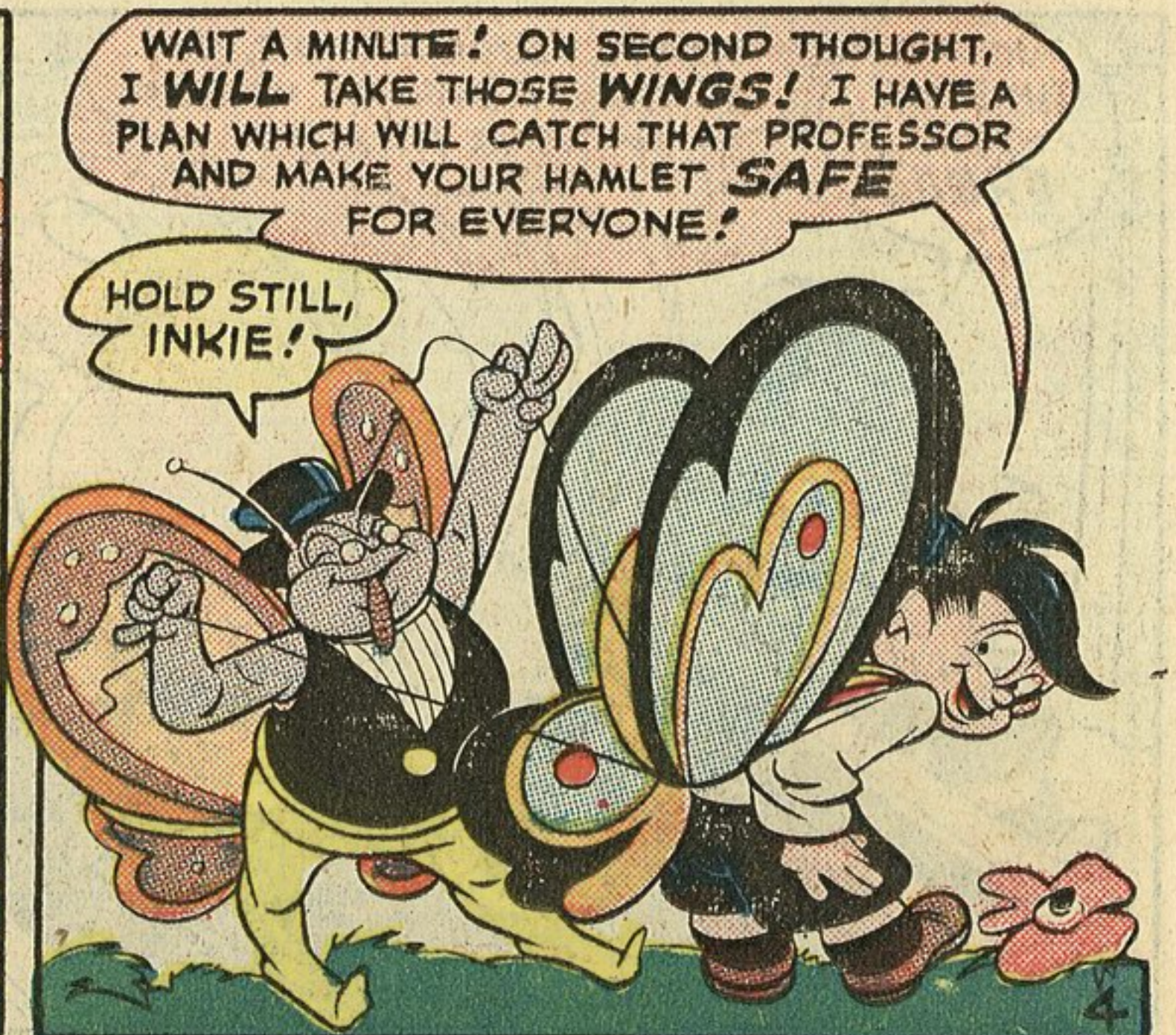
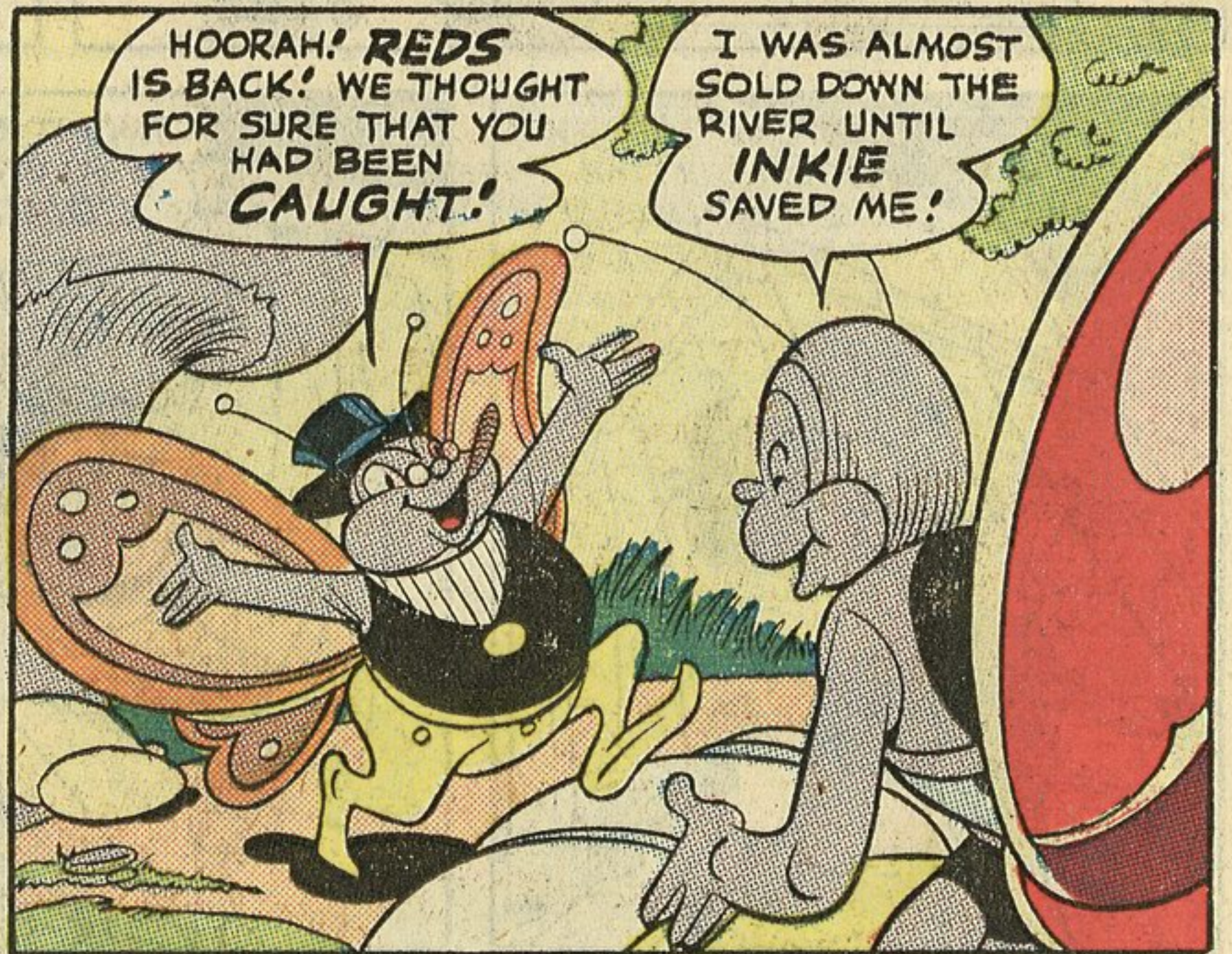
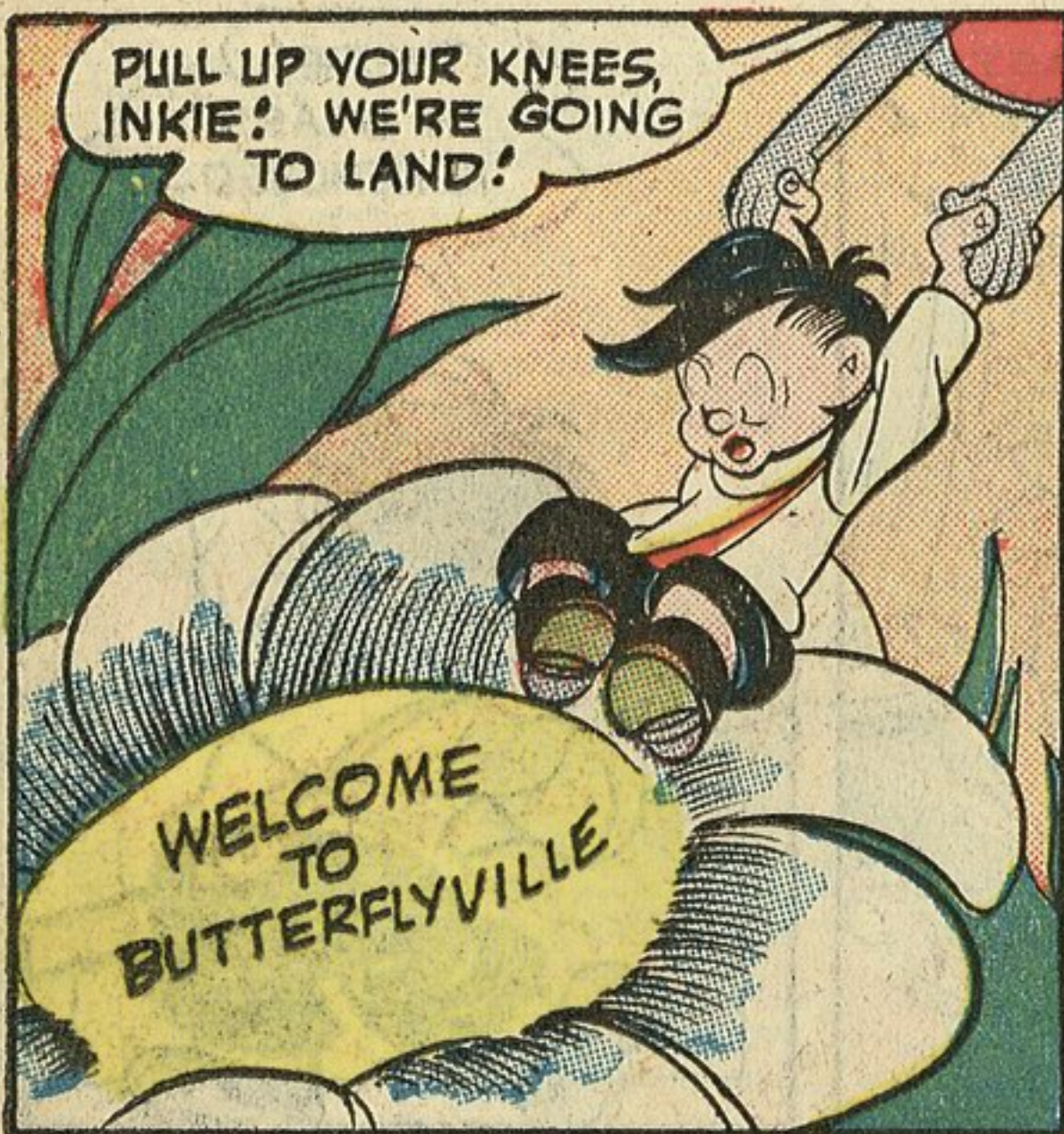
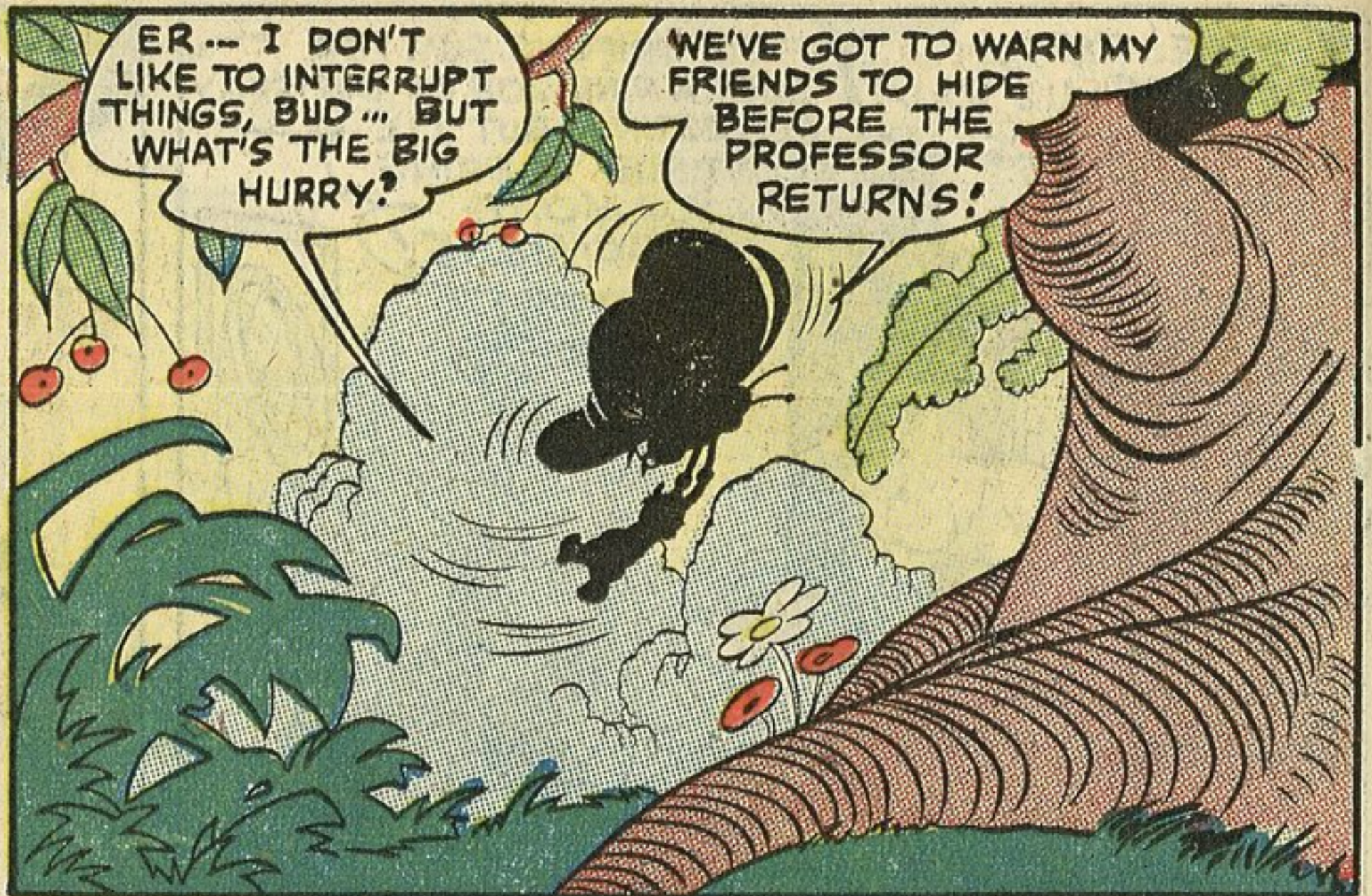
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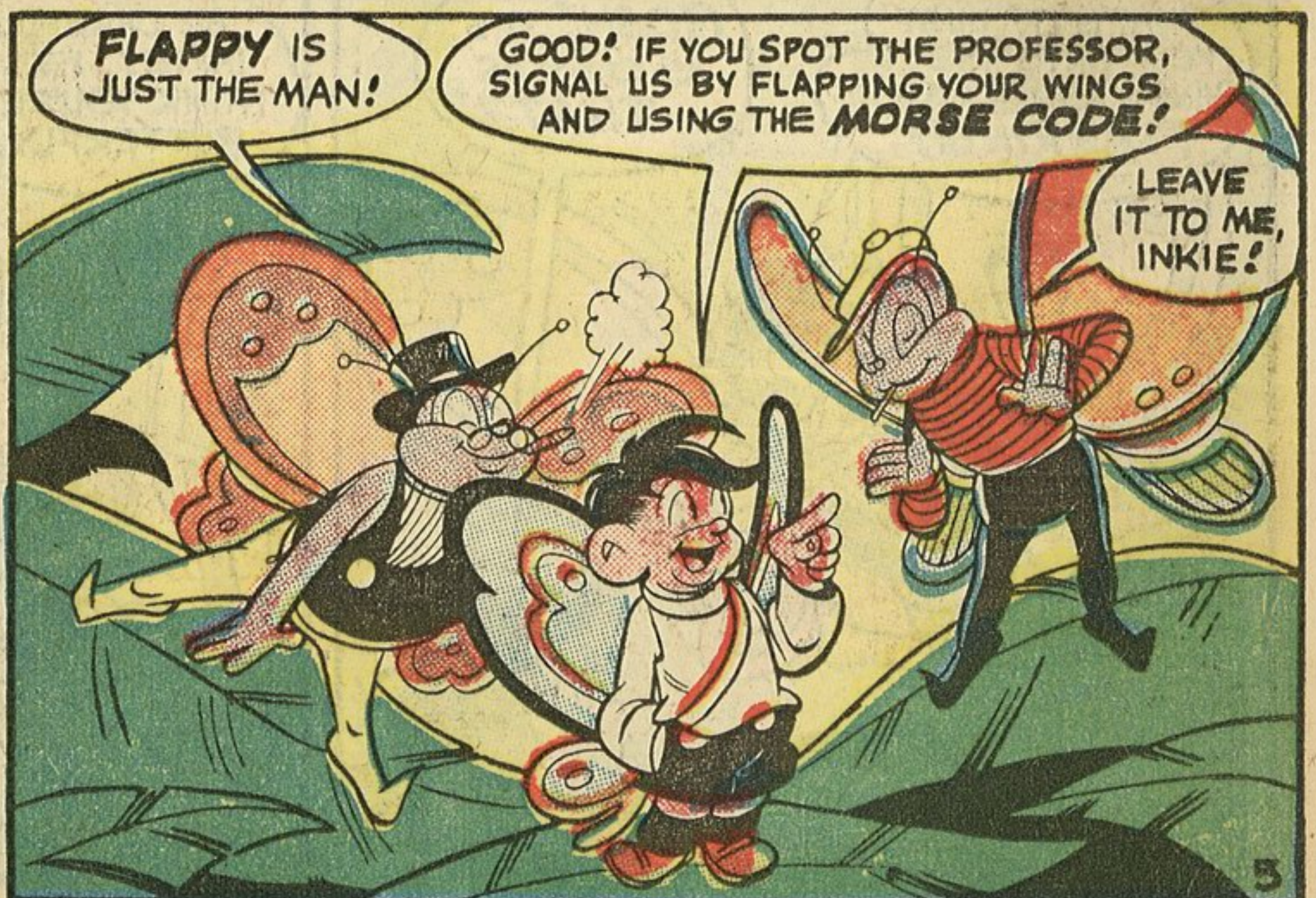
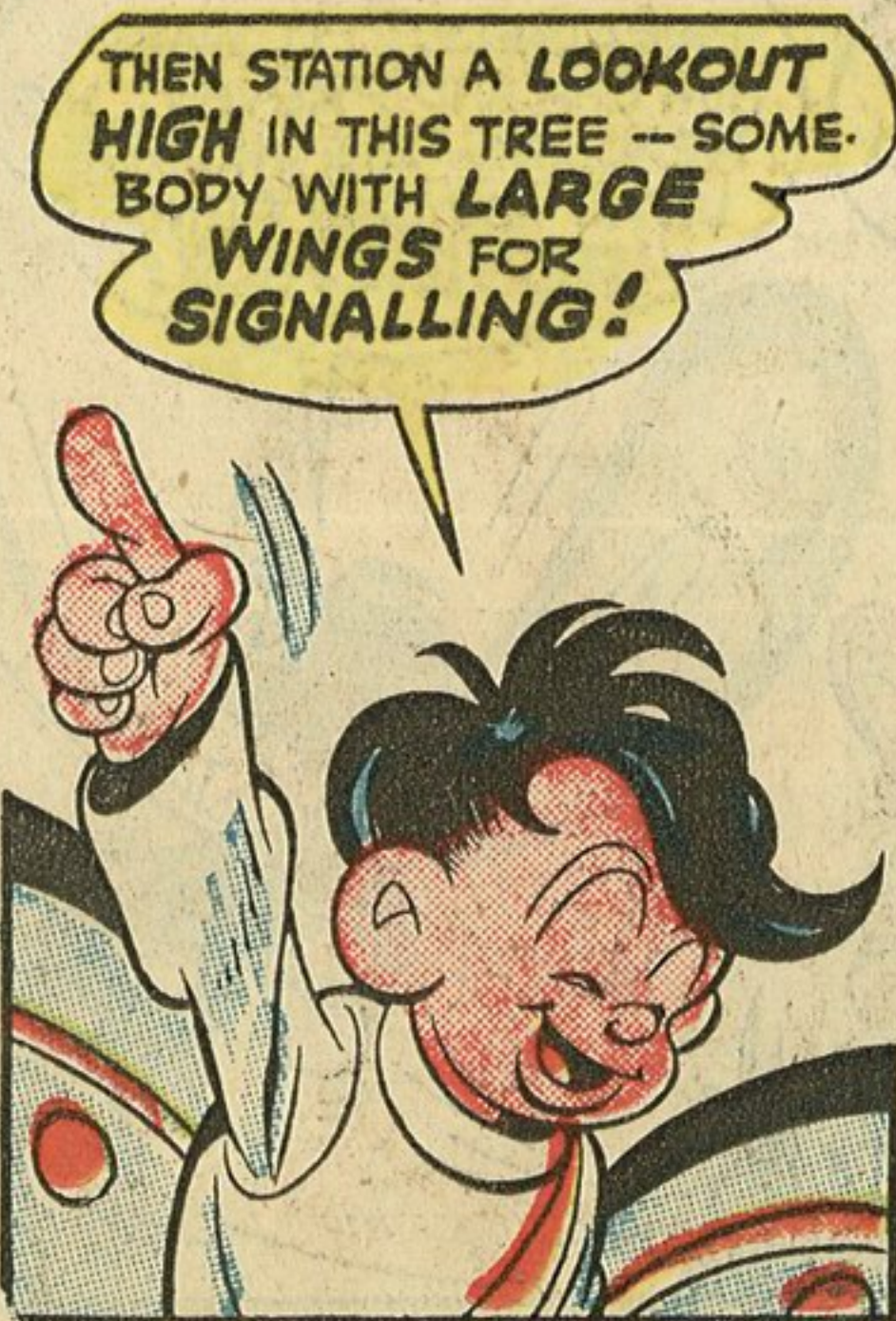
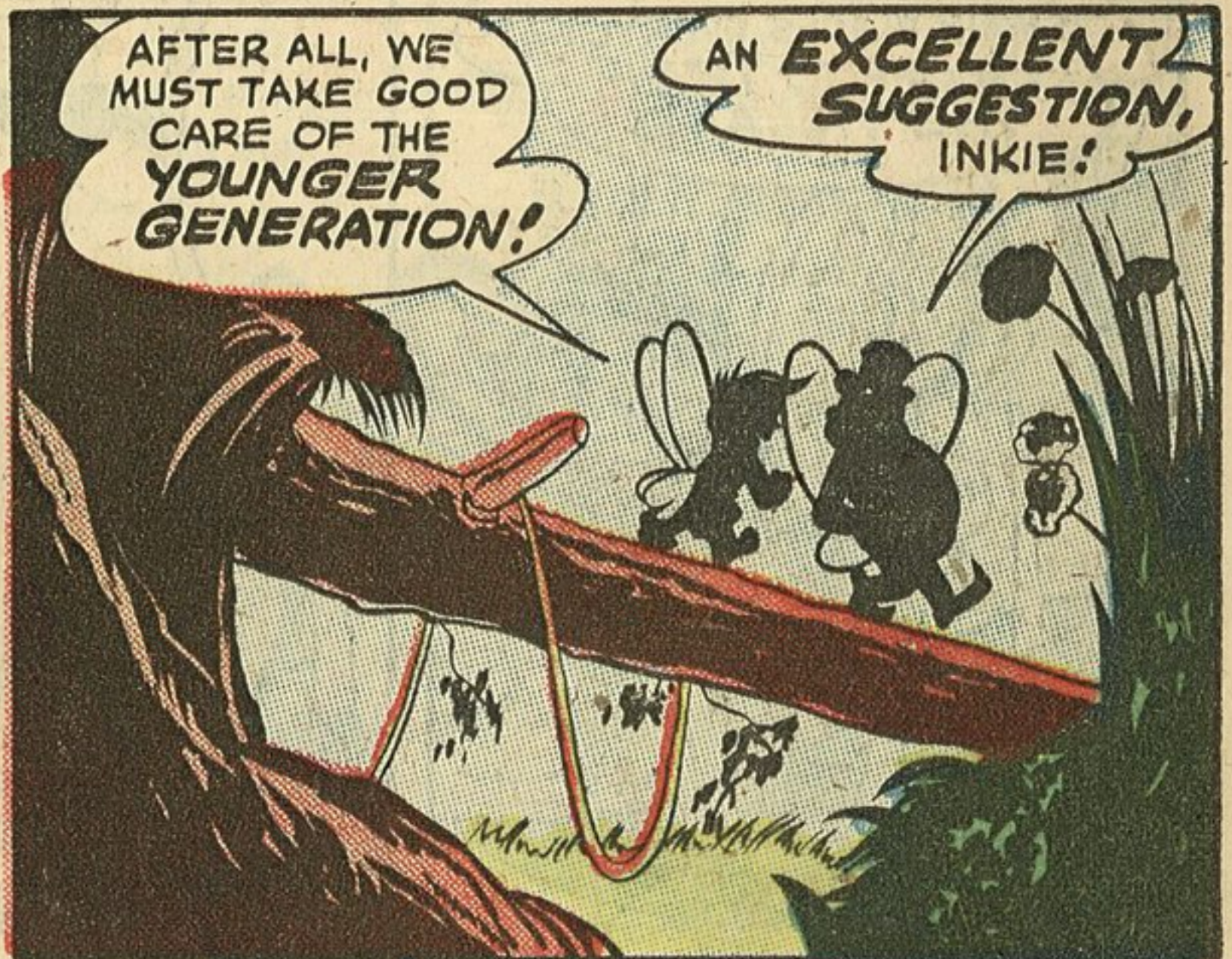
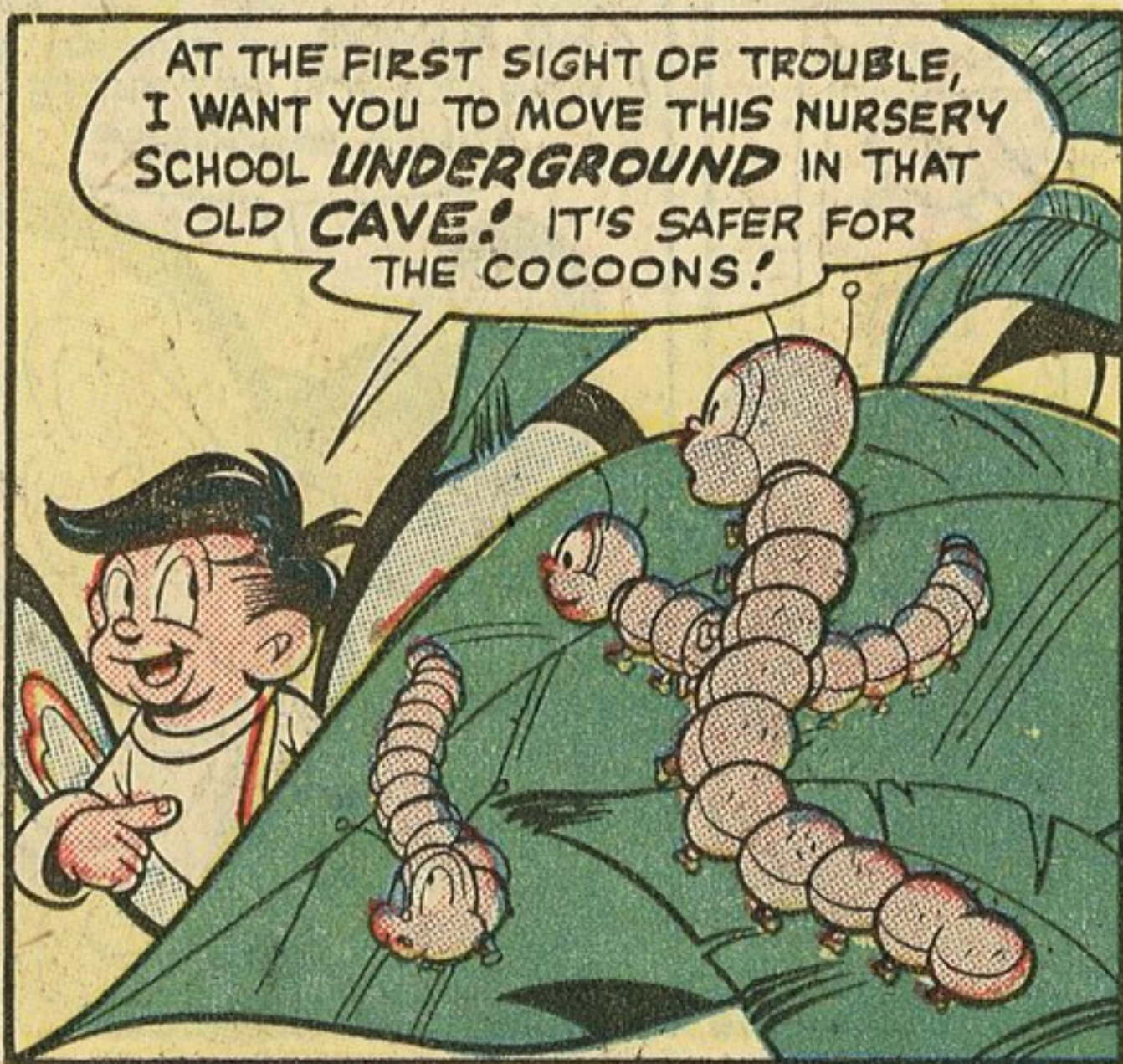
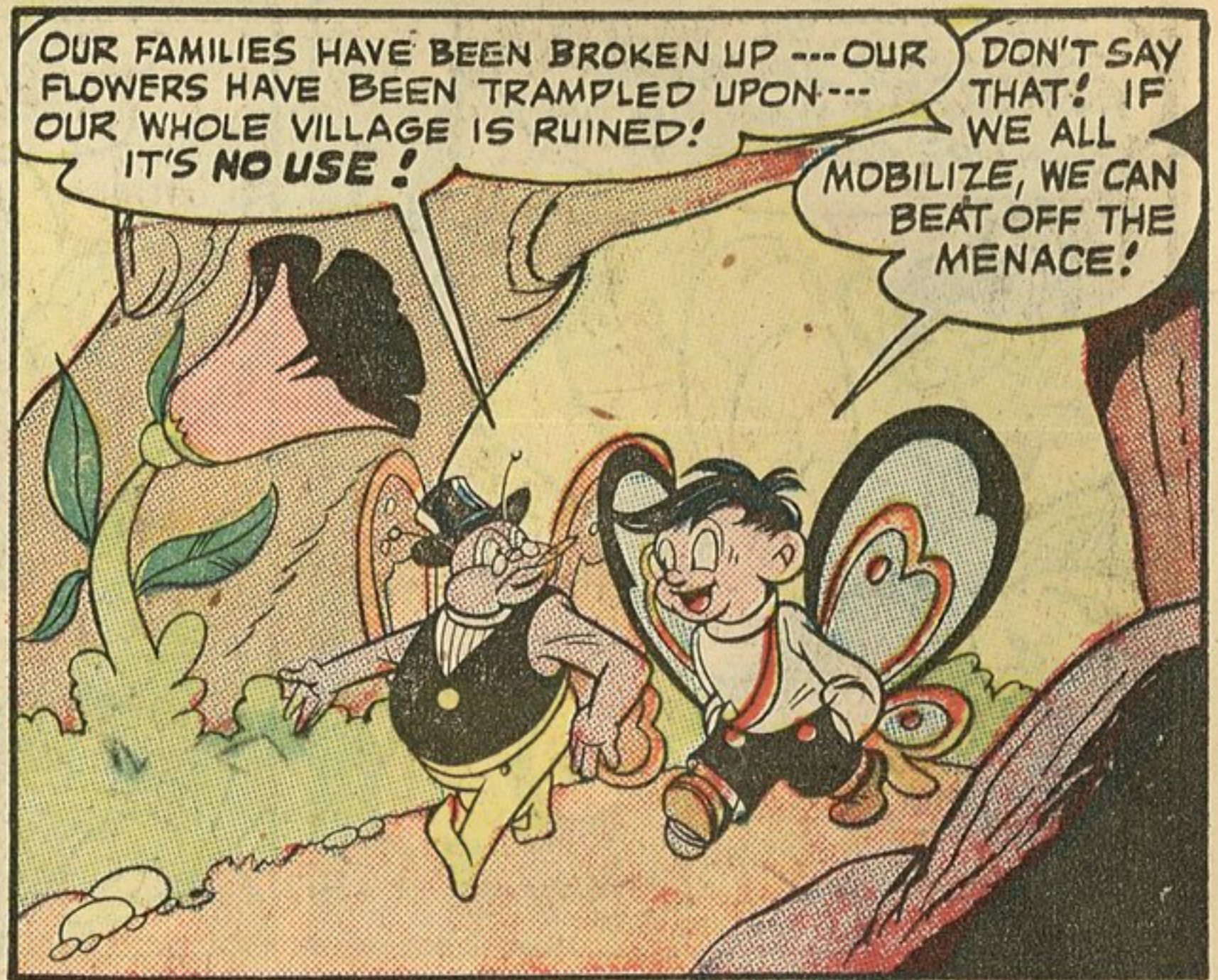
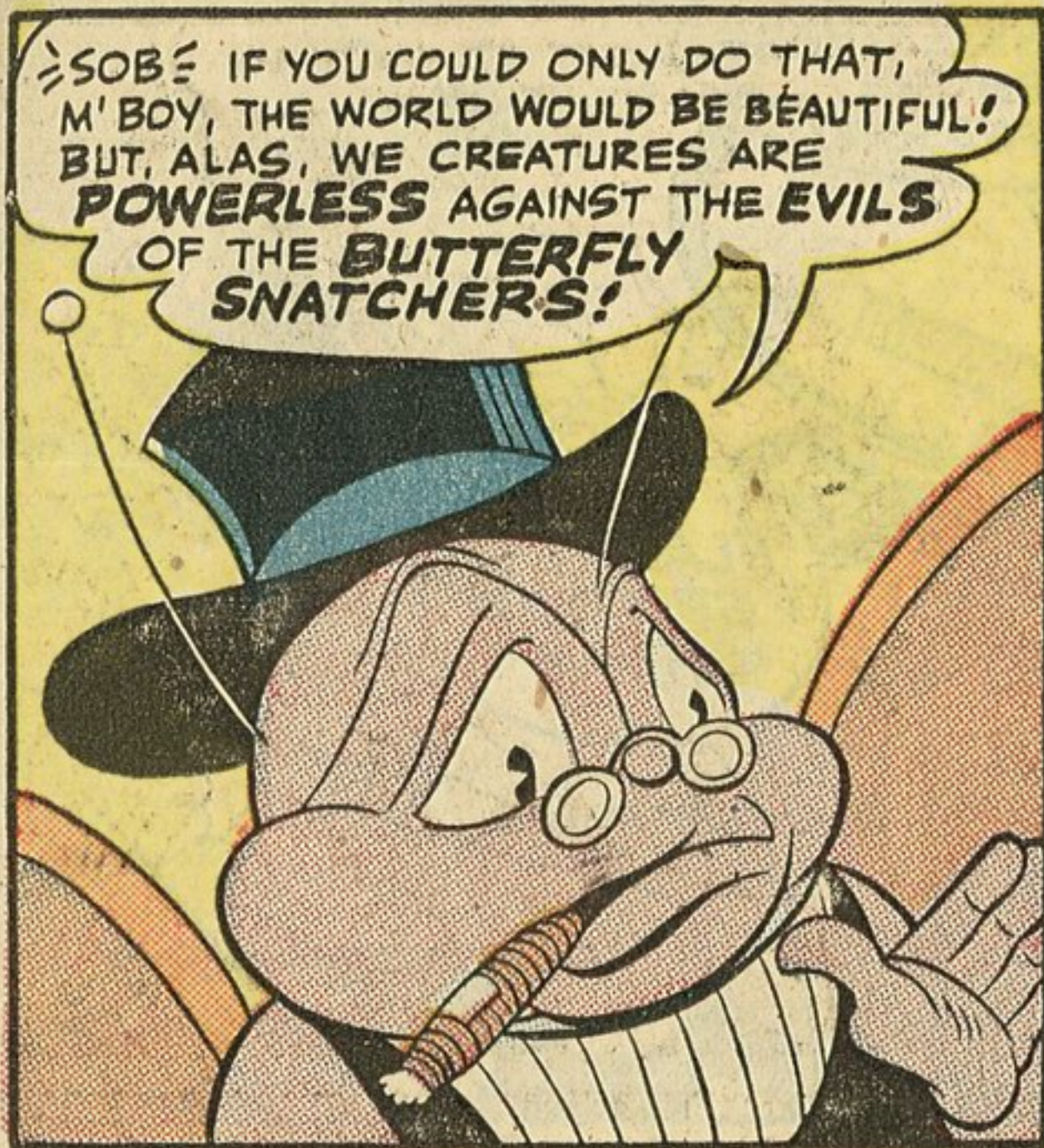


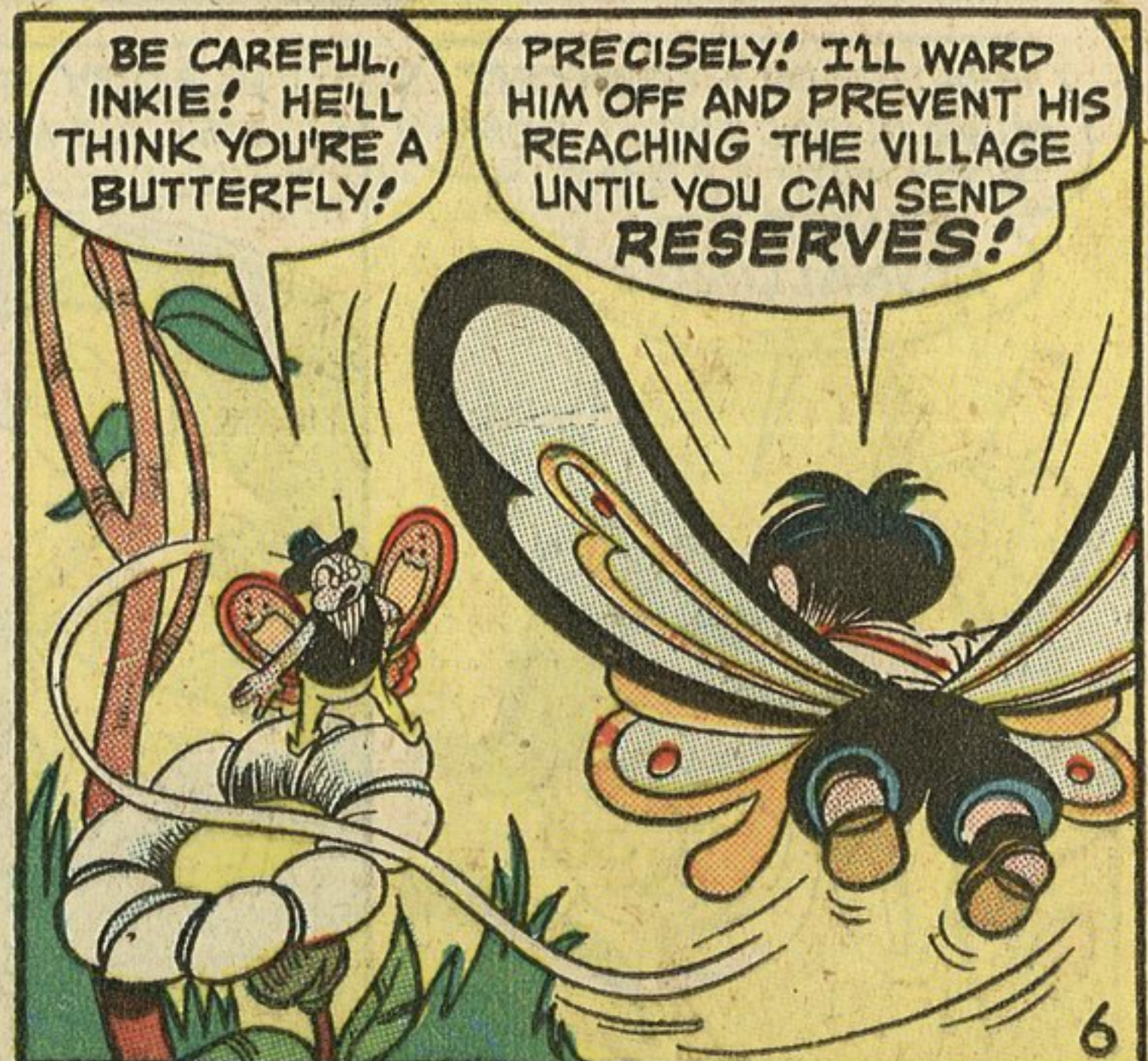
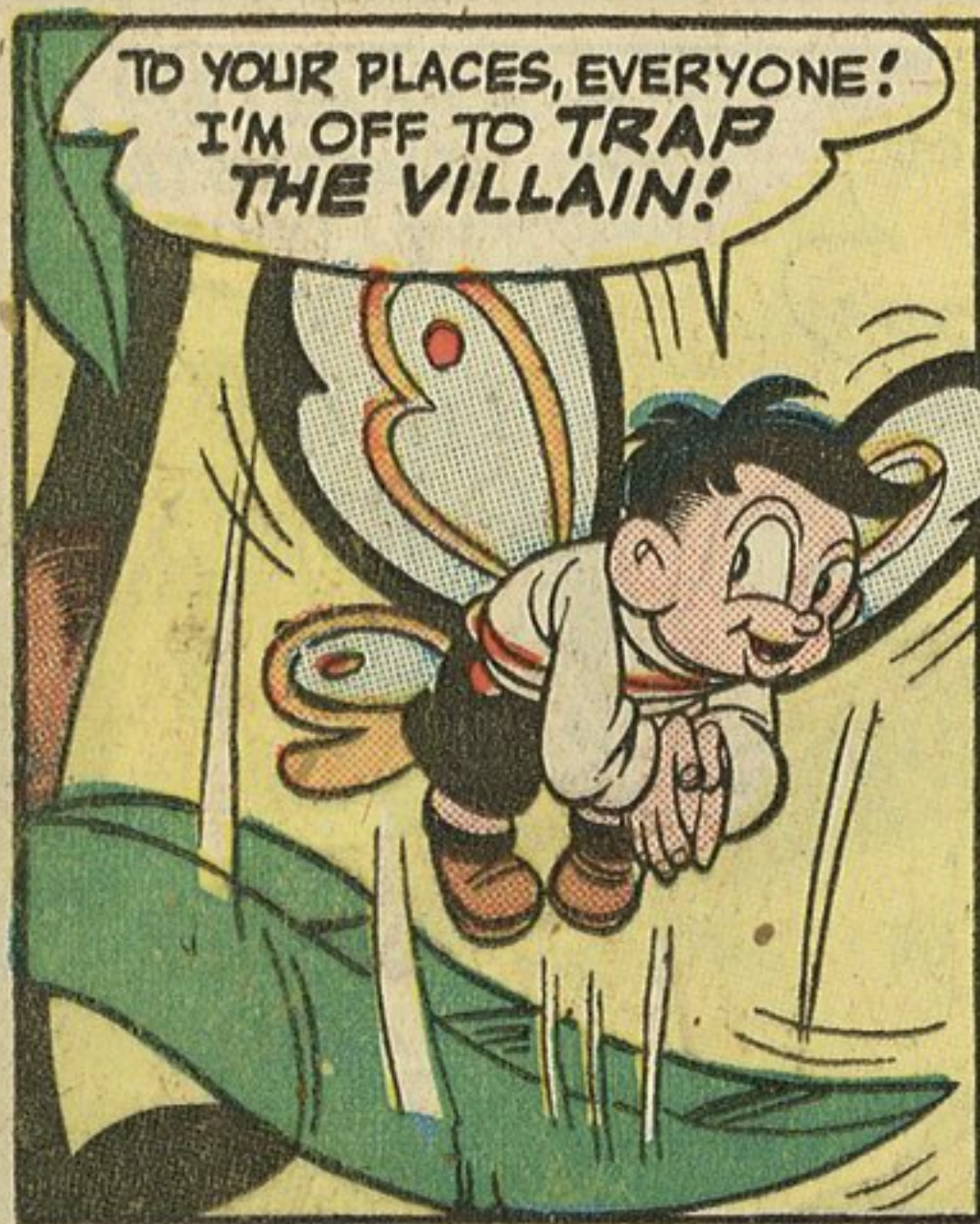
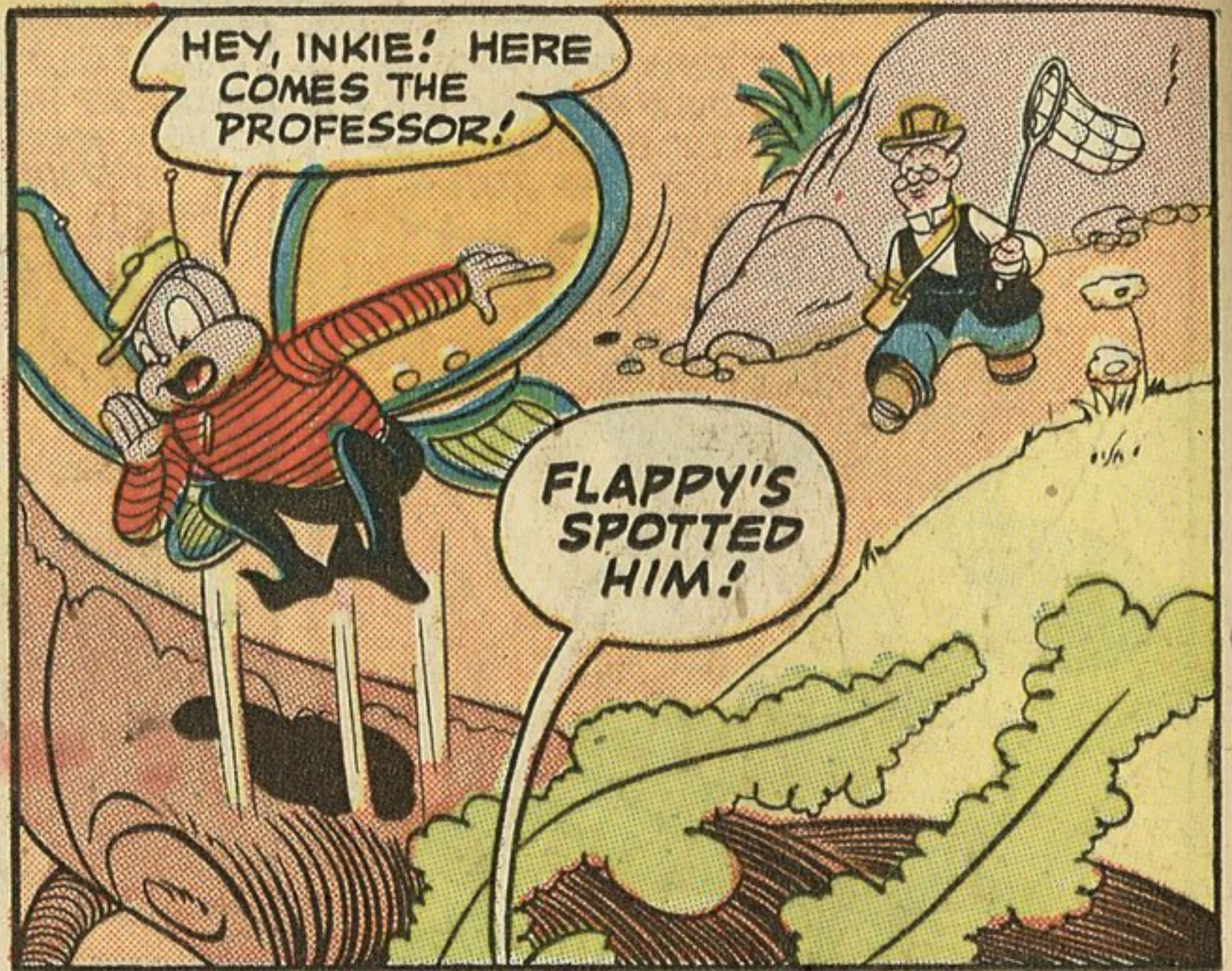


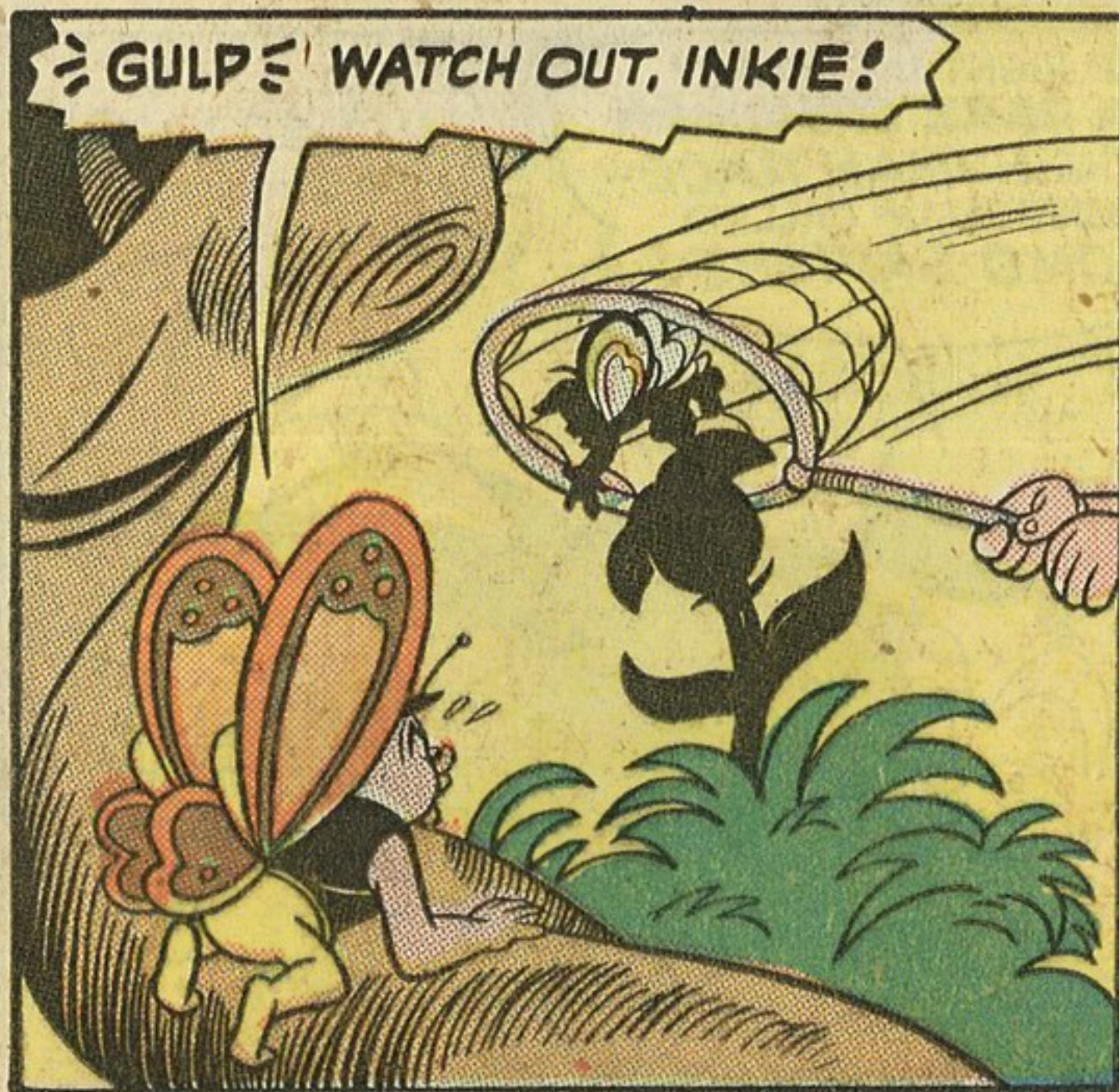
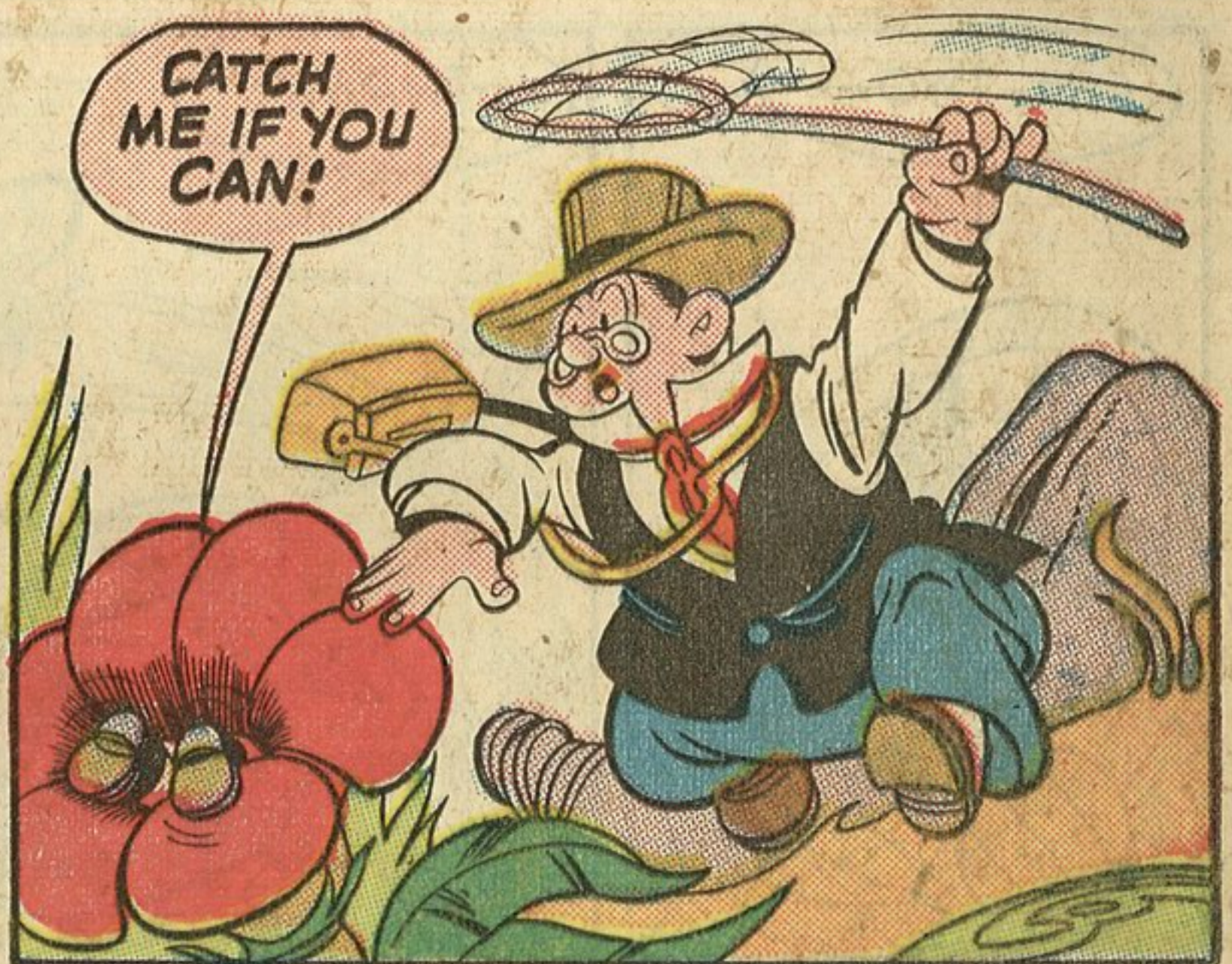
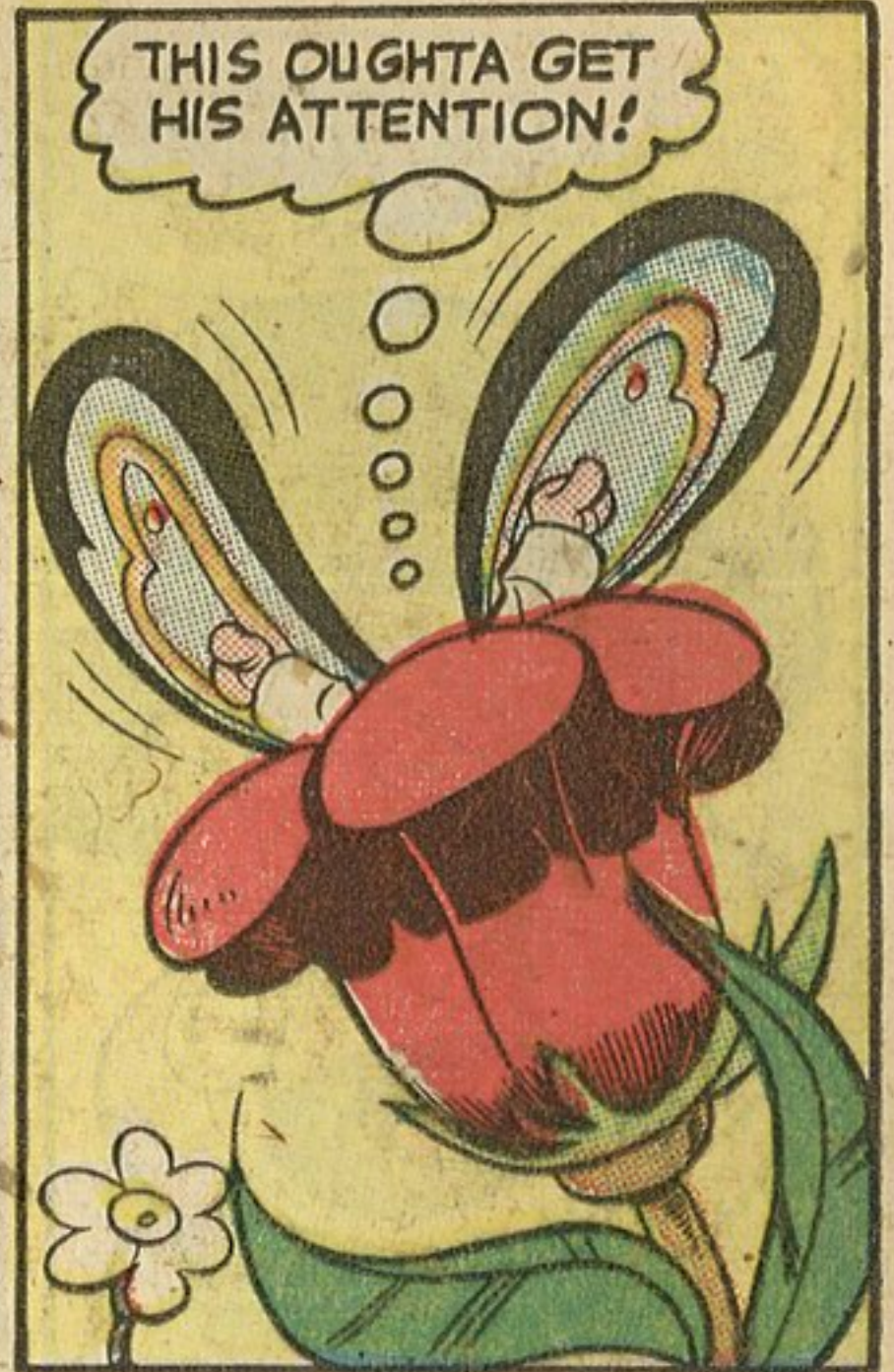
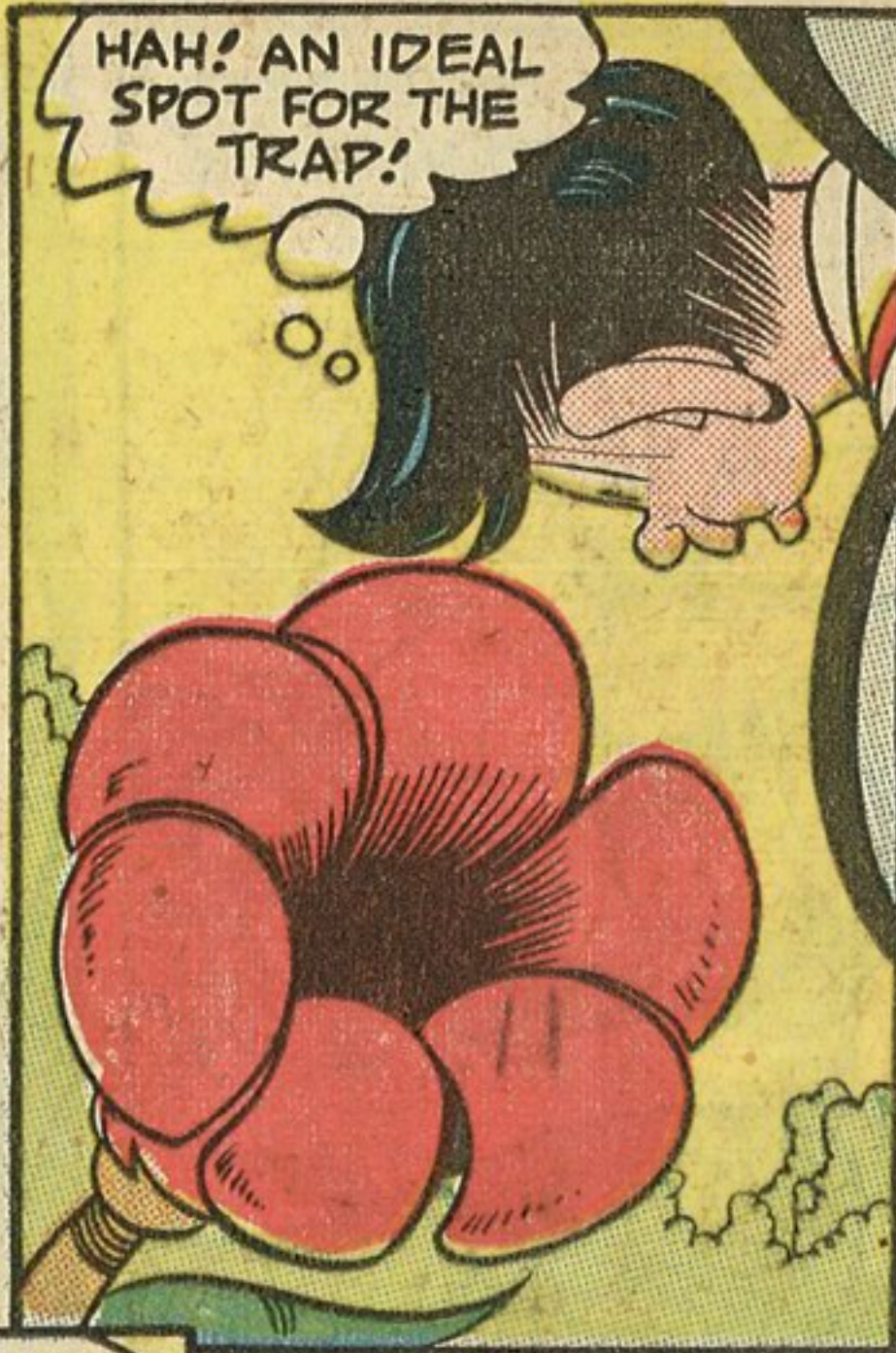


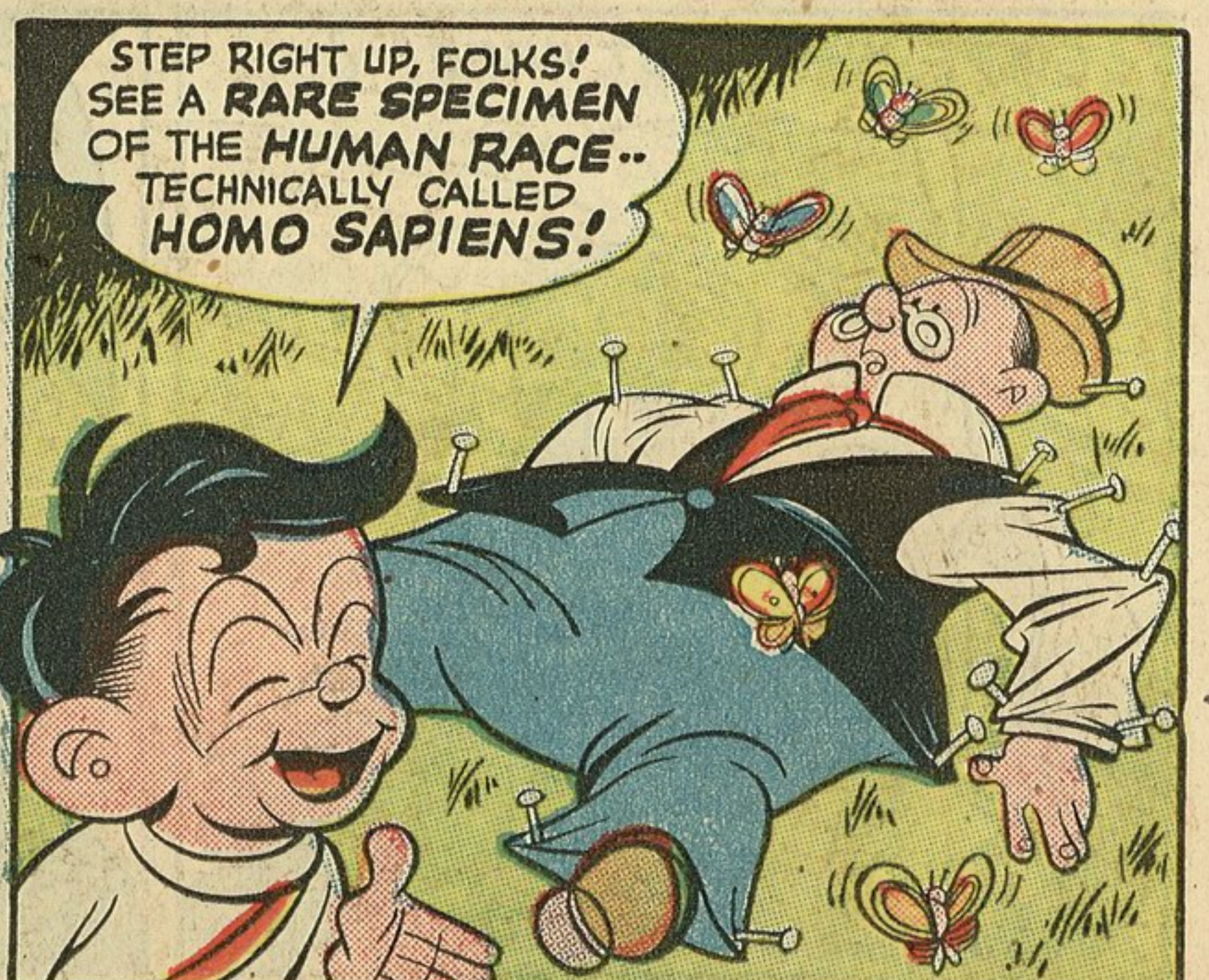
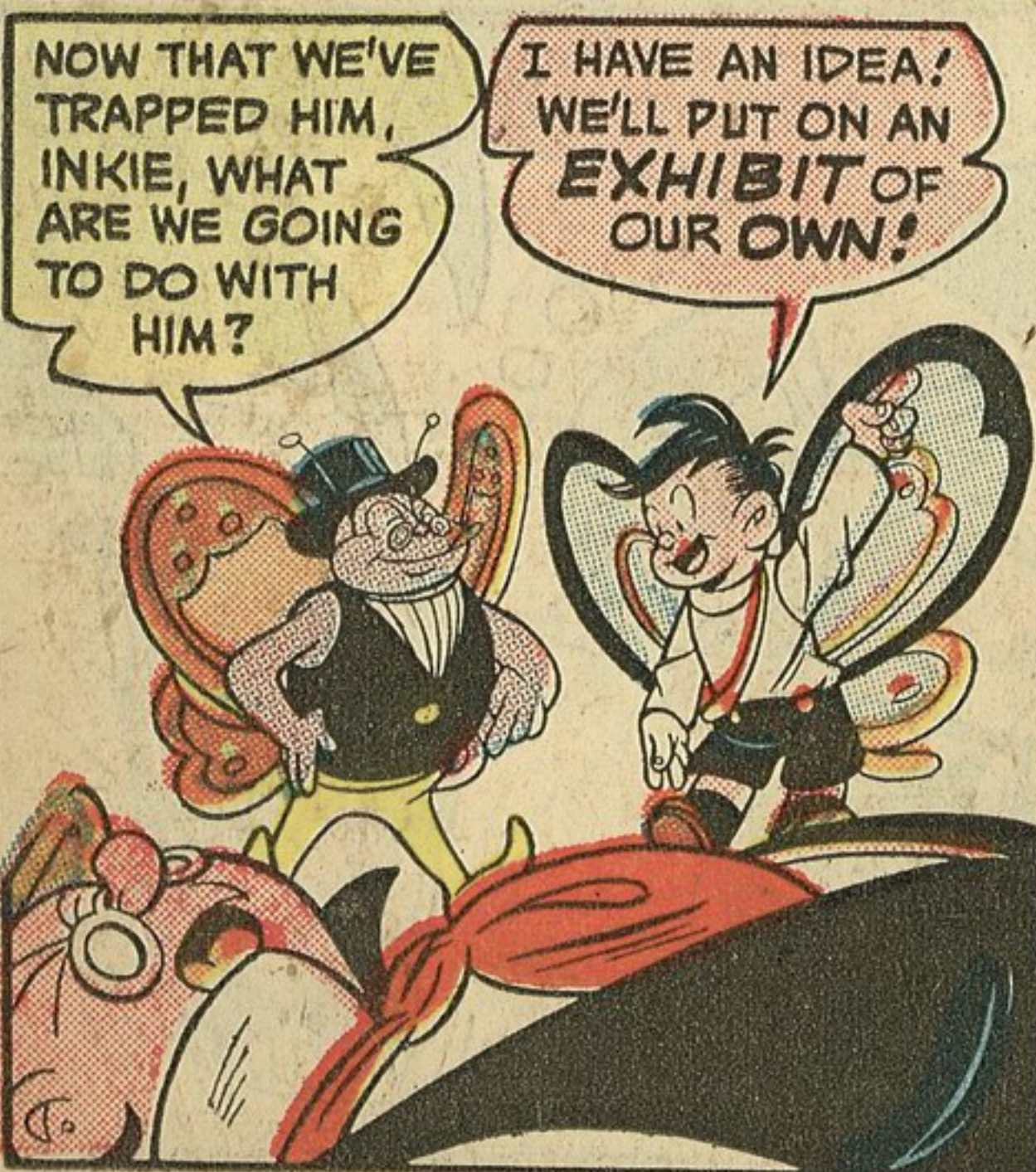
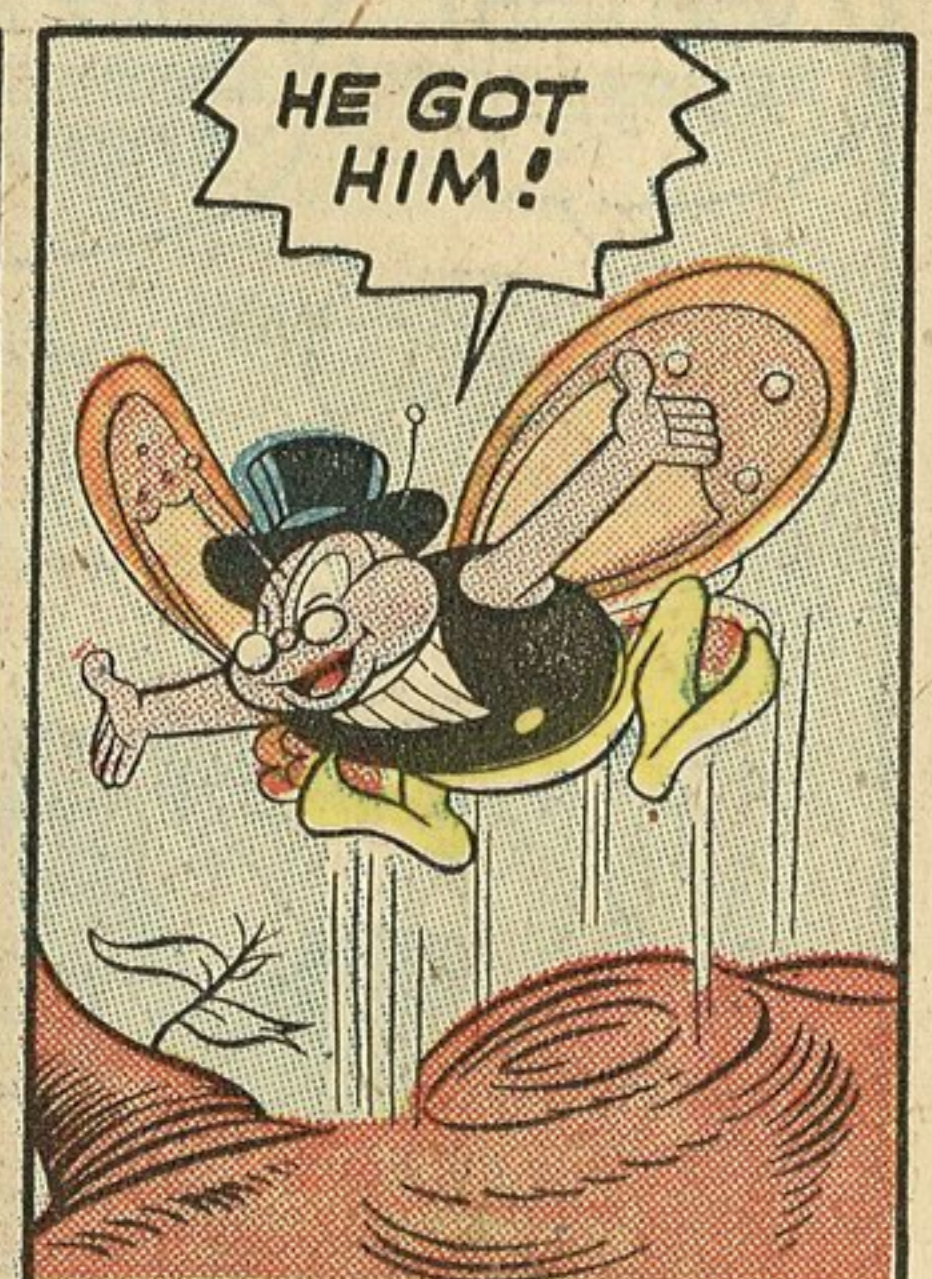
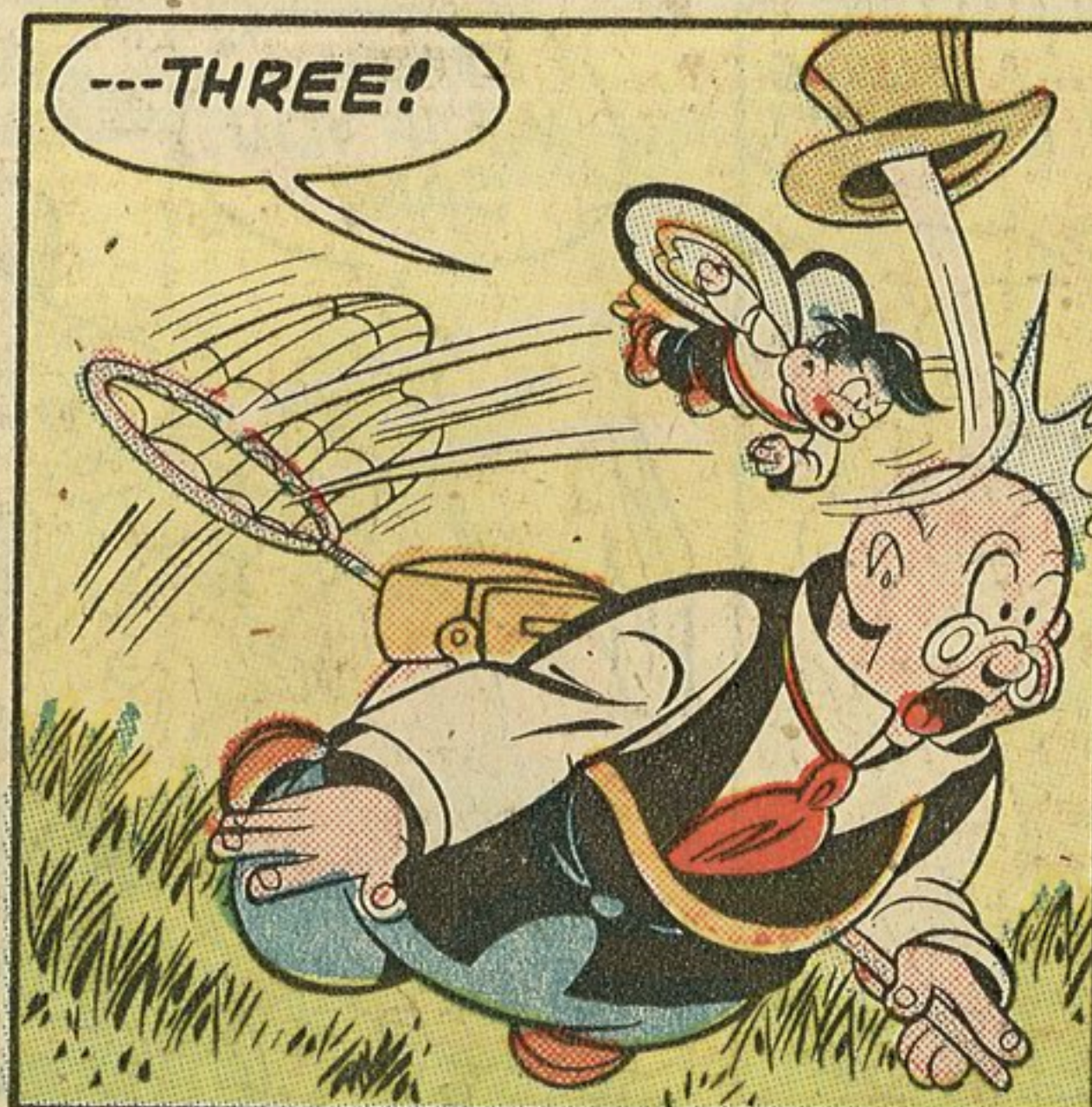
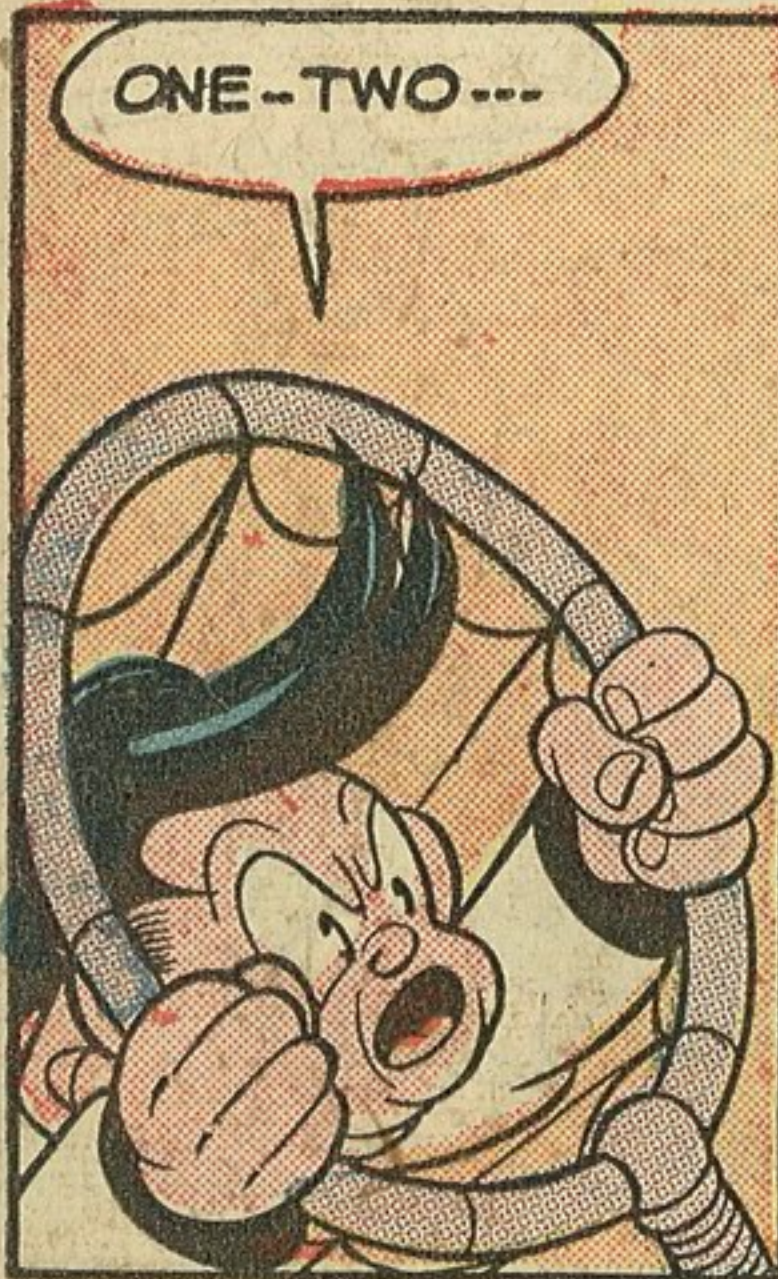
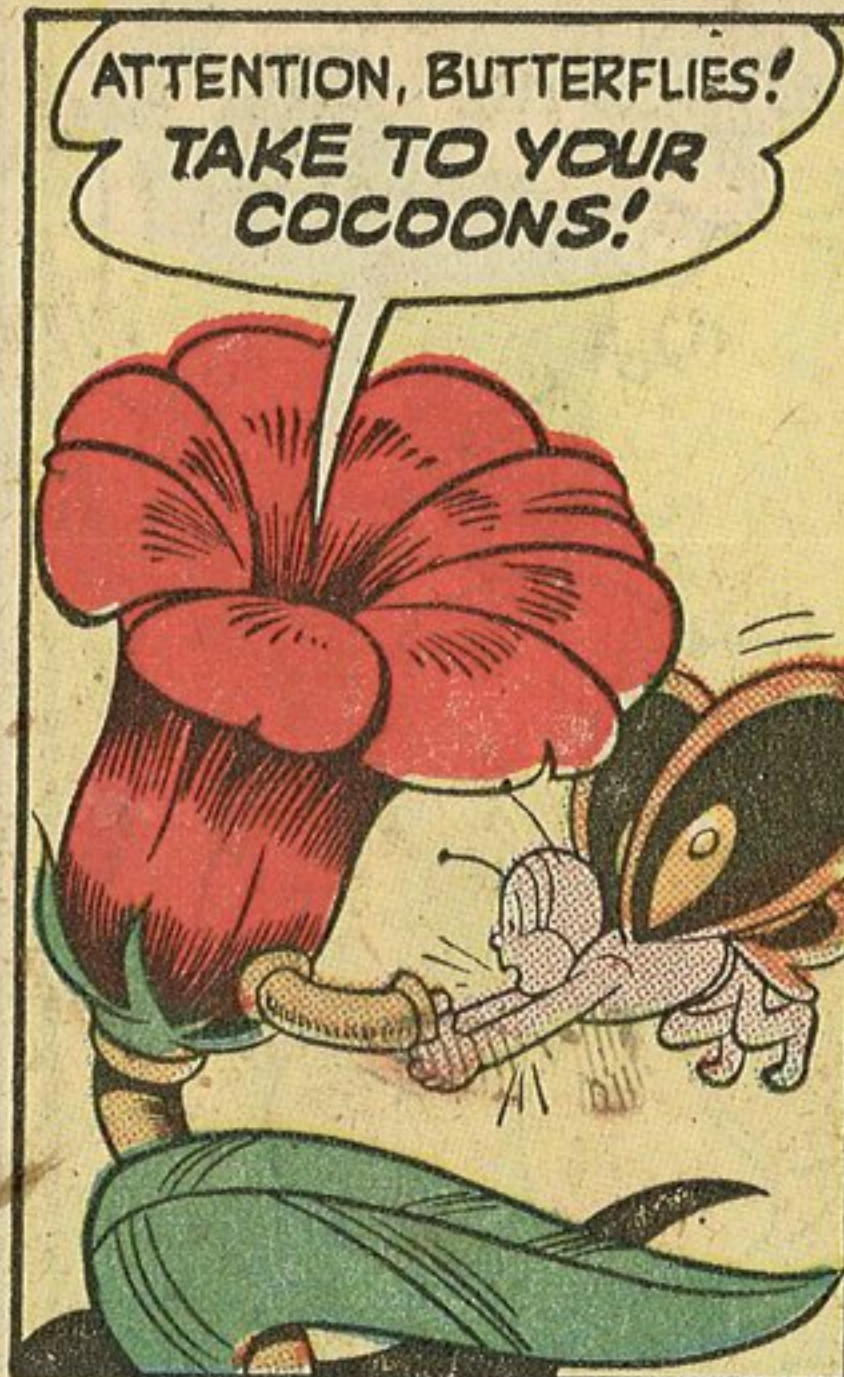
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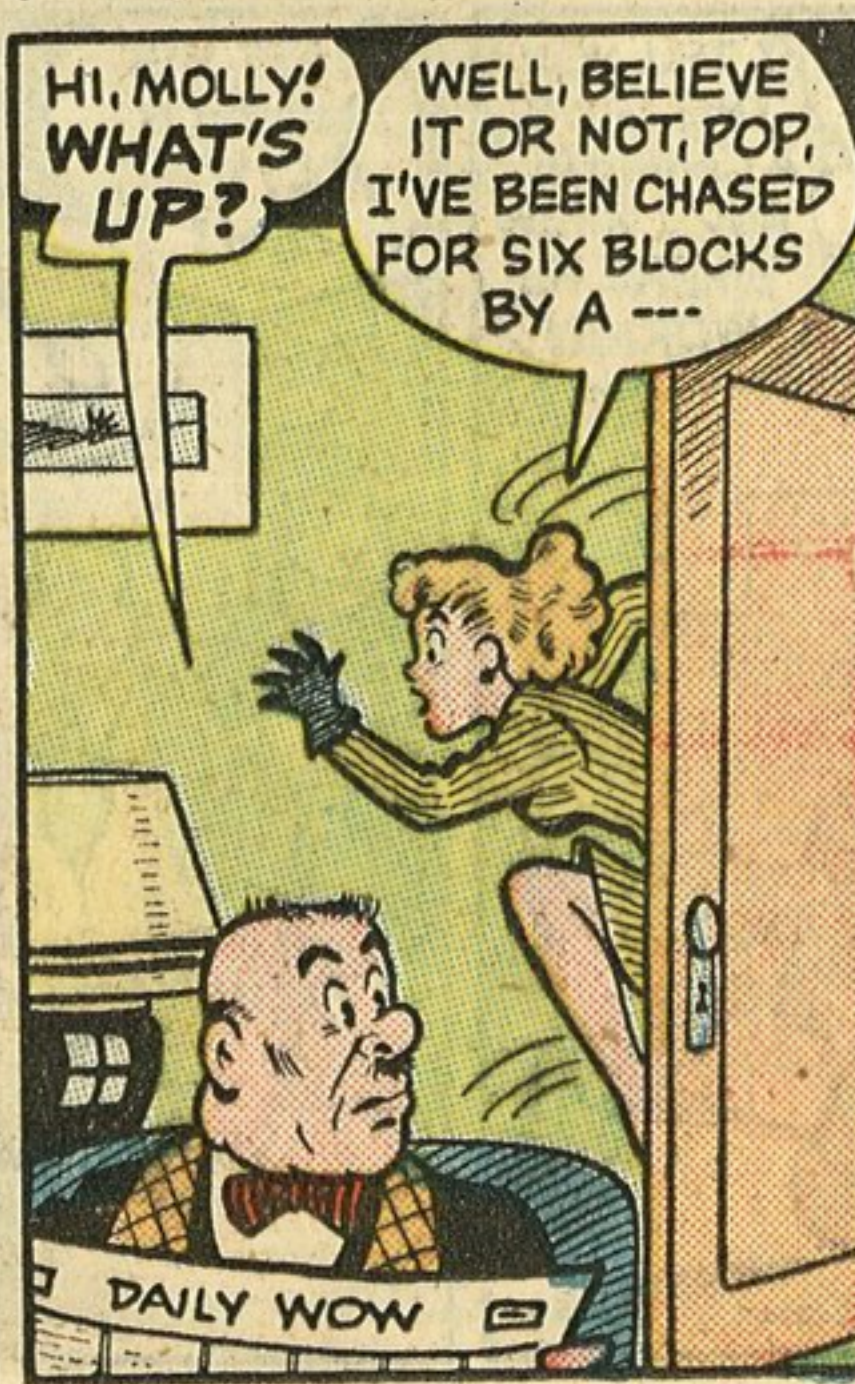
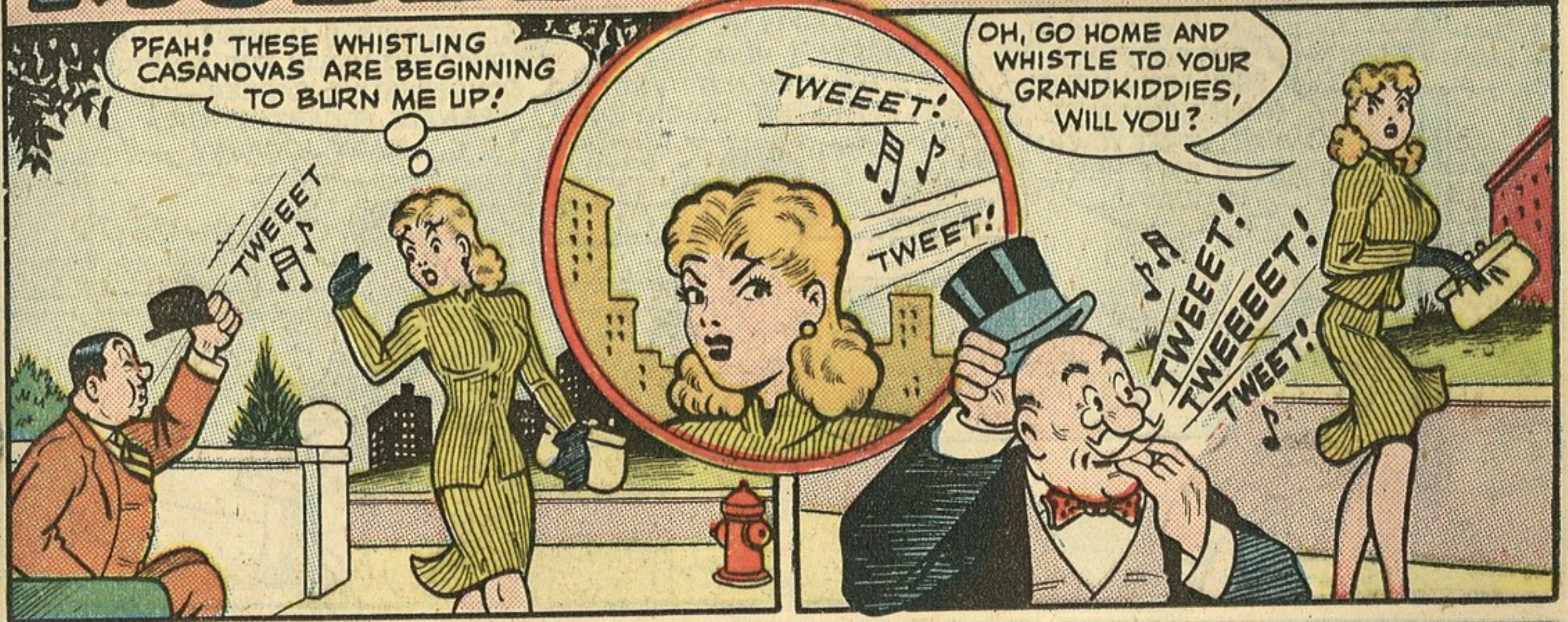








MOLLY THE MODEL



MOLLY THE MODEL

McGOOGLEST. BOHEMIAN SQ. SOUTH

MAYBE I CAN BORROW A BUCK FROM MOLLY WHEN SHE LEAVES WORK... THAT WACKY ARTIST PAYS HER TODAY!

AND IS HE DAFFY! I HEAR SAY HE'S THE VERY NUTTIEST ONE IN ALL THAT COLONY OF CRACK-POTS!

SOMETIMES I ALMOST WISH I'D EDUCATED MOLLY FOR A SERIOUS, CONSERVATIVE CAREER -- LIKE A PRIVATE SECRETARY OR A LADY JOCKEY!

BY THE WAY, LEONARDO, DID YOU HEAR THAT CRAZY PIERRE COUCHON IS UP TO HIS OLD TRICKS?

NAME OF A DOG..... YOU MEAN HE ATE ANOTHER MODEL ALIVE?

YES, THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH THESE MODERNIST PAINTERS... TOO UNSTABLE!

PIERRE IS **NOT** UNSTABLE -- HE IS **MAD!**

PIERRE COUCHON! WHY, HE WORKS IN THE NEXT STUDIO TO MOLLY'S!

PO-LEECE! HELP! THIS WAY!

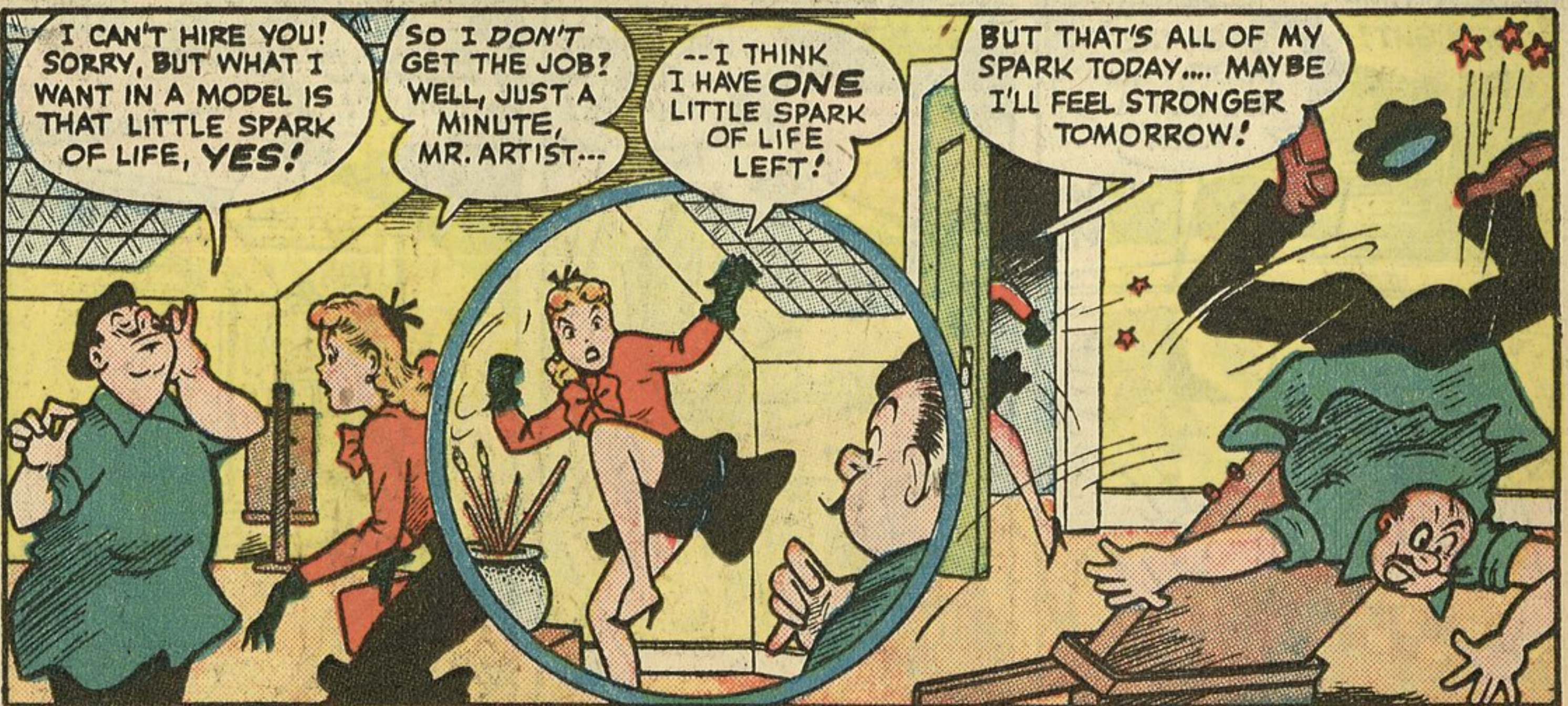
THIS STORY OF YOURS BETTER BE GOOD, BUB!

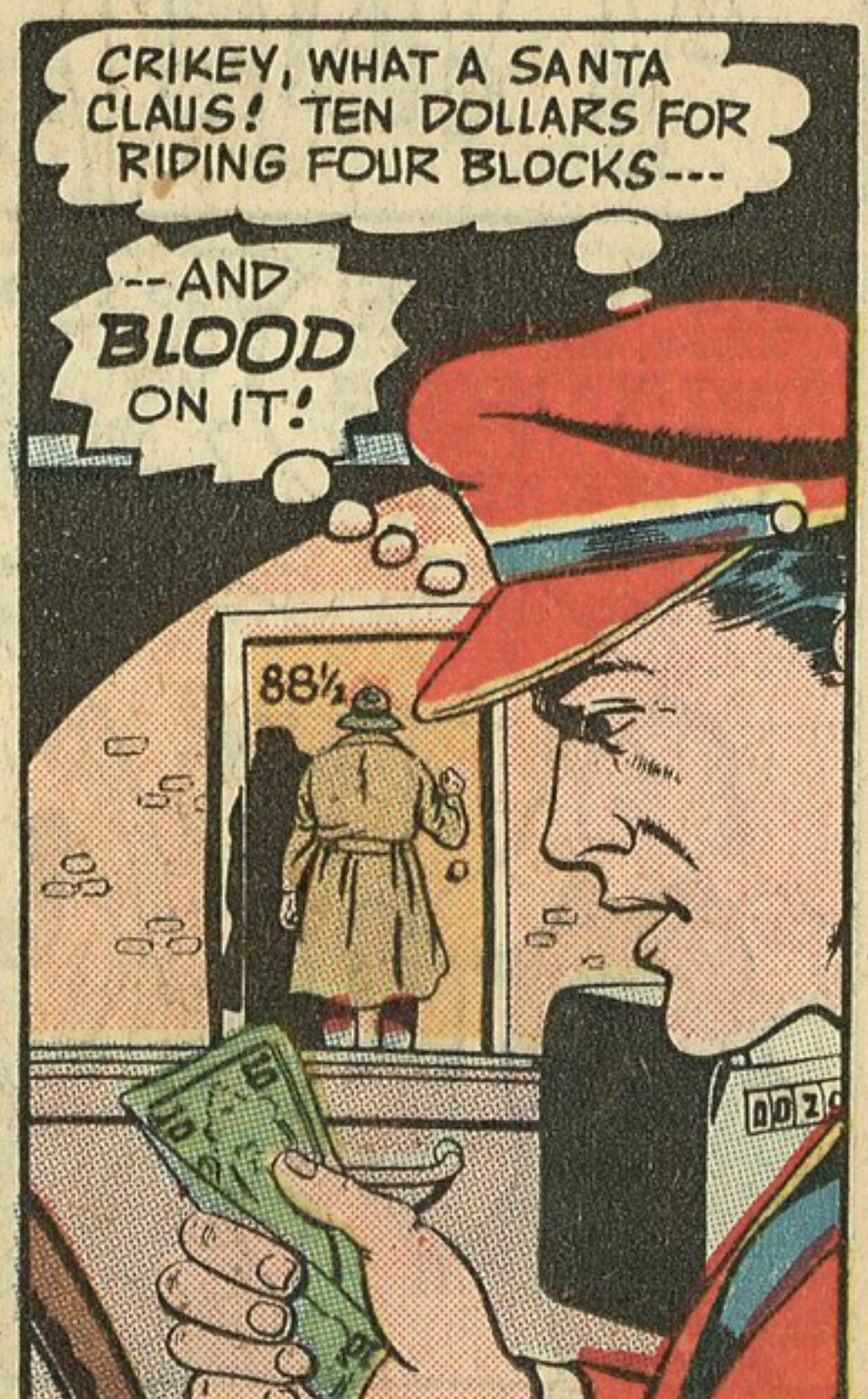
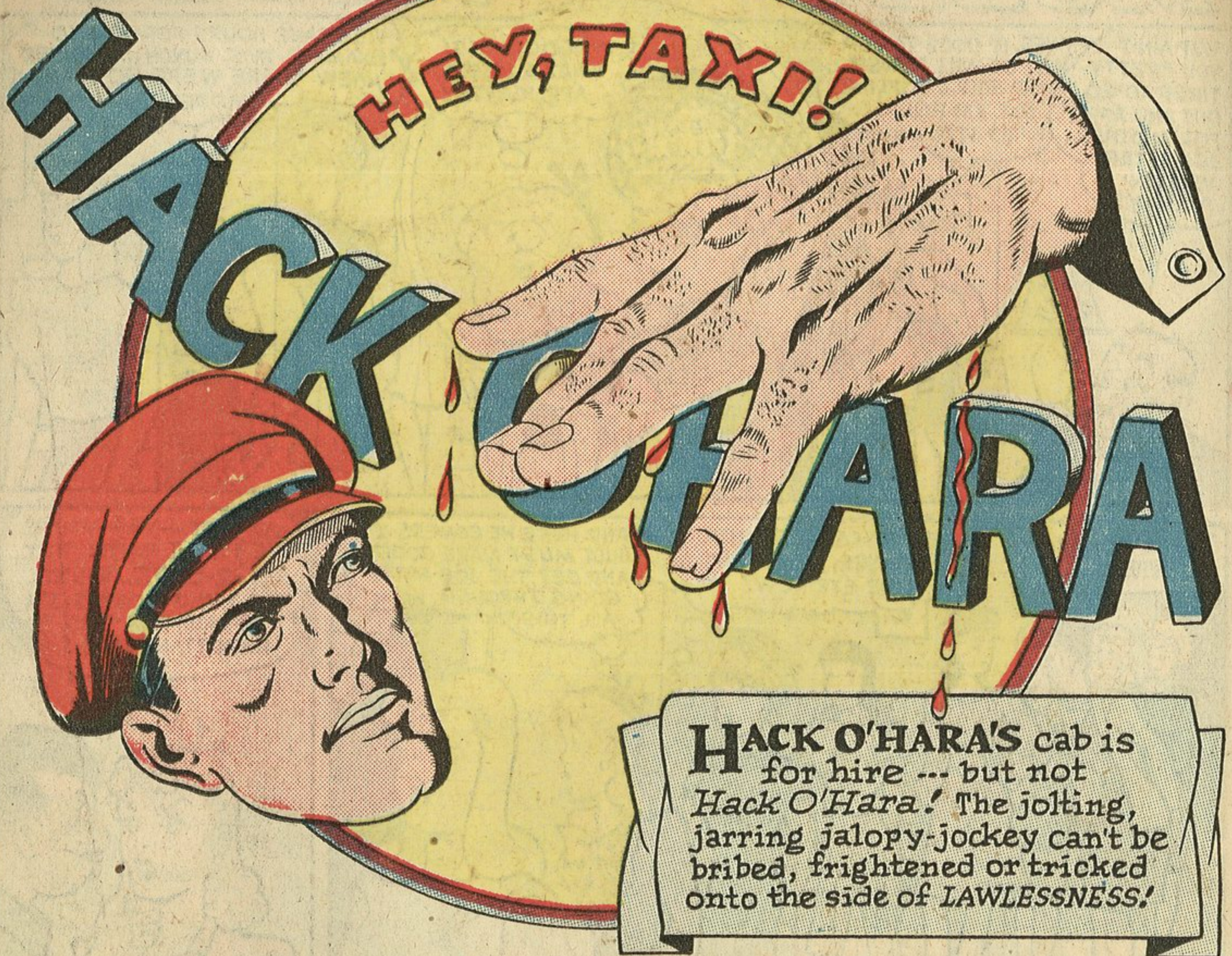
I TELL YOU THE GUY'S A CANNIBAL AND I KNOW WHERE HE WORKS!

EATS HIS MODELS **ALIVE**, EH?

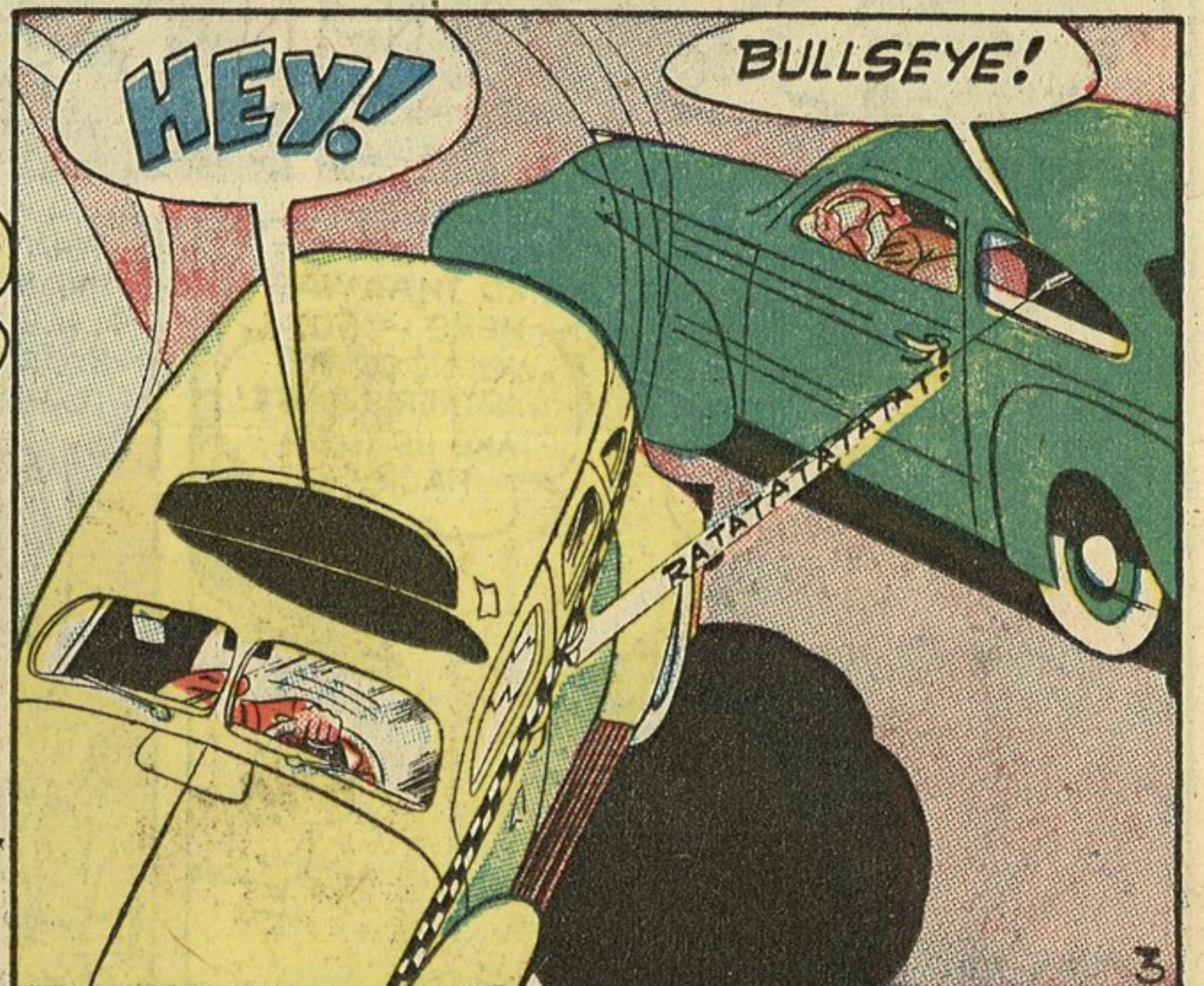
EEES TRUE! EVERY TIME I START TO PAINT A HALIBUTZ, SOMETH'ING SNAPS AND I GOBBLE HER UP! I LOVE HALIBUTZ, ALAS, LIKE CRAZY!

MOLLY THE MODEL











THOSE FIREWORKS
BROKE THE GLASS
ON MY DOOR!

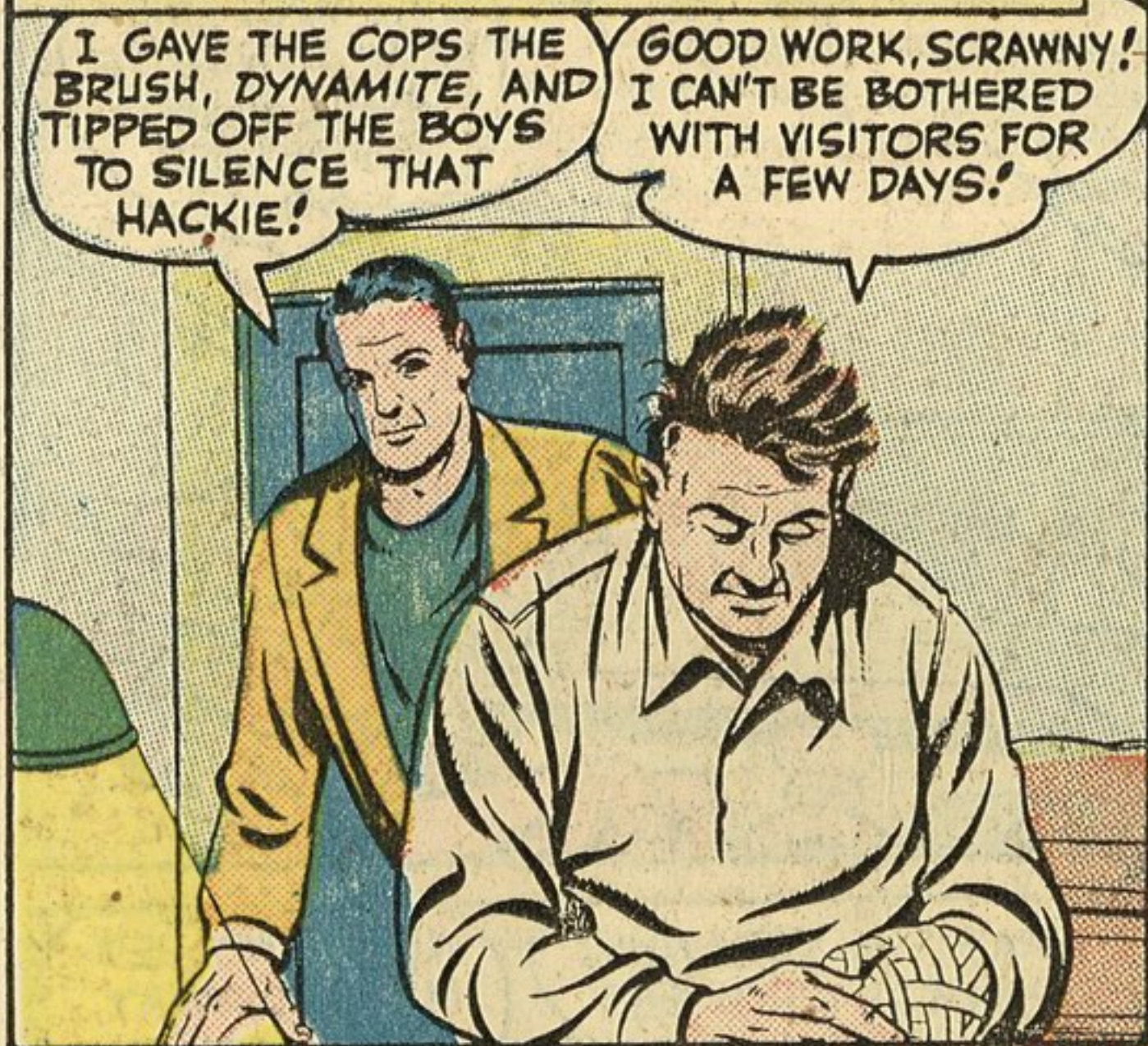


THIS PROVES IT! THEY
KNOW I'M THE ONLY ONE
WHO'S STILL SUSPICIOUS
OF 88 1/2 ... THEY TRIED
TO QUIET ME!



BACK I GO!

Meanwhile, near 88 1/2 West Street...



I GAVE THE COPS THE
BRUSH, DYNAMITE, AND
TIPPED OFF THE BOYS
TO SILENCE THAT
HACKIE!

GOOD WORK, SCRAWNY!
I CAN'T BE BOTHERED
WITH VISITORS FOR
A FEW DAYS!



GOTTA GIVE THIS MITT
TIME TO HEAL! OTHERWISE,
THEY MIGHT MATCH THE
SHAPE OF THE CUT WITH
GARTNER'S KNIFE!

HOW WOULD THEY
CONNECT YOU,
ANYWAY? YOU
WAS GARTNER'S
CLIENT! HE
DEFENDED YOU
IN YOUR TRIAL...



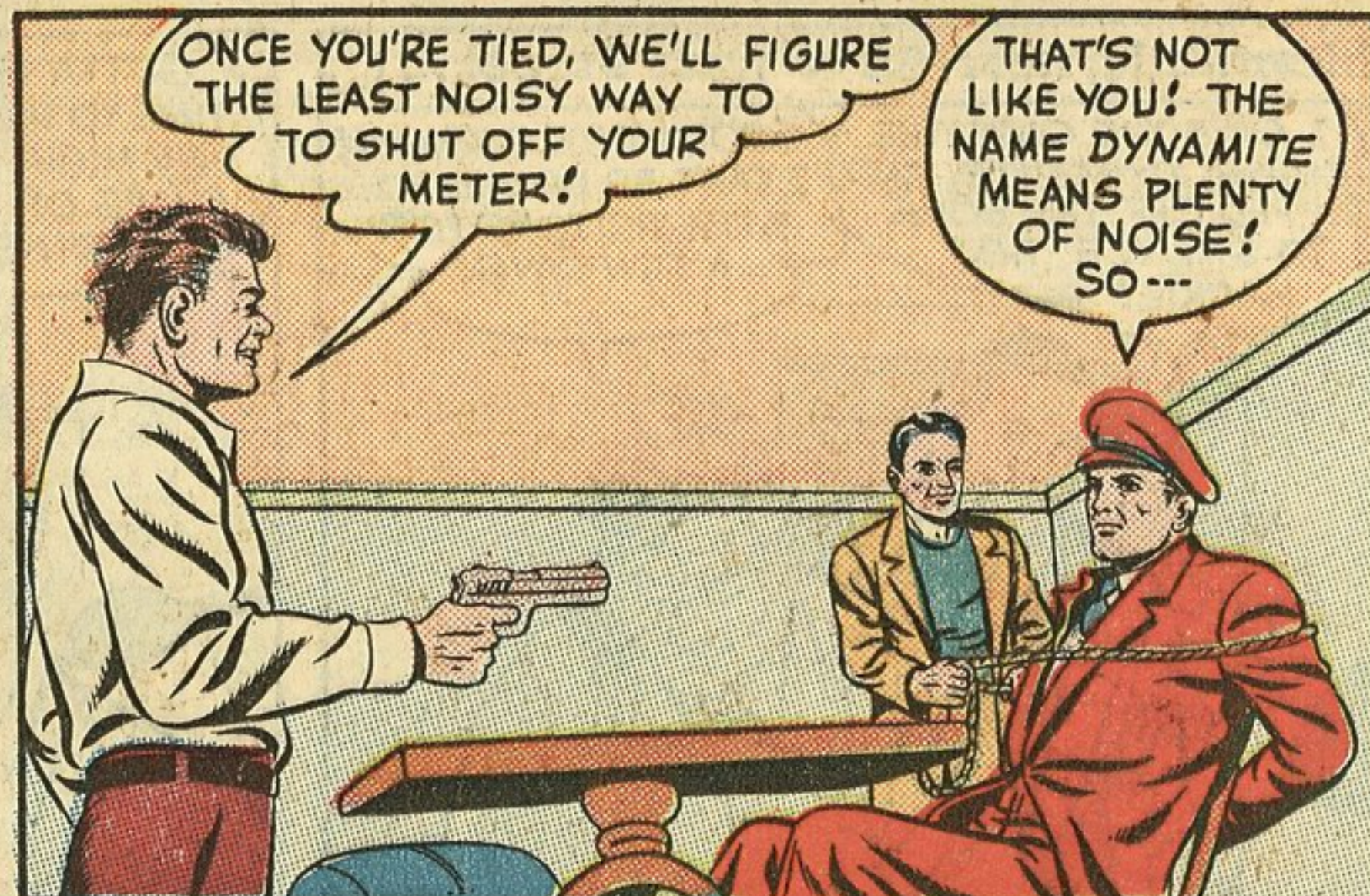
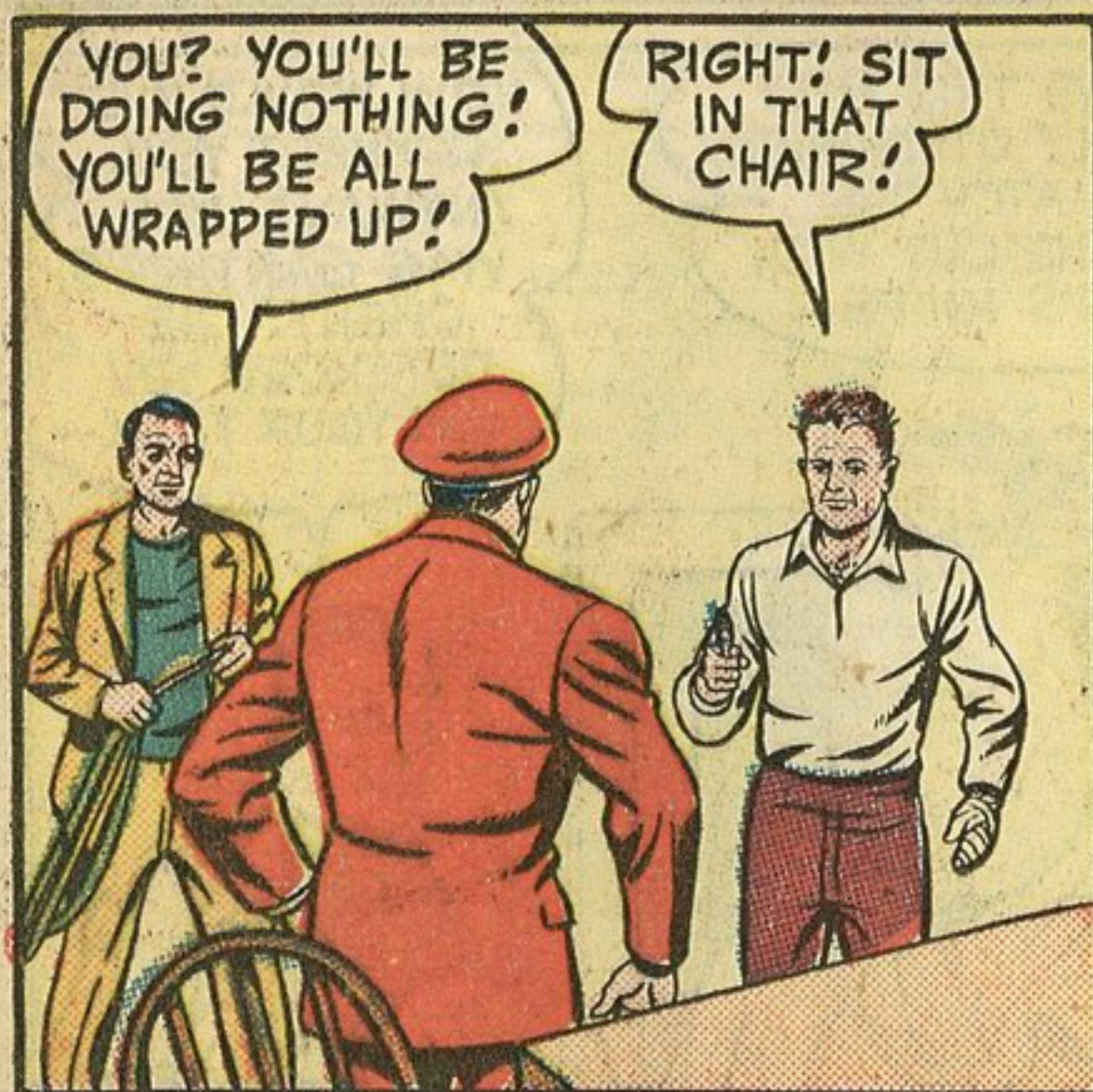
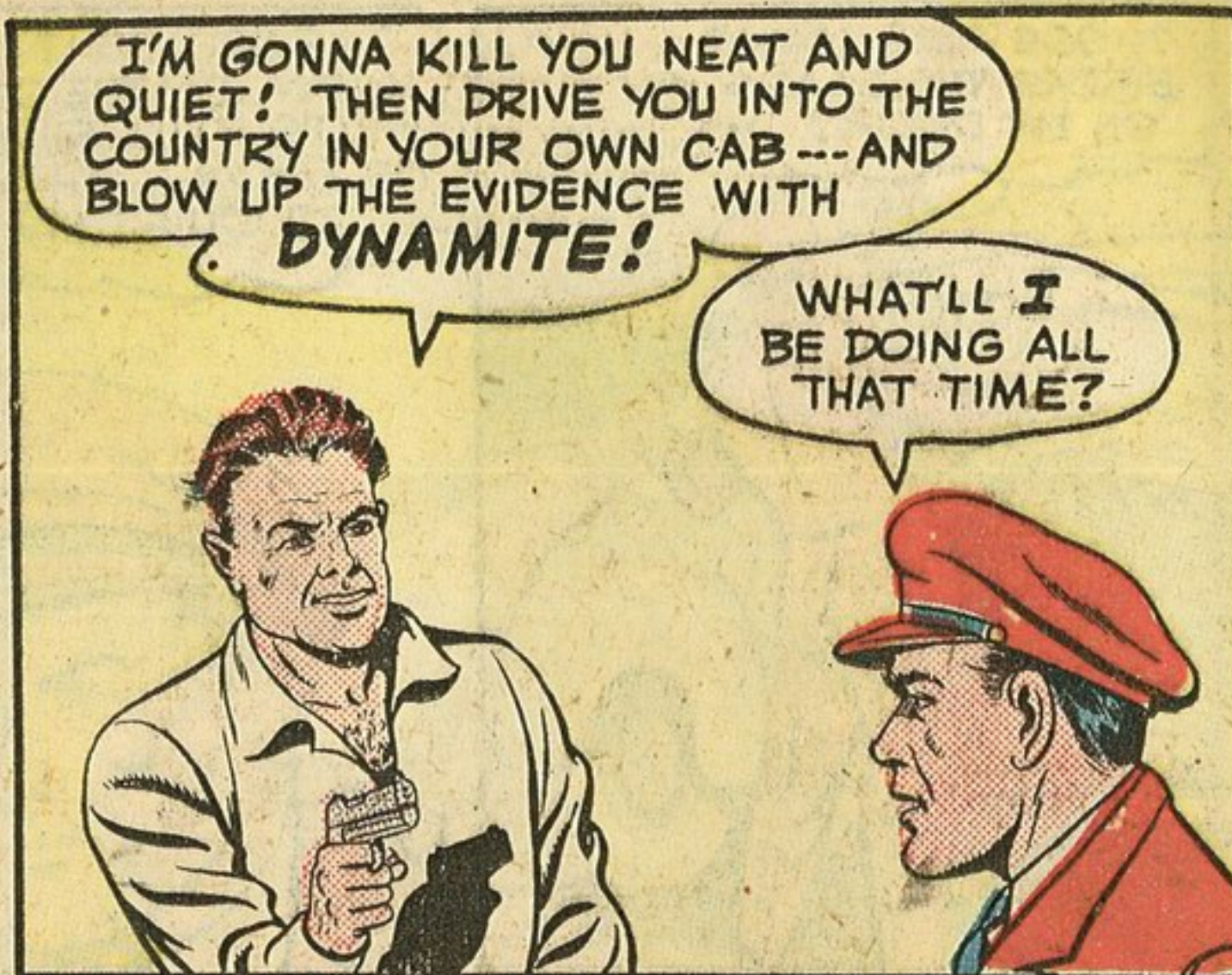
BUT HE TURNED AGAINST
ME -- SAID I WAS GUILTY ---
SENT A PROTEST TO THE PAROLE
BOARD WHEN THEY SPRUNG ME!
THAT KINDA DEAL I TAKE
FROM NO GUY!

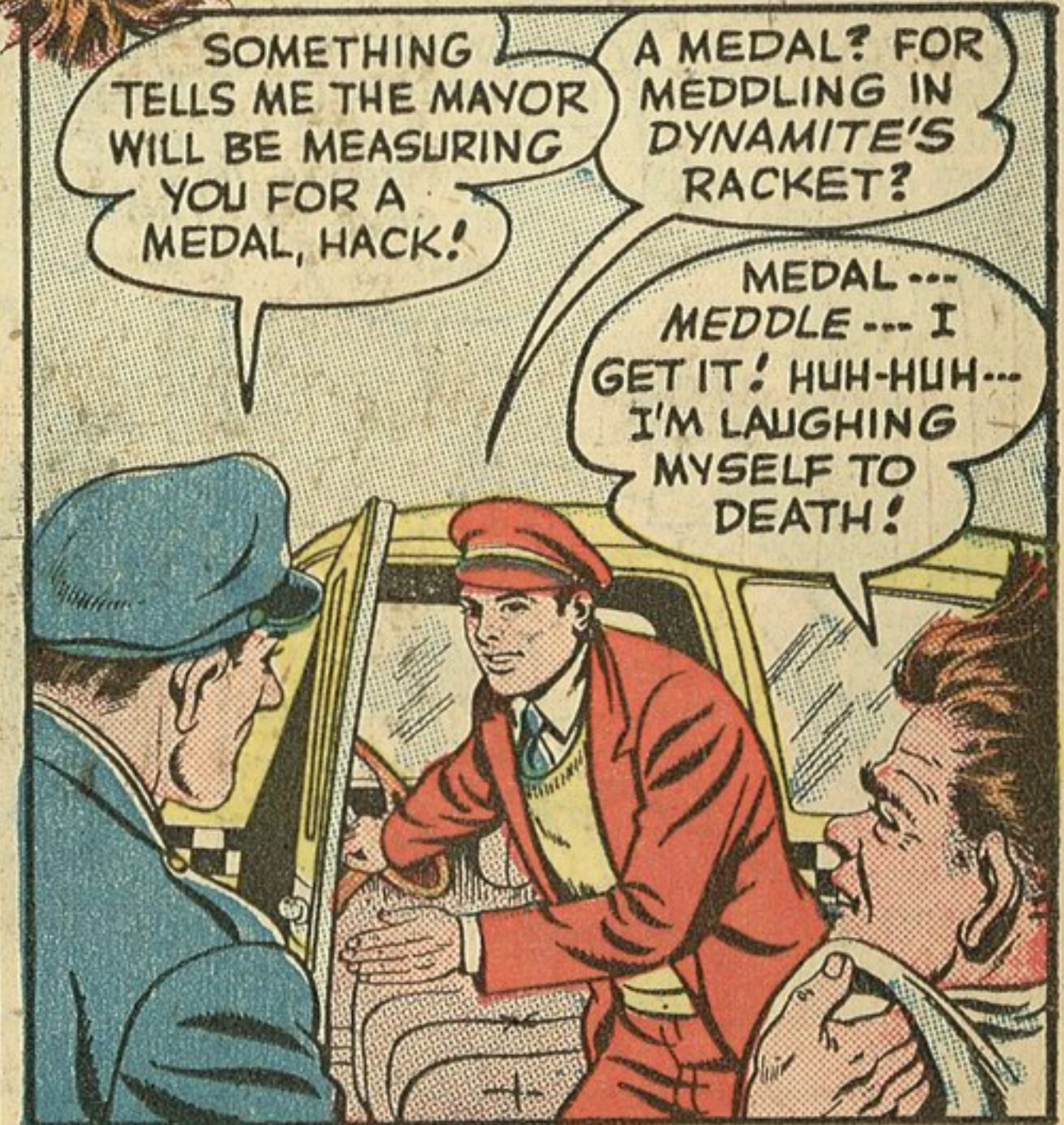
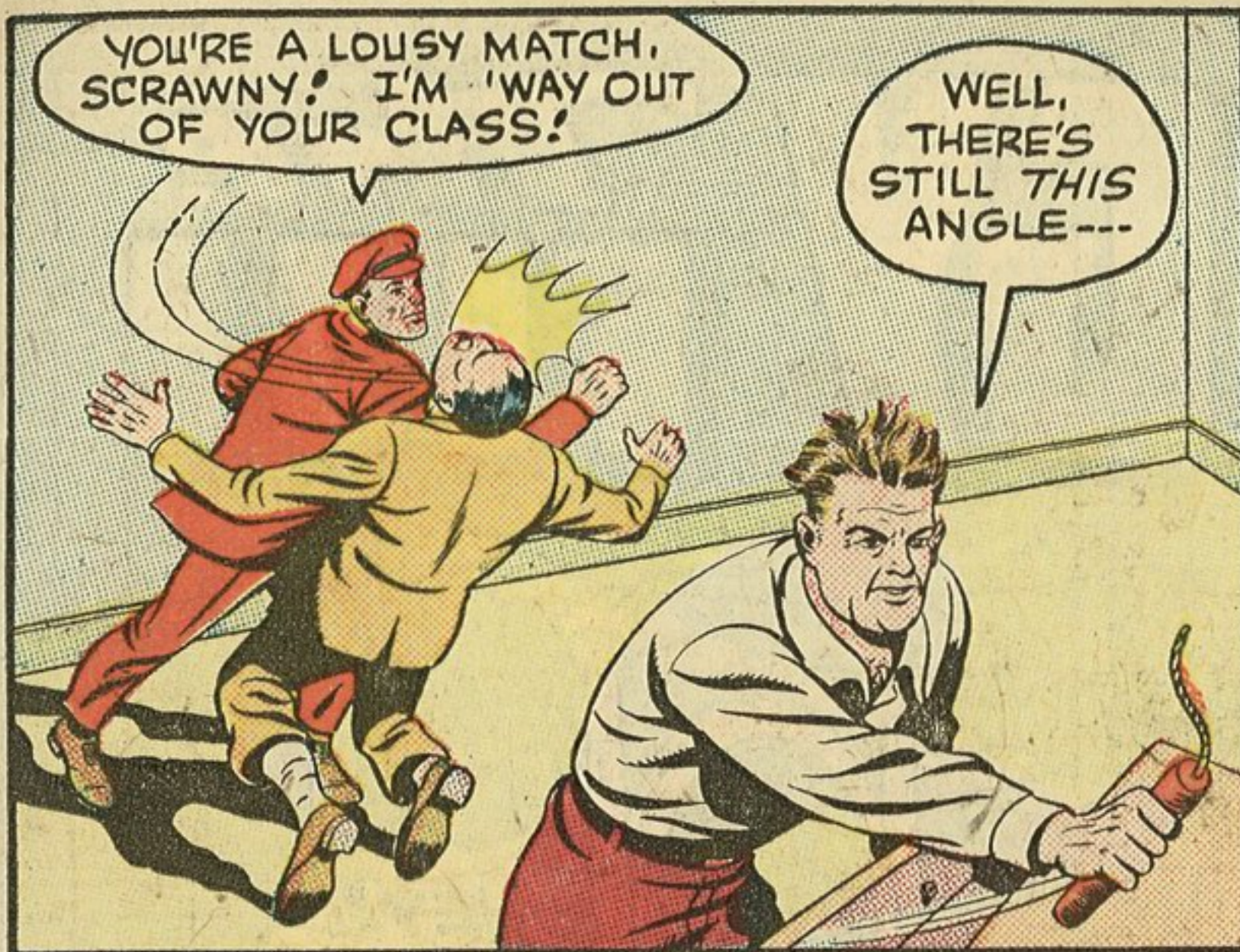
I'M
DEALING YOU
OUT OF THE GAME,
DYNAMITE!



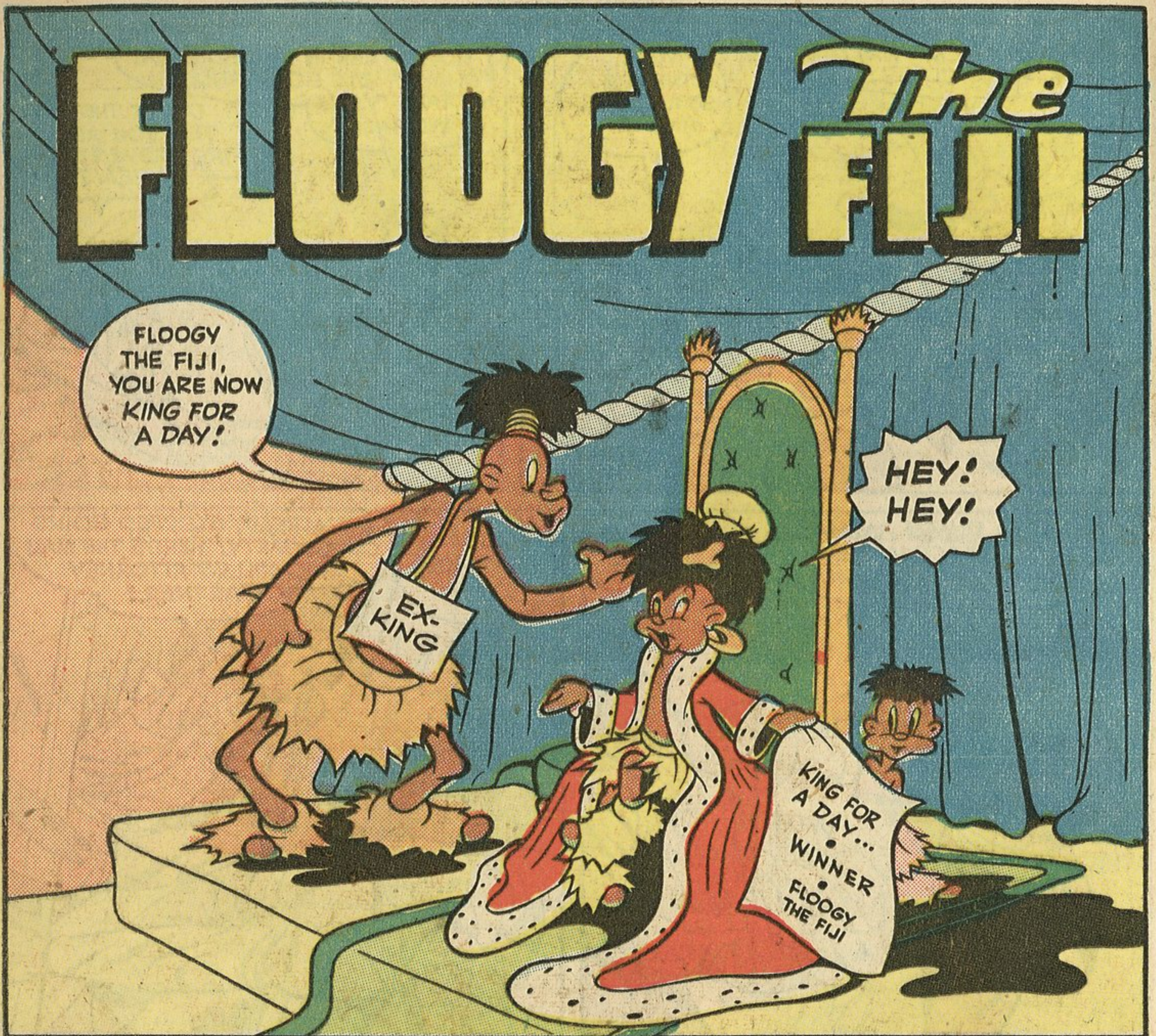
YOUR HIRED HANDS LED ME
HERE! AND I HEARD
EVERYTHING YOU SAID
ABOUT GARTNER!

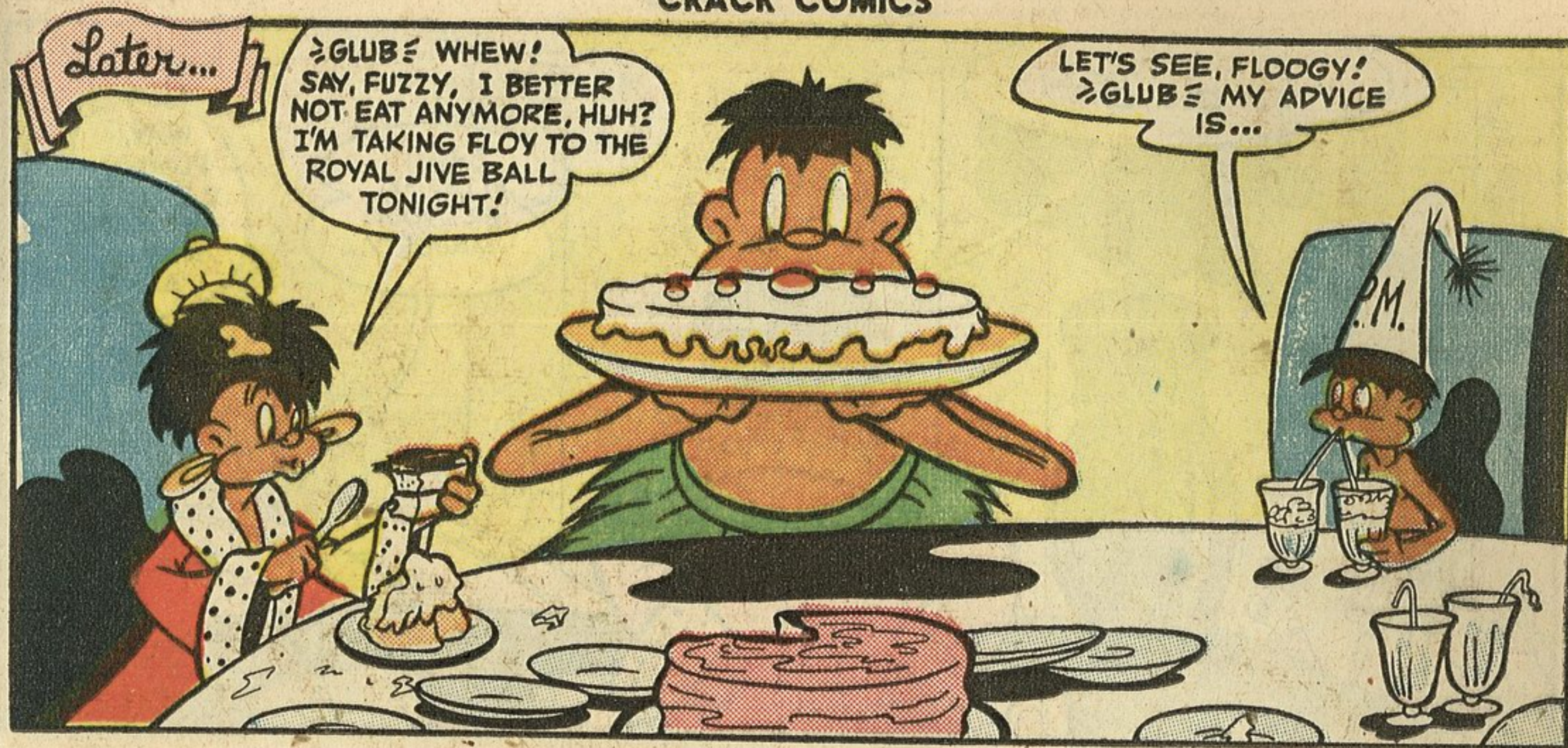
YOU HEAR TOO
MUCH, BUB! MAYBE
YOU'LL WIND UP WITH
YOUR EARS
CHOPPED
OFF!

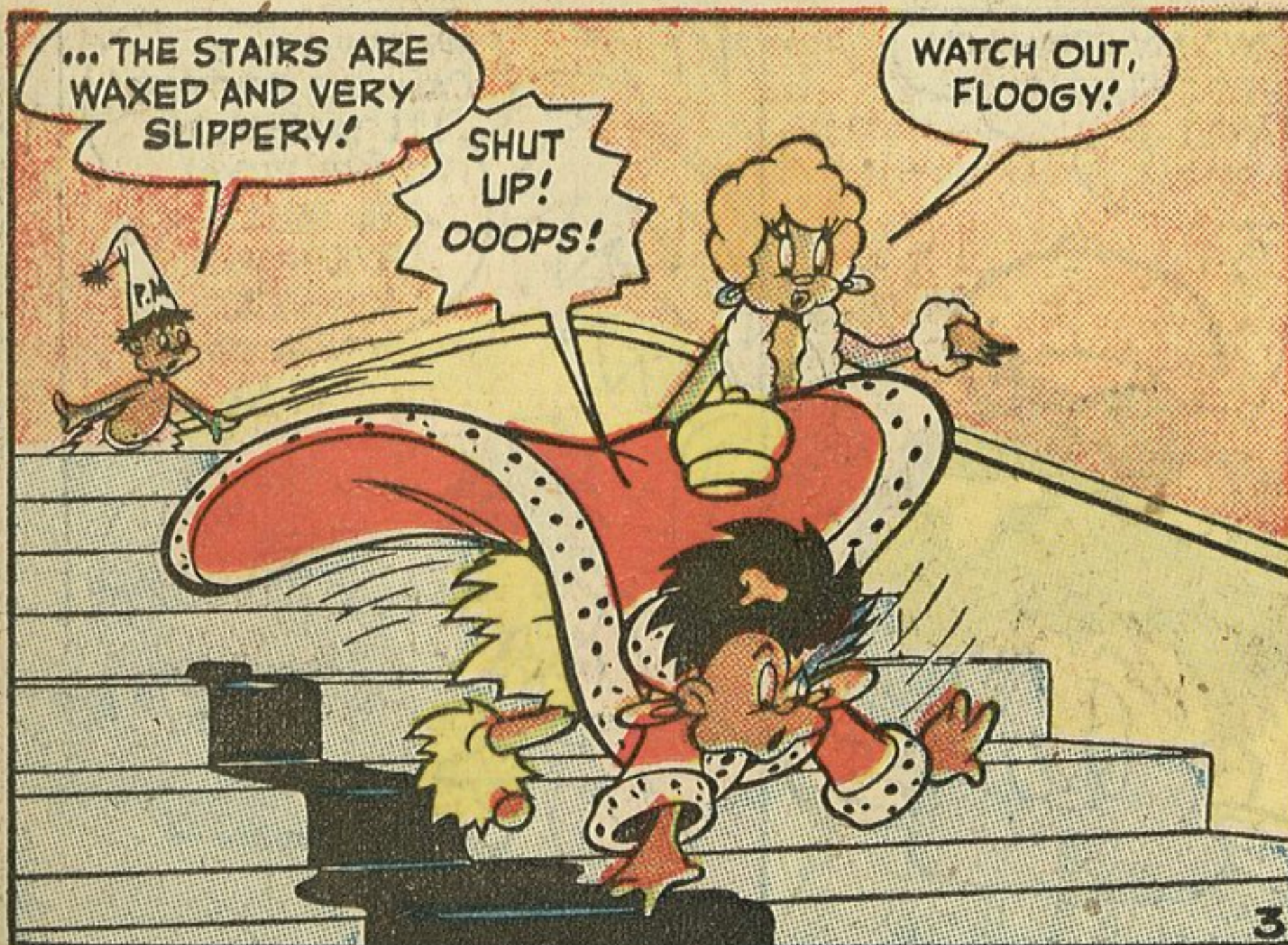
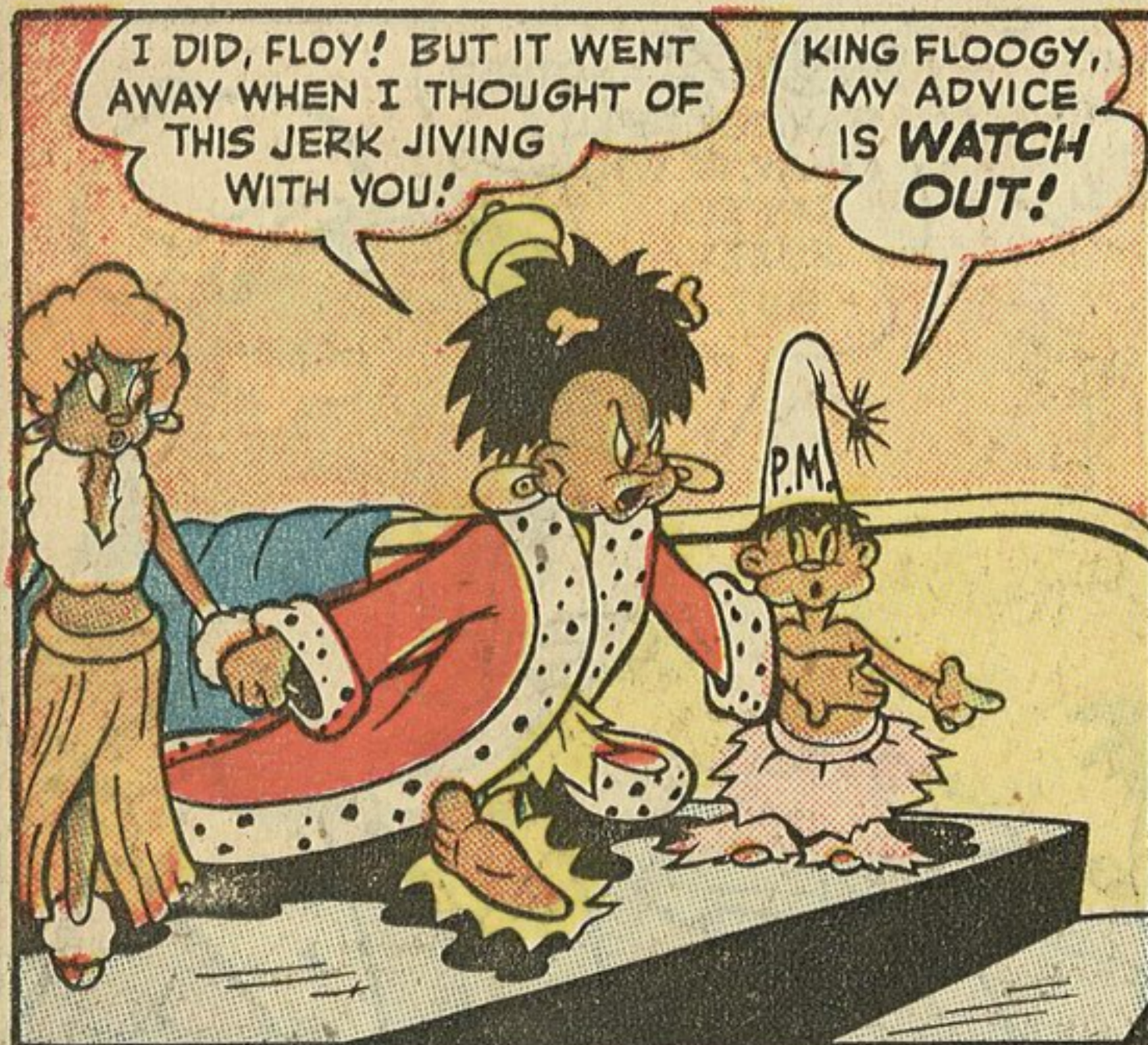
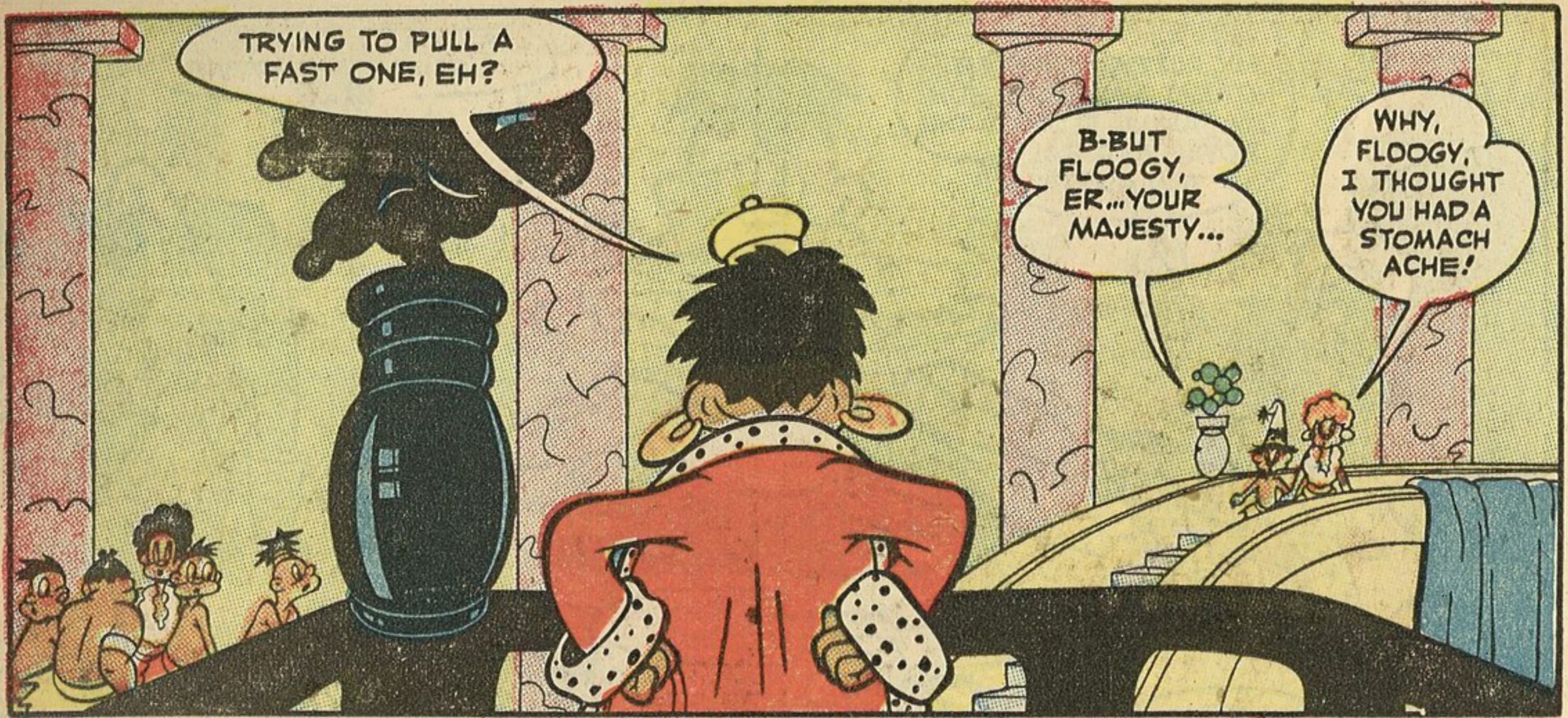


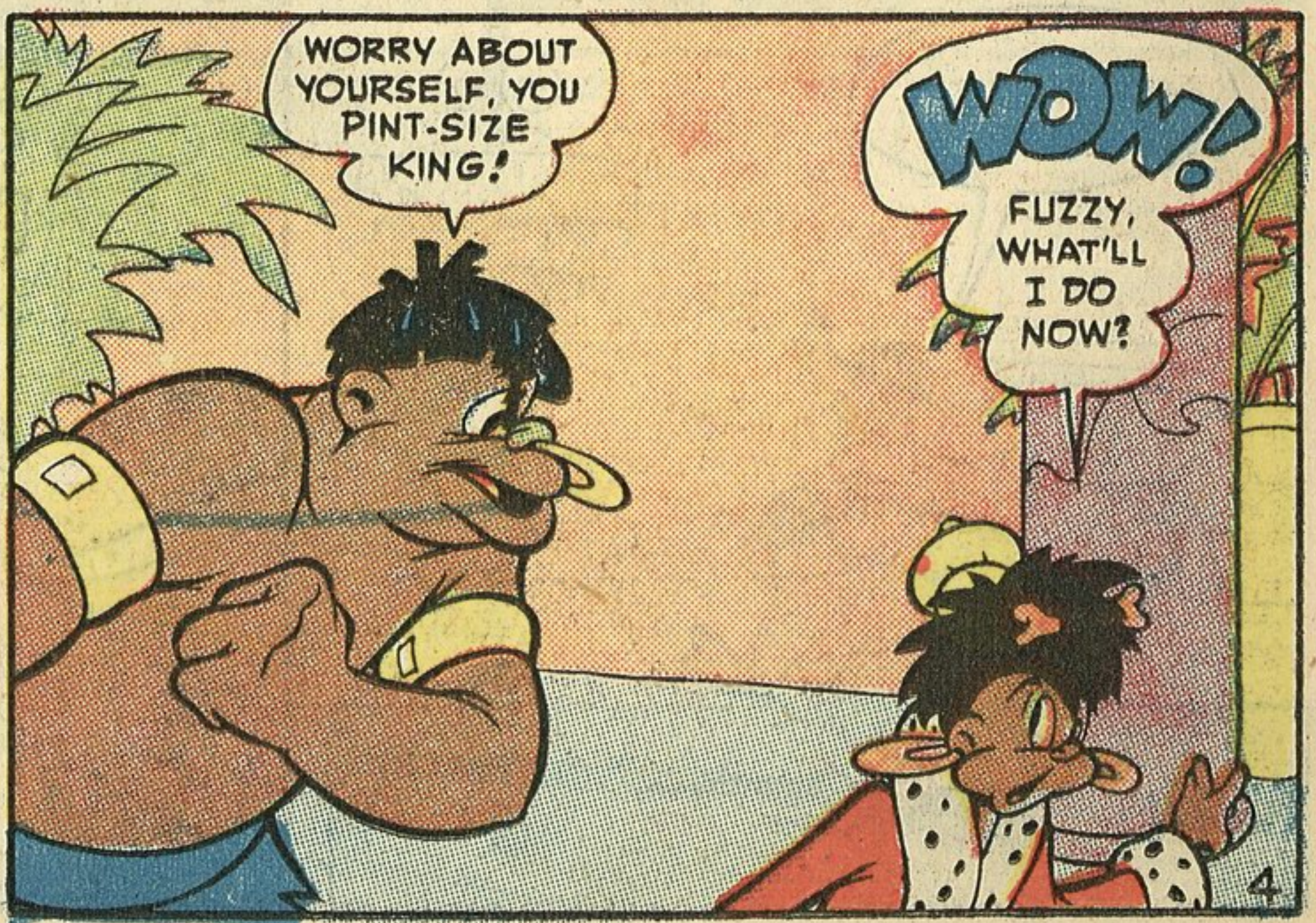
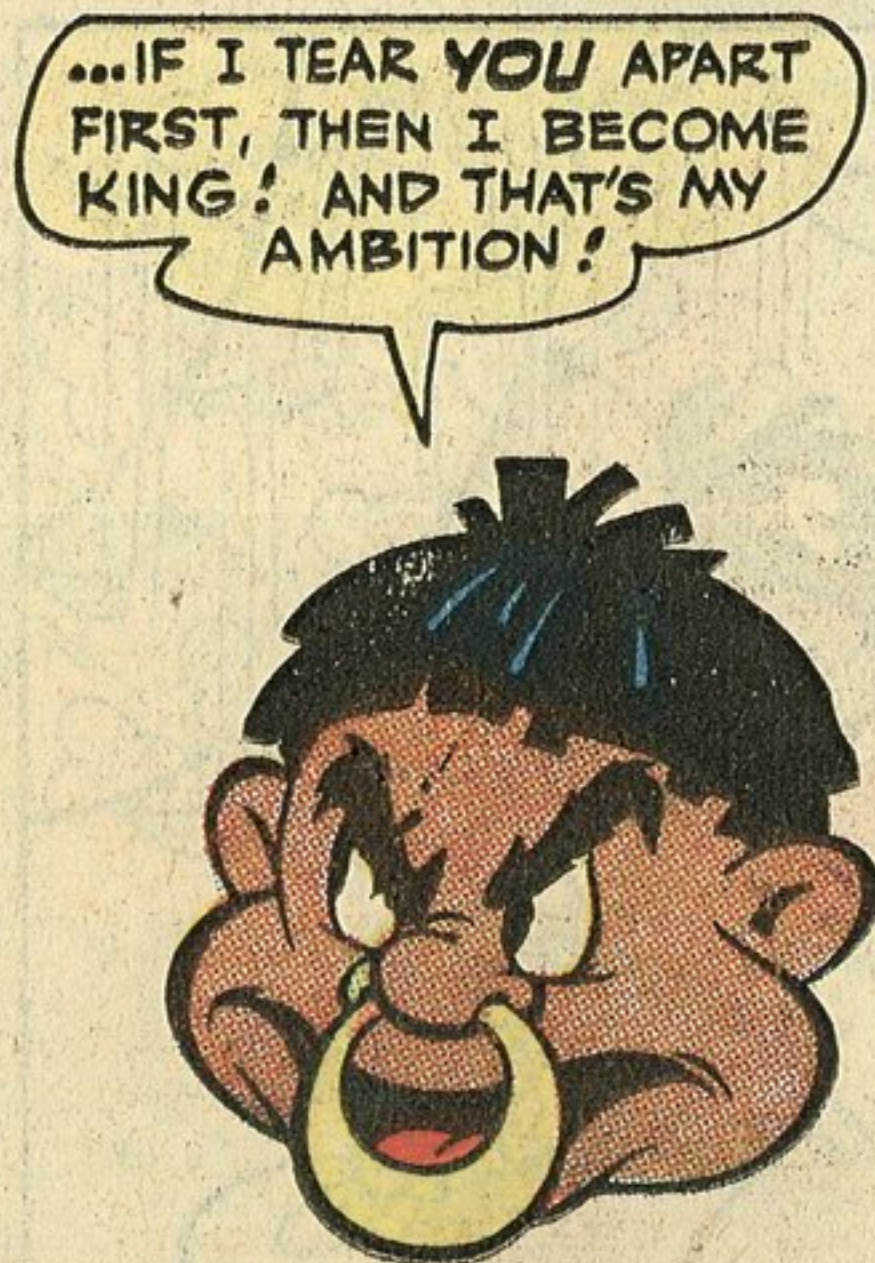
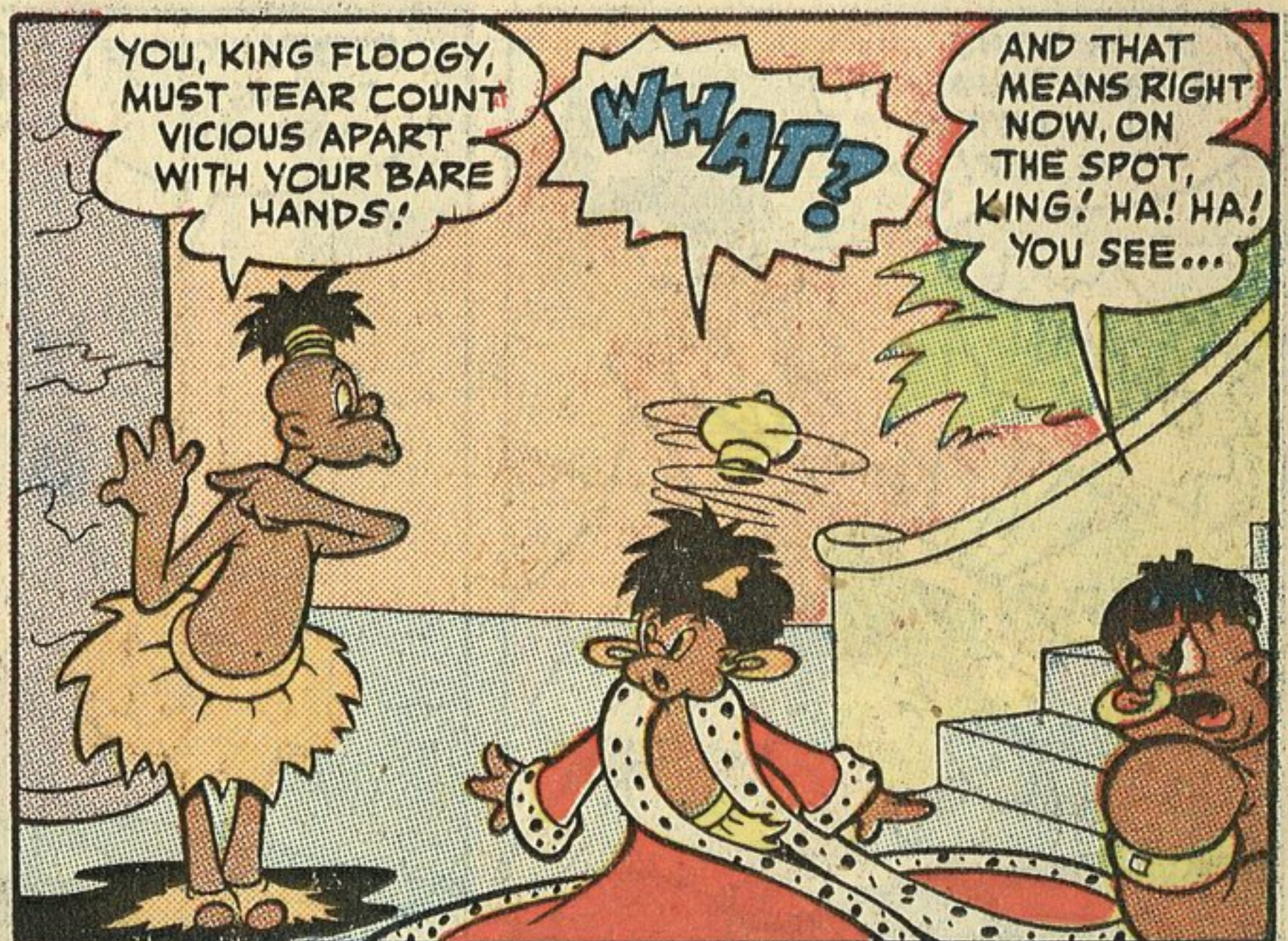
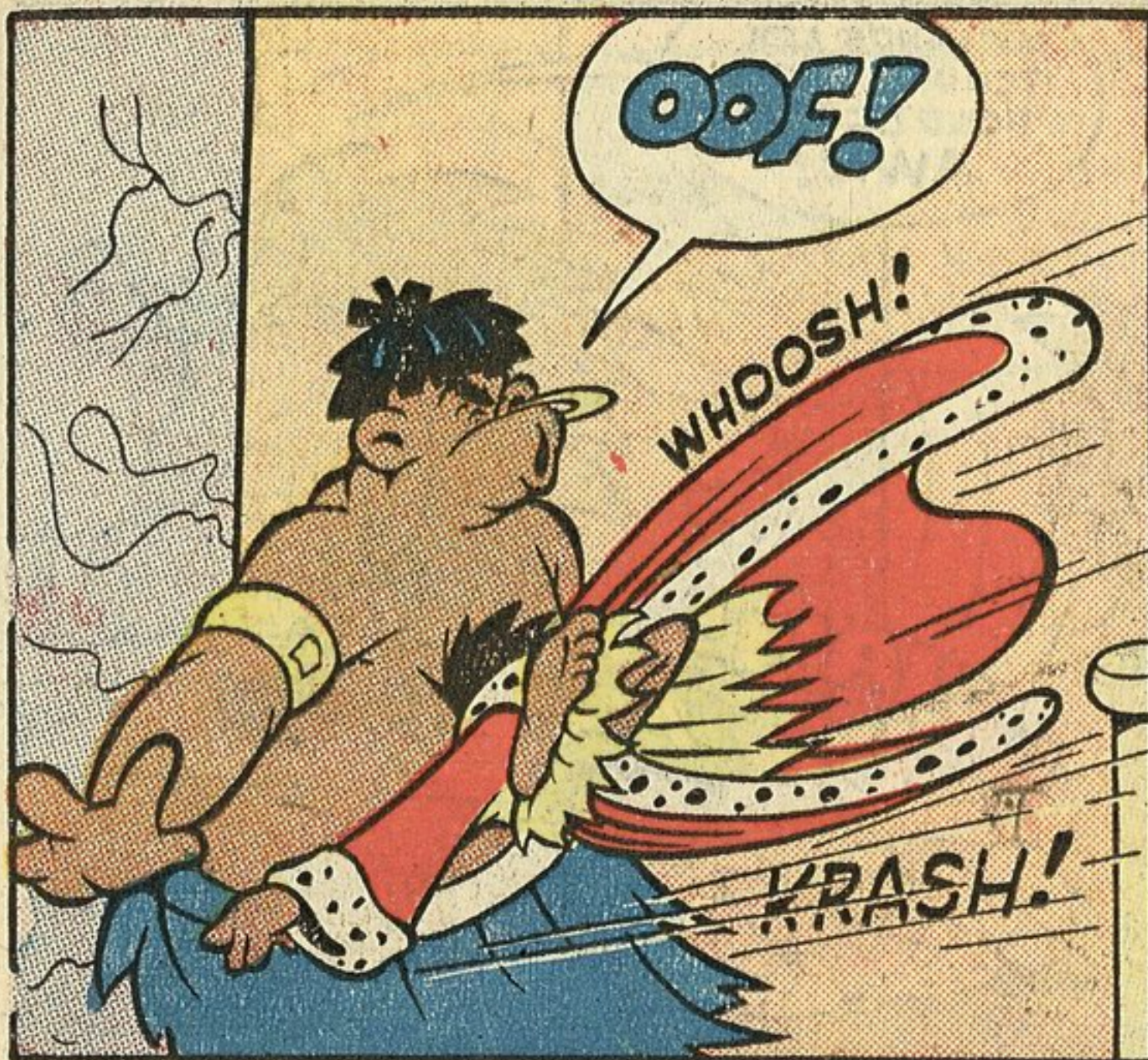


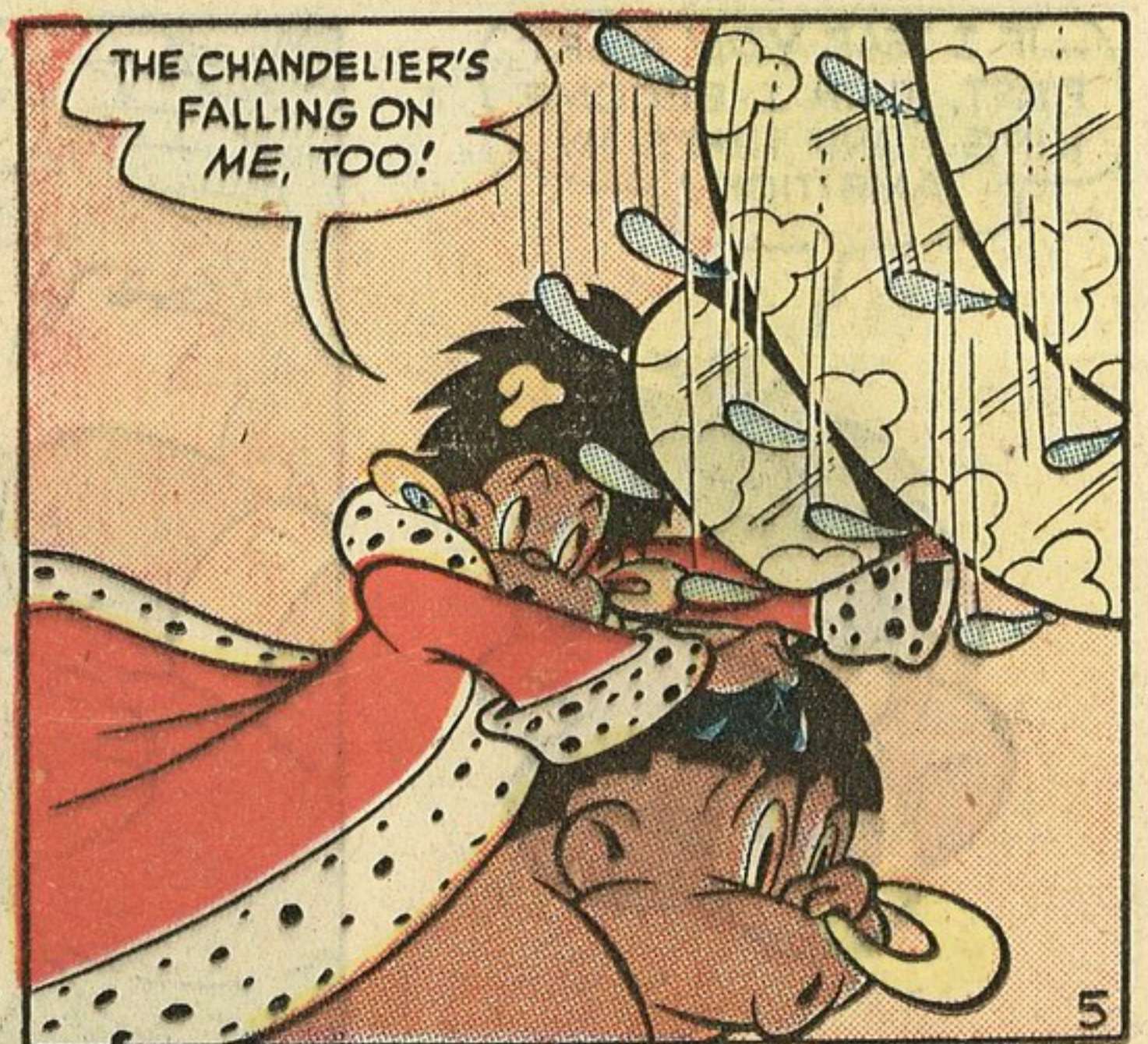
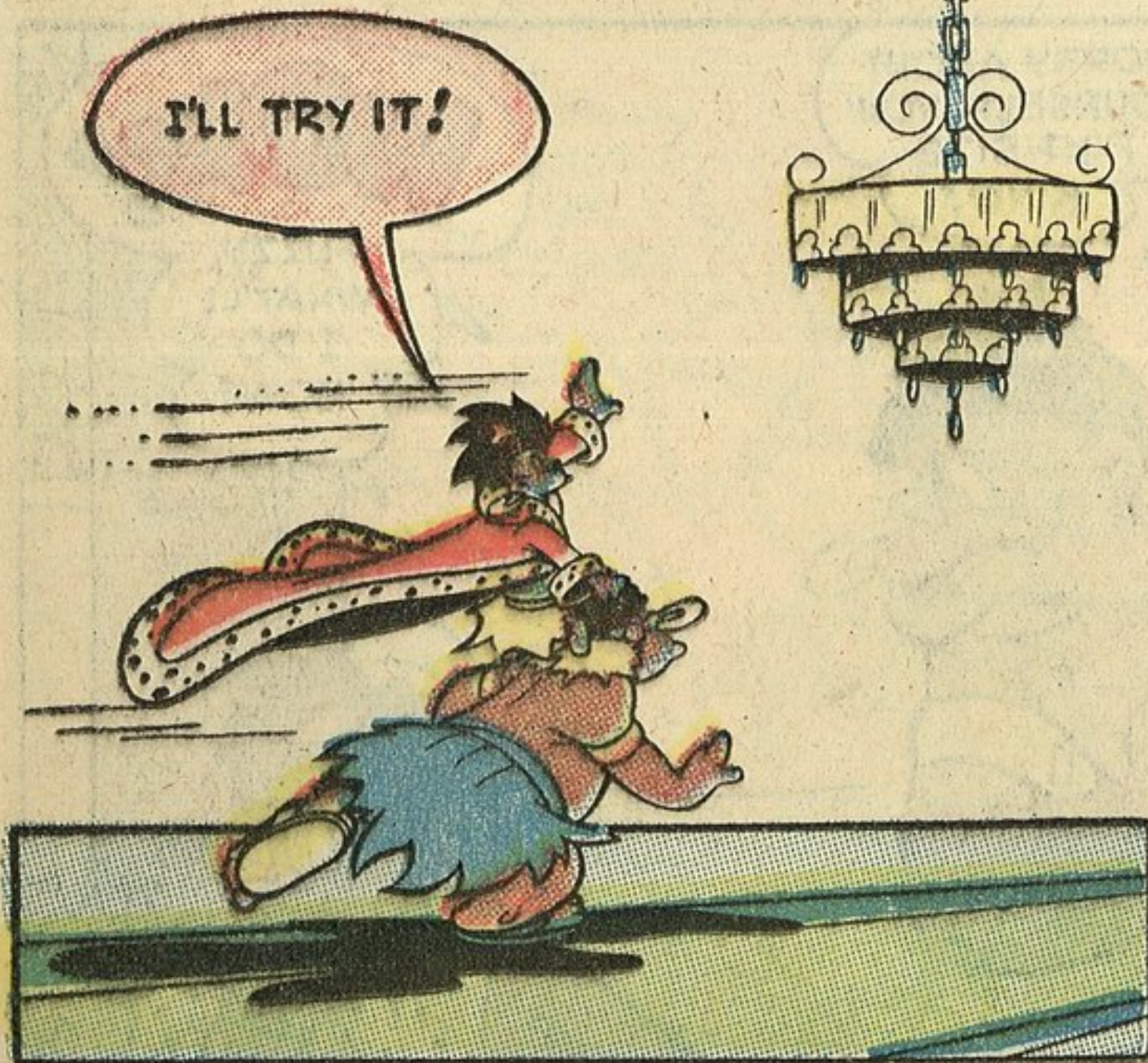
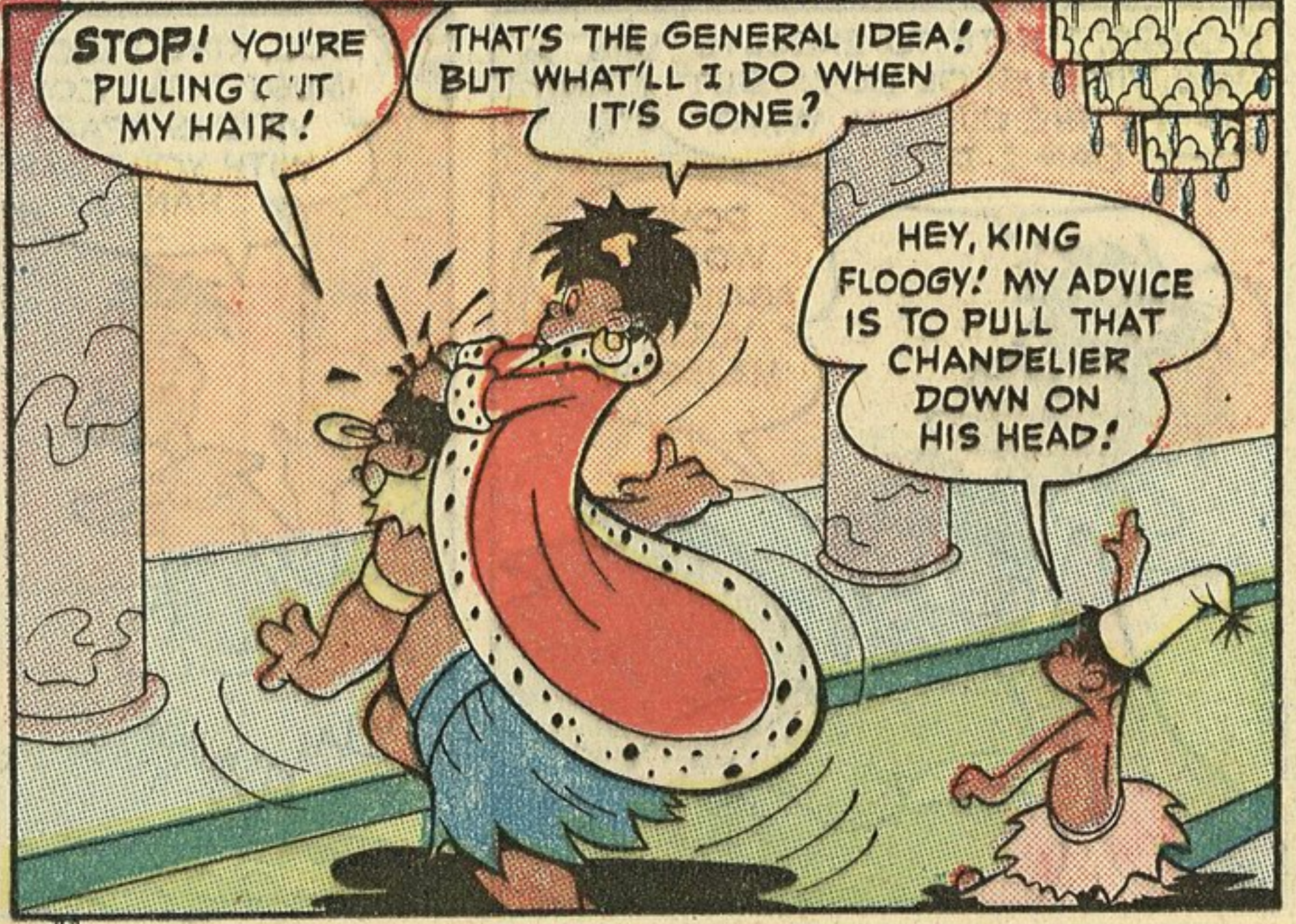
FLOOGY *The* FIJI

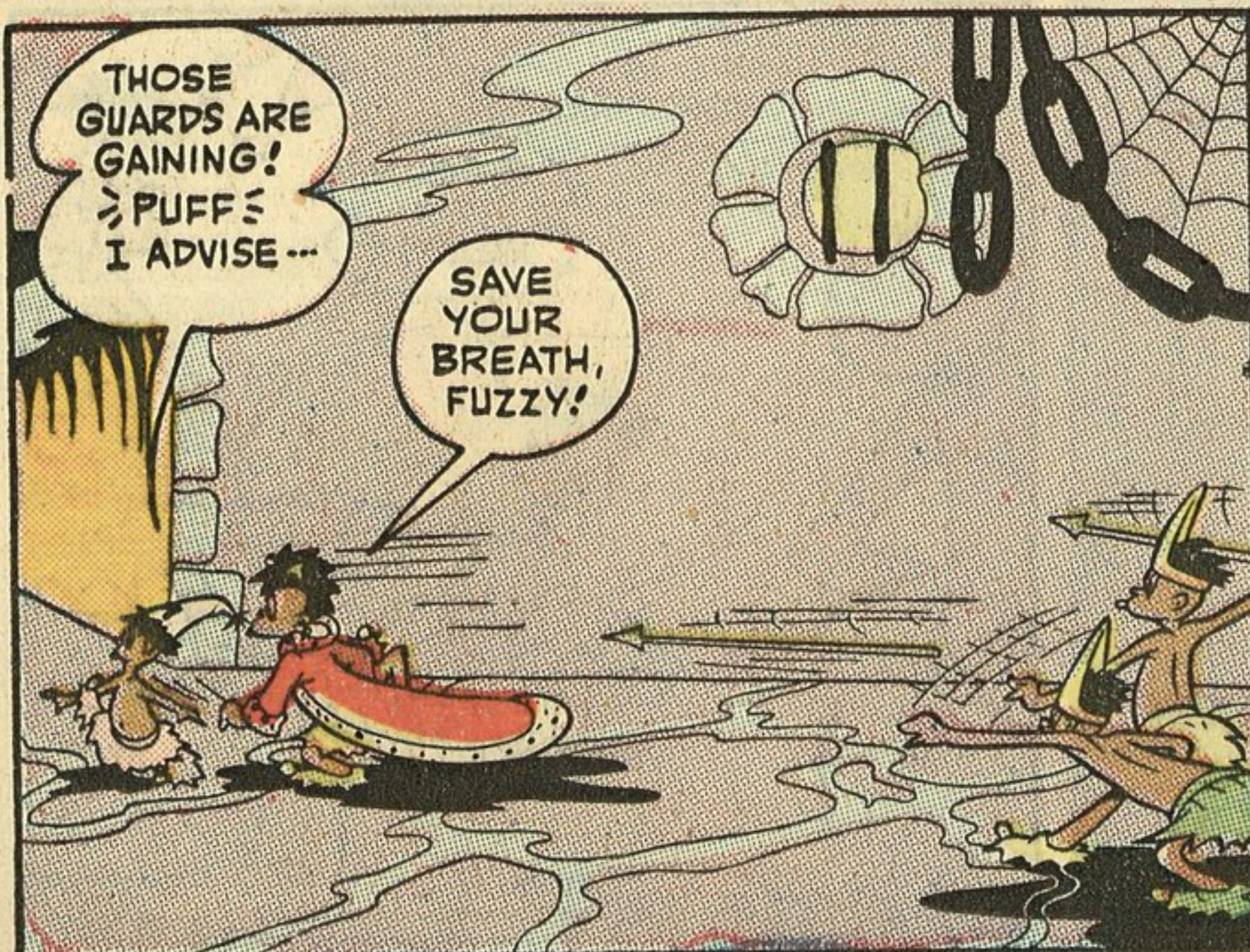
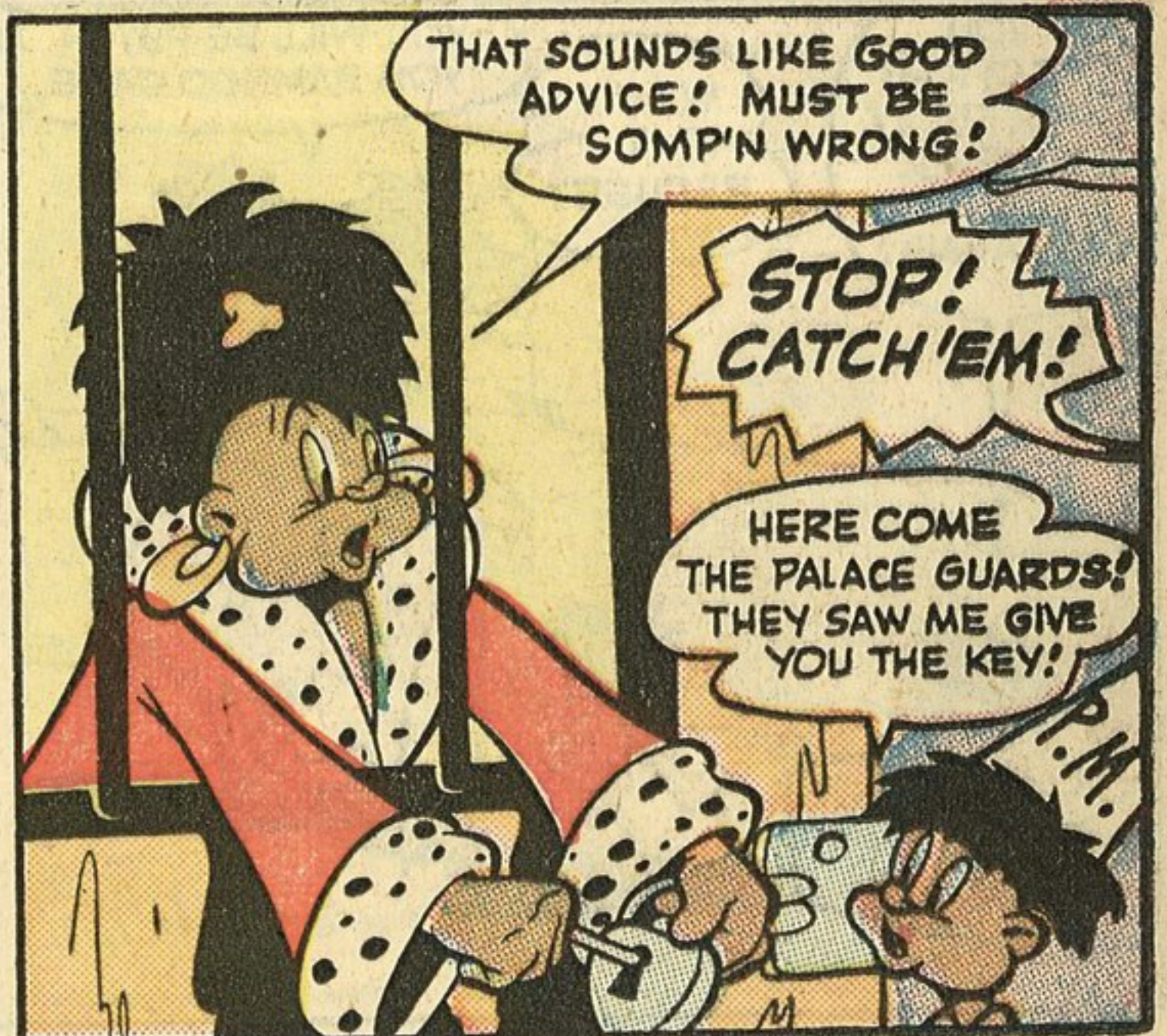
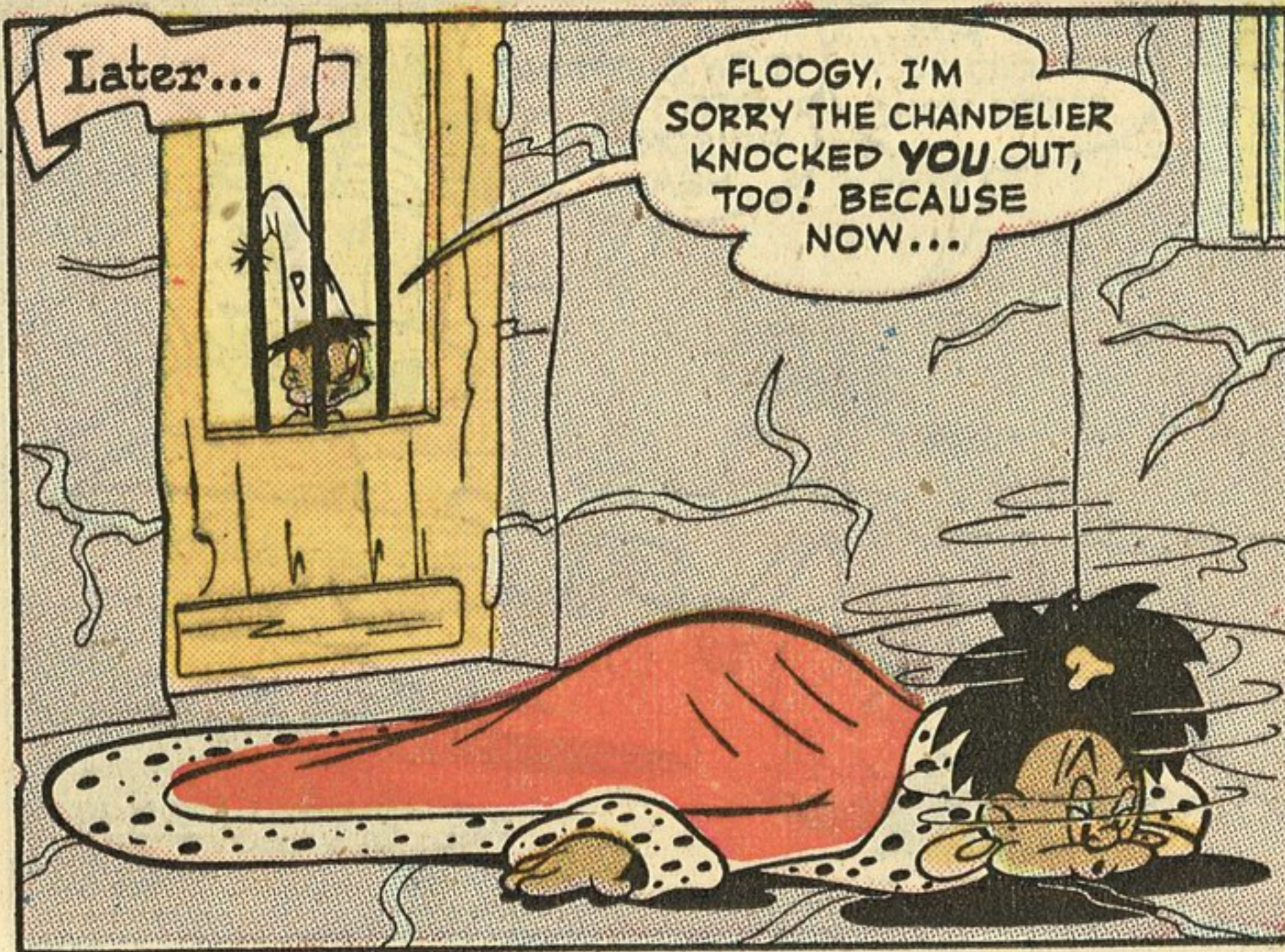


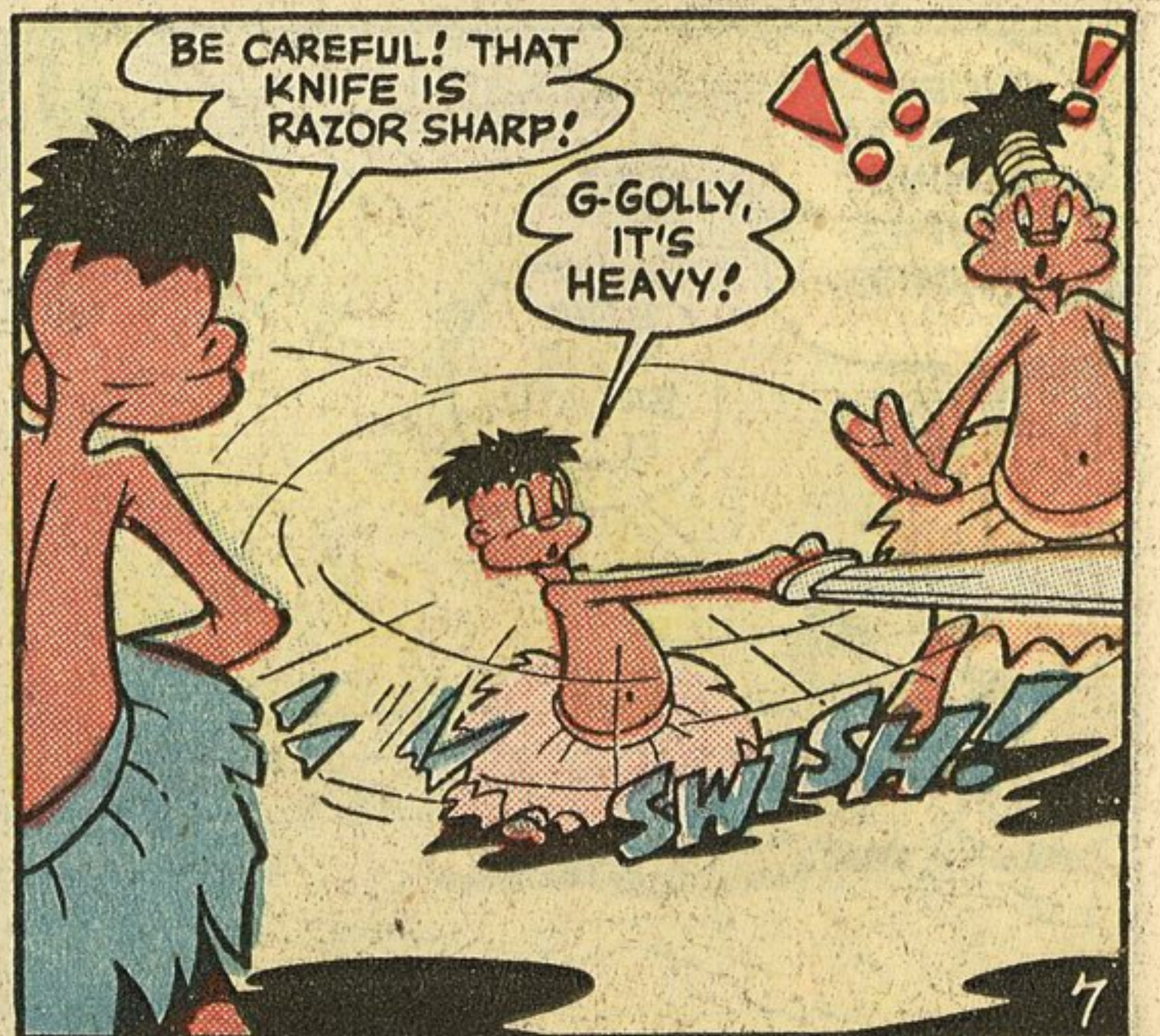
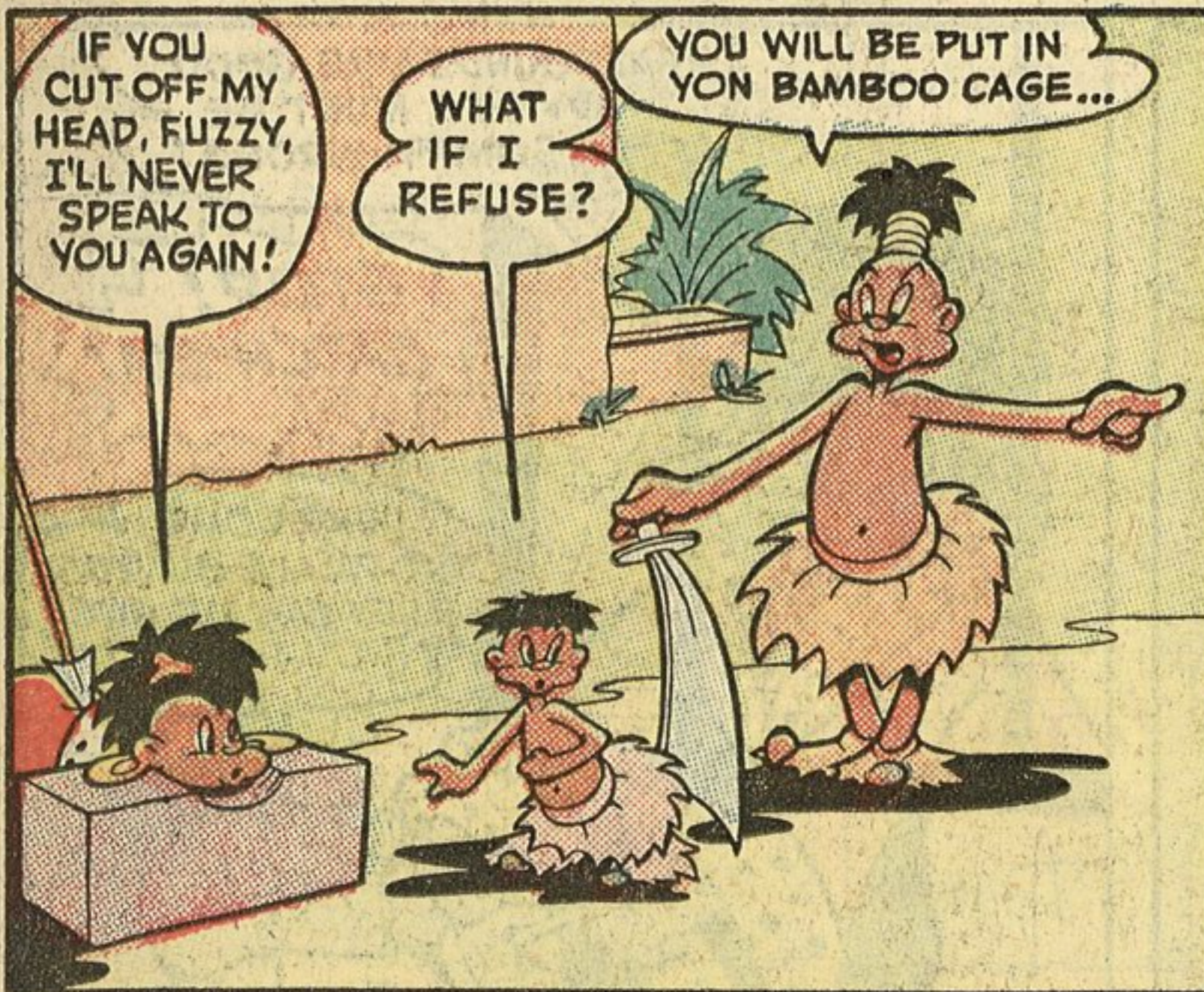
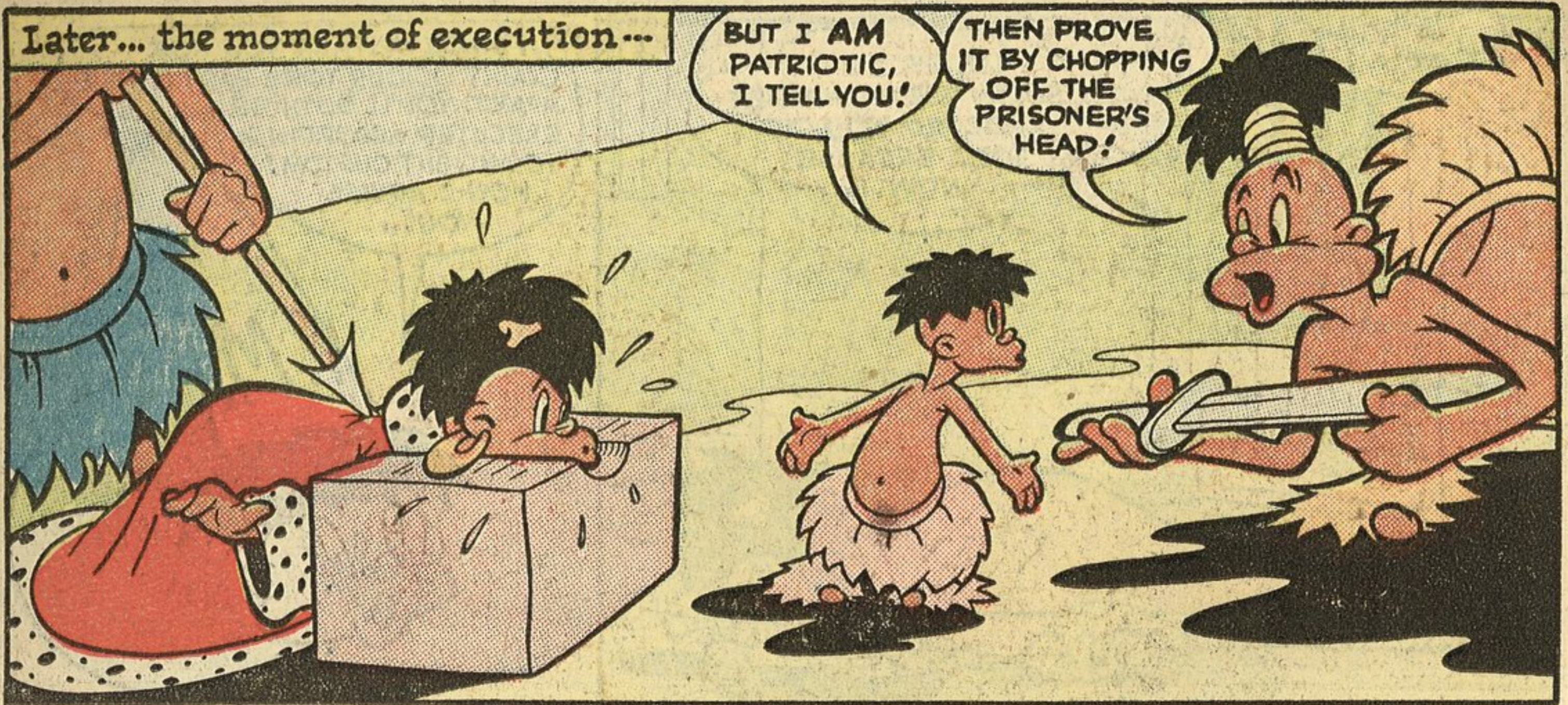


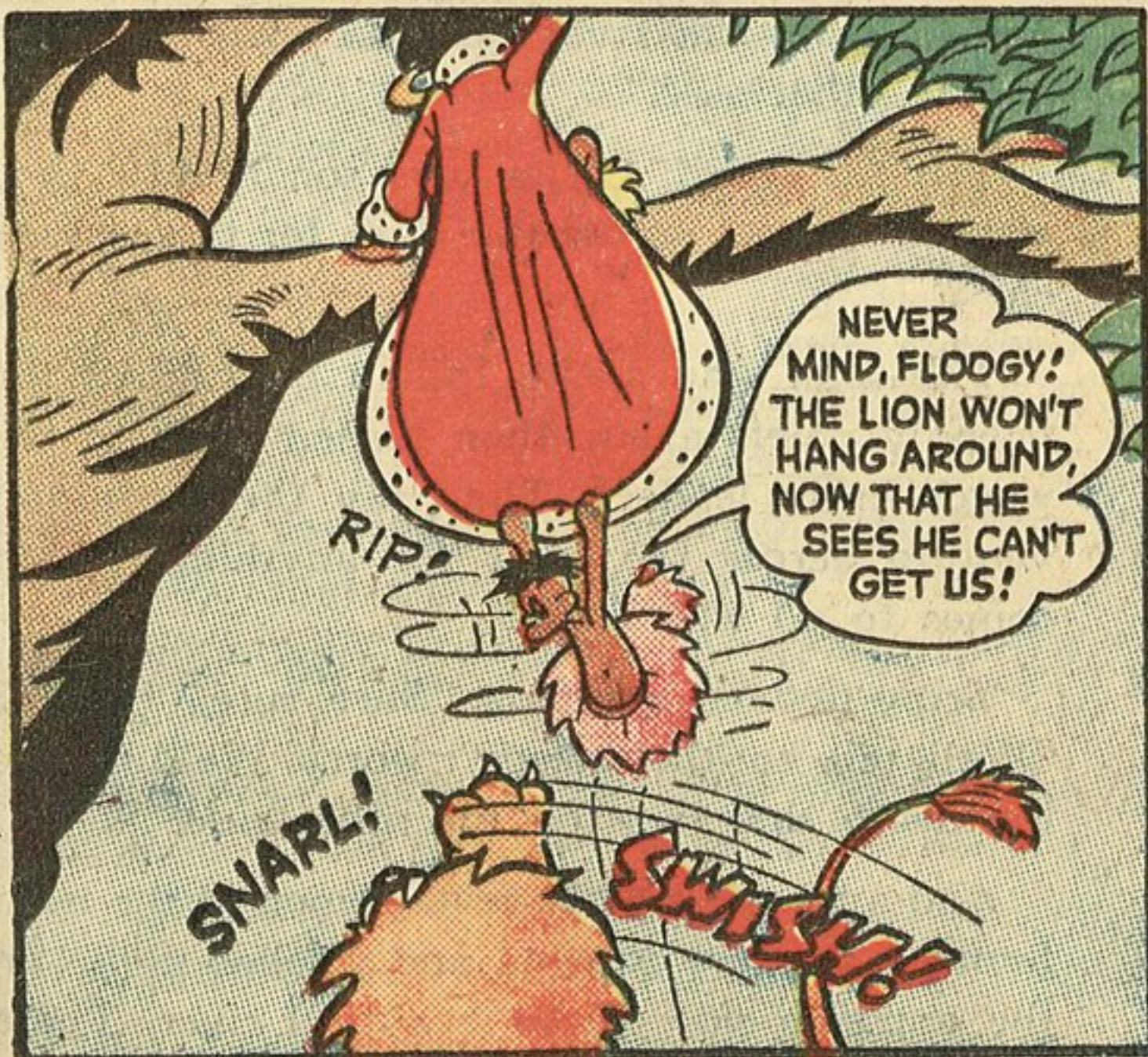












DEATH RIVER

THE creaky rumble of the huge Conestogas was music to the ear of Silas Tripp. The wagon train was nearing the end of its long haul cross-country over two-thirds of the continent. Seekers of new land had not come by this way before, for this was the uncertain year of 1841.

Two more weeks if everything held as it had the past few months, and they would reach their destination. It was a vague, nebulous destination to be sure, but Silas felt it would be a good one.

Toward evening, finding good pasturage for the animals, Tripp called a halt and the wagons were drawn into a circle. Inside were the horses and cows. This was to give protection against Indians.

They had seen no Indian sign for a long time but it was best to take no chances. This was Indian country.

Toward dawn, Tripp woke and sat up, listening. A deep, far-off rumbling came to his keen ears. He roused the men. "Sounds like a lot of hosses runnin'," he said softly. "Better get set."

The men crawled out into the brisk air with their long rifles. Some of the women woke up and wanted to know what was stirring.

The sound grew sharply, until Tripp knew it was a great band of horses running. Then suddenly the horses came over the hill, and then a thousand yelling Indians began circling the wagon train, firing a shower of arrows into the tall curved tops.

The mens' guns began spanging, and now and then an Indian toppled out of his saddle to roll and then lie still.

Whooping and yelling, the Indians rode in a fast circle, ever closing in. There were at least a thousand of them, Tripp thought. And he had just 34 men in the train. Terrible odds. One thing stood in the white men's favor, however—the redskins had no guns. Only bows and arrows.

Blazing arrows began falling into the wagons,

and one of them caught and began burning briskly.

The white men fired until nearly all their powder was gone. Then they held their fire. They would have to make every shot count from now on.

But as dawn broke fully, the Indians began riding off. By daylight, not a one was in sight.

"That's funny," said Tripp. "Pesky redskins mostly attack in daytime. Now I wonder—"

The wagon train got under way soon afterward. And for the next ten days no Indians were sighted.

At last the train reached a high divide and through this they forged, coming out on a level, green plateau. Cutting through the plateau ran a beautiful, broad river whose banks rose about 20 feet on either side. The train was half way across the plateau when they saw the Indian camp almost hidden in a thicket.

Tripp called a halt. It was a small camp, but one never knew what to expect. But in a moment two chiefs rode out on white ponies and held up their hands in the sign of peace. They spoke in a strange tongue. One of the men in the train understood it.

After a moment he turned to Tripp and said, "They say we are welcome to stay here. But not to cross the river because there is death on the other side."

Tripp laughed. "Who says so? Mebbe they want that land across the river for themselves, eh?"

The man who spoke Indian questioned the friendly chiefs again, then turned back to the wagon train leader. "They say they wouldn't venture across the river for anything. Death comes to all who cross."

Tripp nodded, grinning. "Sure, sure," he said. "Well, tell 'em they needn't worry. We'll handle the death that lives on the other side."

And a few days later several men of the train found a shallow crossing and pitched camp on the opposite side of the beautiful river. There

they found even better grazing and leveler fields. It would be a wonderful place to settle. So in a week all the people of the train had crossed the river, and the men began building log cabins.

Then a strange thing happened. More than a dozen of the group came down with fever and chills. Within a week two-thirds of the eldest members of the train, and all the youngsters, had the fever. The older ones began dying rapidly. Then the children.

Only two men lived to escape. They found their way to a trapper's cabin many miles away and babbled their story. The old trapper nodded. Yes, he knew about the river curse. It was as the Indians had said.

A hundred years later, Eric Vale, hearing about the strange death that came to the entire wagon train on the shore of the Bitterroot River in Montana, found himself exploring the place. A small Indian reservation still existed on one side of the river. On the other side there was nothing except excellent vegetation.

Making inquiry about it, he learned that nothing human or animal lived on that opposite shore. Death was there, as it had been a century before. The Indians solemnly assured him that this was true, and warned him not to cross the gleaming expanse of water.

Eric pondered. What could have caused the deaths of that wagon train party? Fever? What kind of fever? And if the fever struck on that side, why not on this one?

He soon discovered that nobody in the neighborhood would venture across the river for any amount of money. They told him he was a fool if he tried it himself. The opposite shore had a curse on it!

Eric didn't believe in such things. He had to find the answer! Maybe some kind of lethal gas was the cause. It was volcanic territory. Or maybe some deadly vegetable grew there, something that gave off poisonous fumes. Insects? But what kept them on one side of the stream?

Fastening a modern respirator over his face and covering his skin with a protective coating of some salve, Eric sent his canoe across the river and stepped out on shore.

The terrain looked the same as on the other side. Everything looked the same. Yet here

clung a terrible death, so legend said.

Eric spent several hours exploring the deadly side of the river, taking samples of several insects he captured, including mosquitoes and ticks. He saw no animals or snakes. A few birds flitted about the lush trees. And that was all.

The lofty Sapphire Mountains towered high in the evening sky as Eric shoved off toward the opposite bank. He noticed that a high wind, almost constant, blew from the other shore toward the deadly one. And he learned in the village that this wind always blew the same direction.

That night he spent analyzing his specimens. Several old Indians crowded around watching his experiments, making guttural comments. It was all strange to them, although they recalled that members of the United States Health Service had done similar things nearly a half century before. But they didn't know what had become of the tests.

Eric had reached his last test. It was with a minute hard-shell tick he had snagged on the deadly side of the river. He worked more than an hour on the tiny fly, and had about given up when he noticed that this was a different kind of tick than he had ever seen. Very carefully he extracted the infinitesimal quantity of poison from its sac and very carefully analyzed it.

The result amazed him.

"My gosh!" he cried. "That little devil carries a poison more deadly than a rattler!"

Further tests availed him nothing, so the next day he took his samples to a chemist in a nearby city.

The chemist nodded rapidly several times as he tried various tests on the venom. At last:

"Yes, I believe you've solved the mystery. This tick's venom induces a virulent fever. That's the answer to those deaths in the past. But I can't understand why the blasted ticks stay on the one side of the river only."

"I believe I can answer that," Eric told him. "That wind that always blows steadily across the river keeps them on the other side."

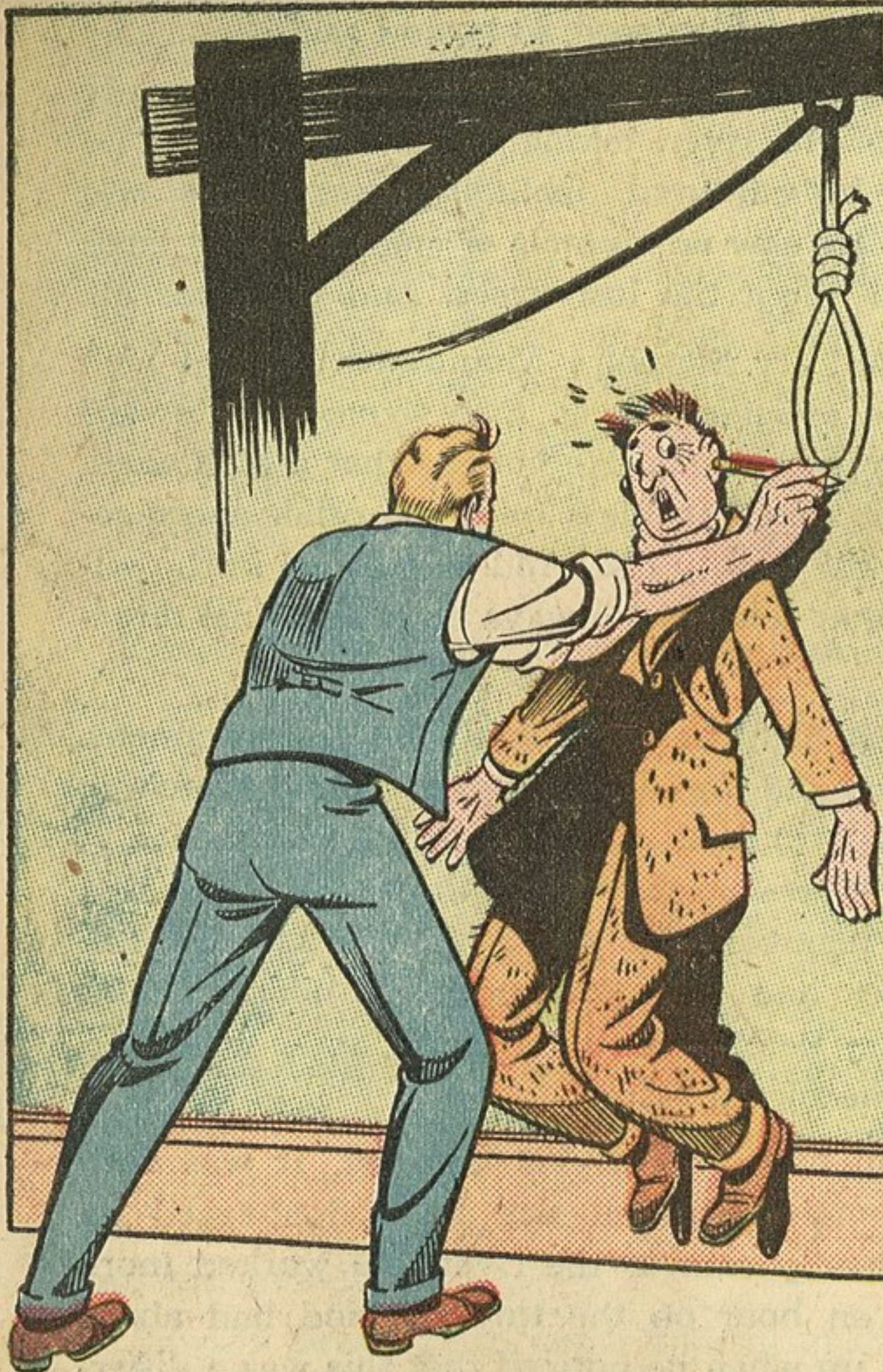
The chemist looked at him. "Why, of course! That's it, Vale. That ends the mystery of the Bitterroot River!"

And this, friends, is a true story.

PEN MILLER

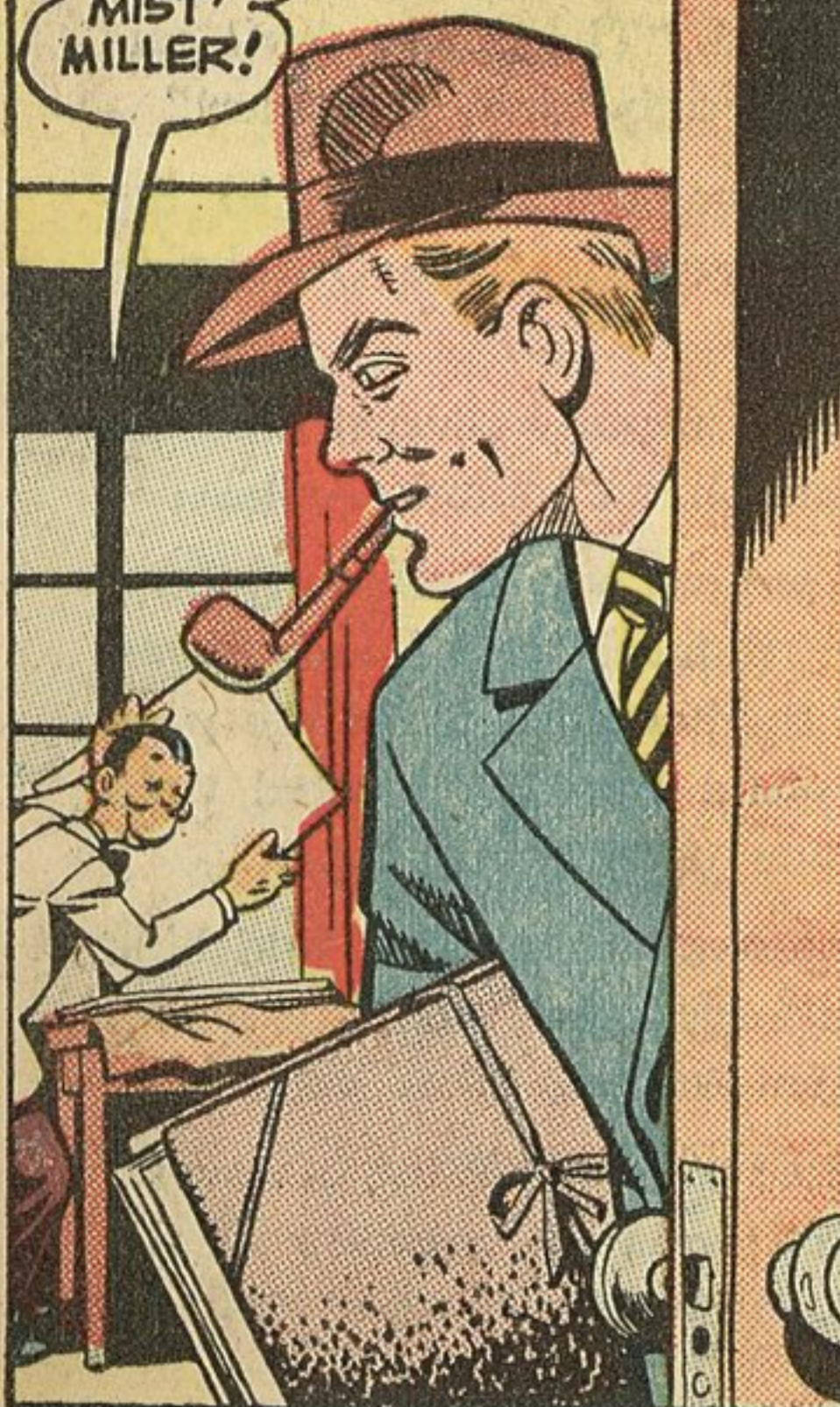
HIS real life adventures furnish the plots for the daily comic strips of Pen Miller, the Cartoonist Detective!

By Klaus



LET'S GO, CHOP --- WE'VE GOT TO GET THESE DRAWINGS HUNG TONIGHT! THE GALLERY ANNOUNCEMENT SAYS THE SHOW OPENS TOMORROW MORNING!...

COMING, MIST' MILLER!



YOUR PUBLISHER VELLY NICE MAN TO ALLANGE ONE MAN SHOW OF DLAWINGS YOU DO FOR PAPER ABOUT NOTOLIOUS CLIMINAL, LOWBOAT BOGGS....

IT, CERTAINLY SURPRISED ME... SEEMS HE AND THE OWNER OF THE ART GALLERY, MR. LACEY,

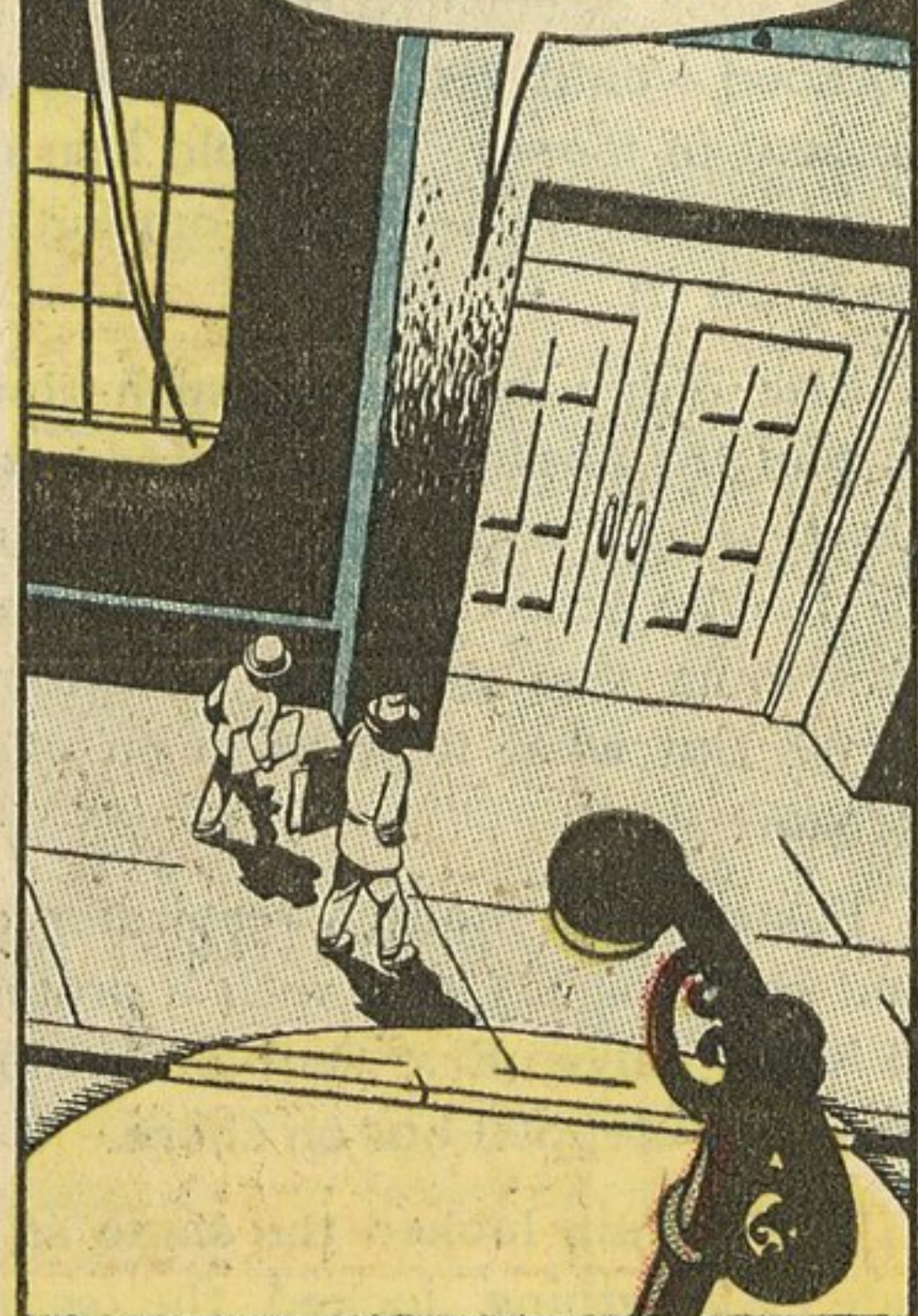
BOTH DECIDED I'VE NEVER DONE ANY CARTOONS THAT HAD SUCH A PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECT!

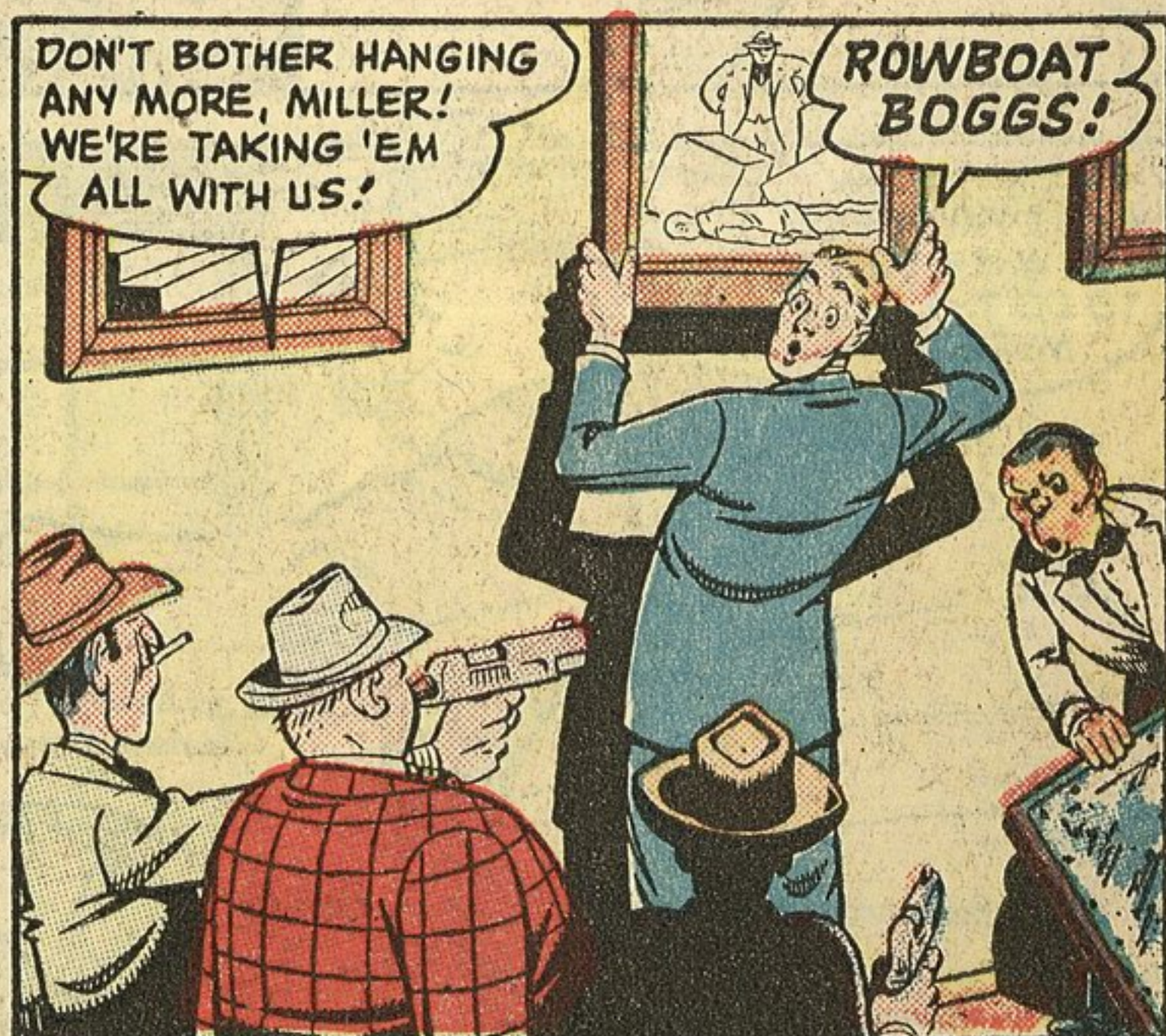
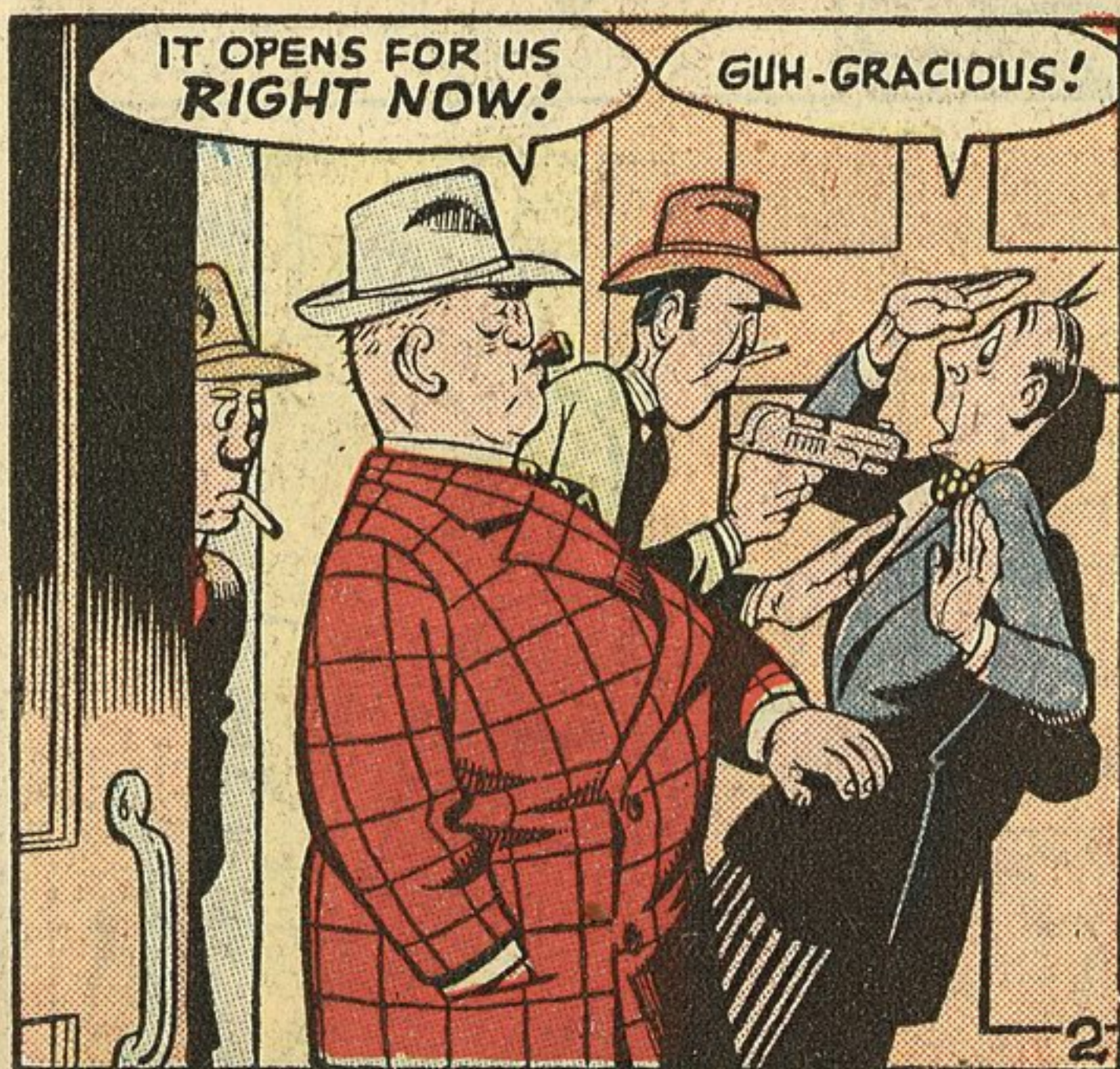
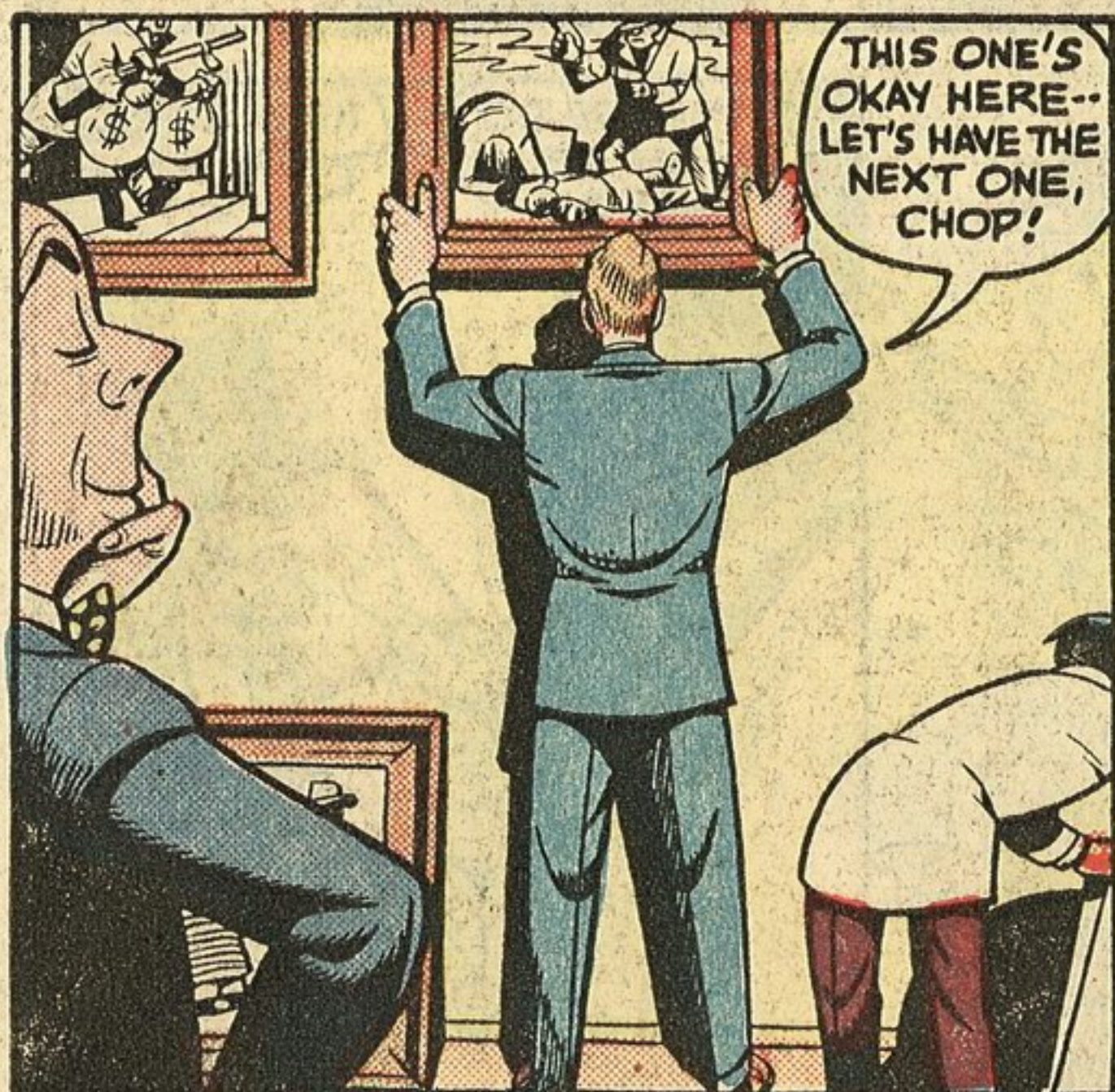


AM NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND, MIST' MILLER---

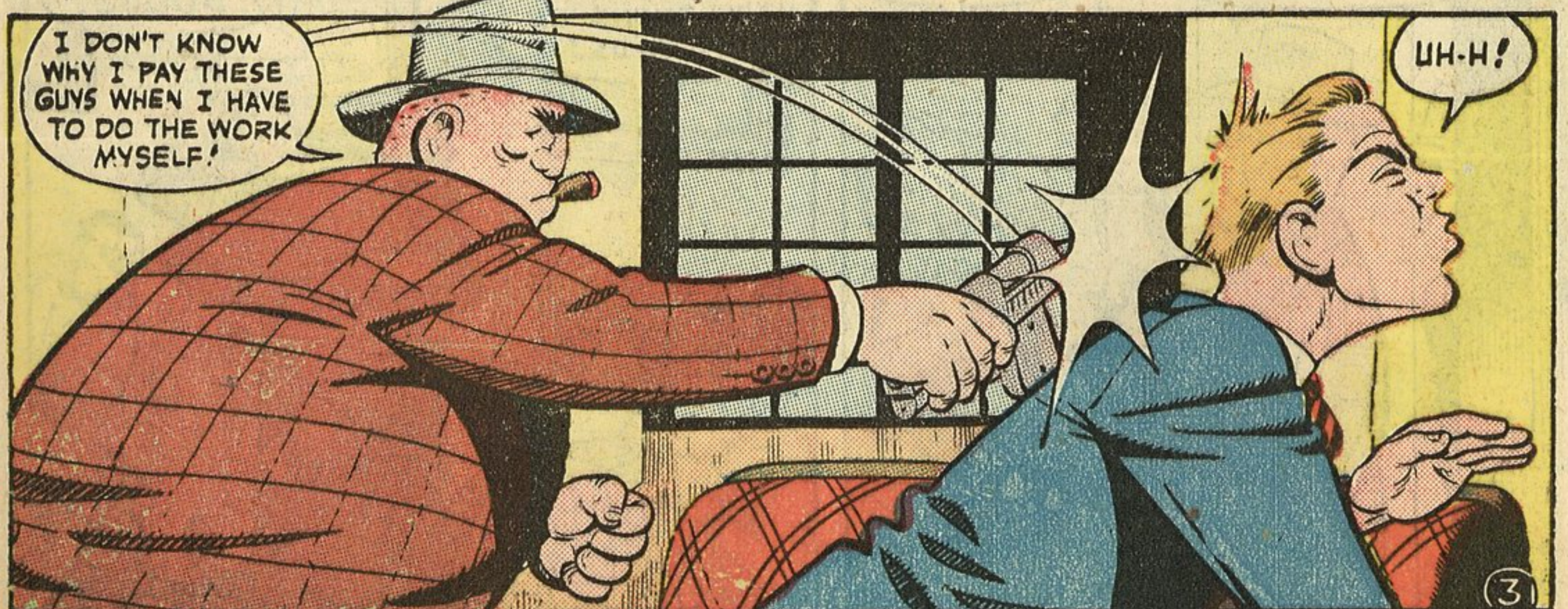
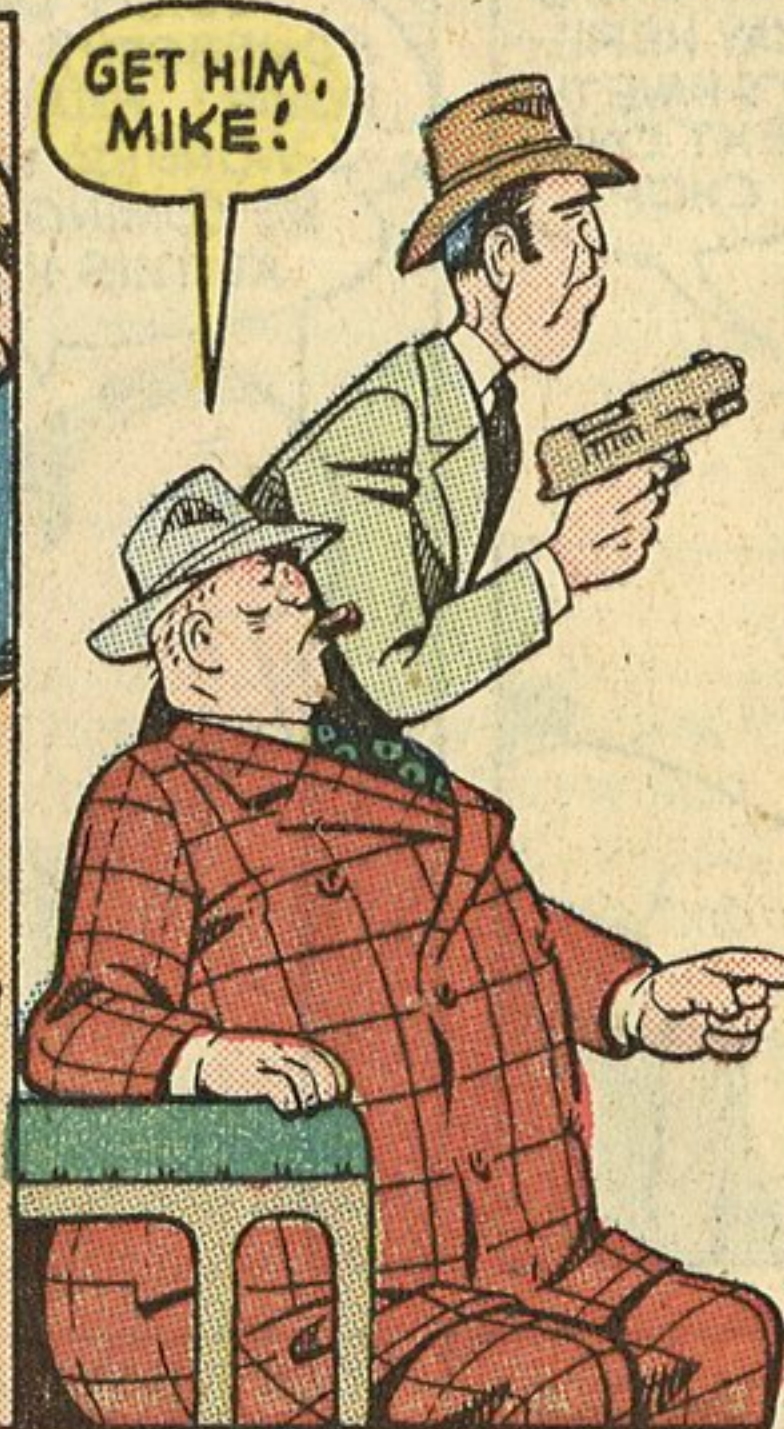
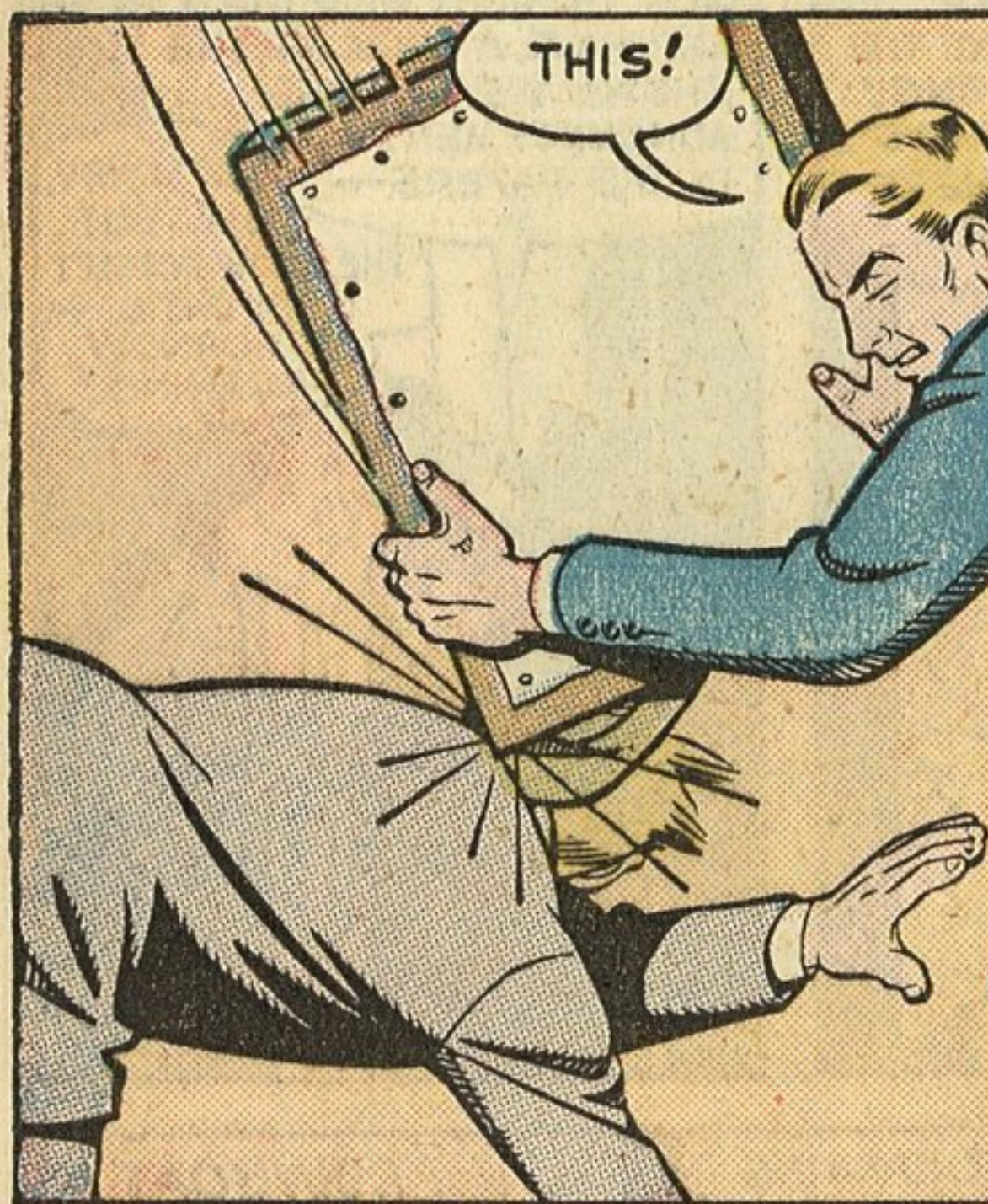
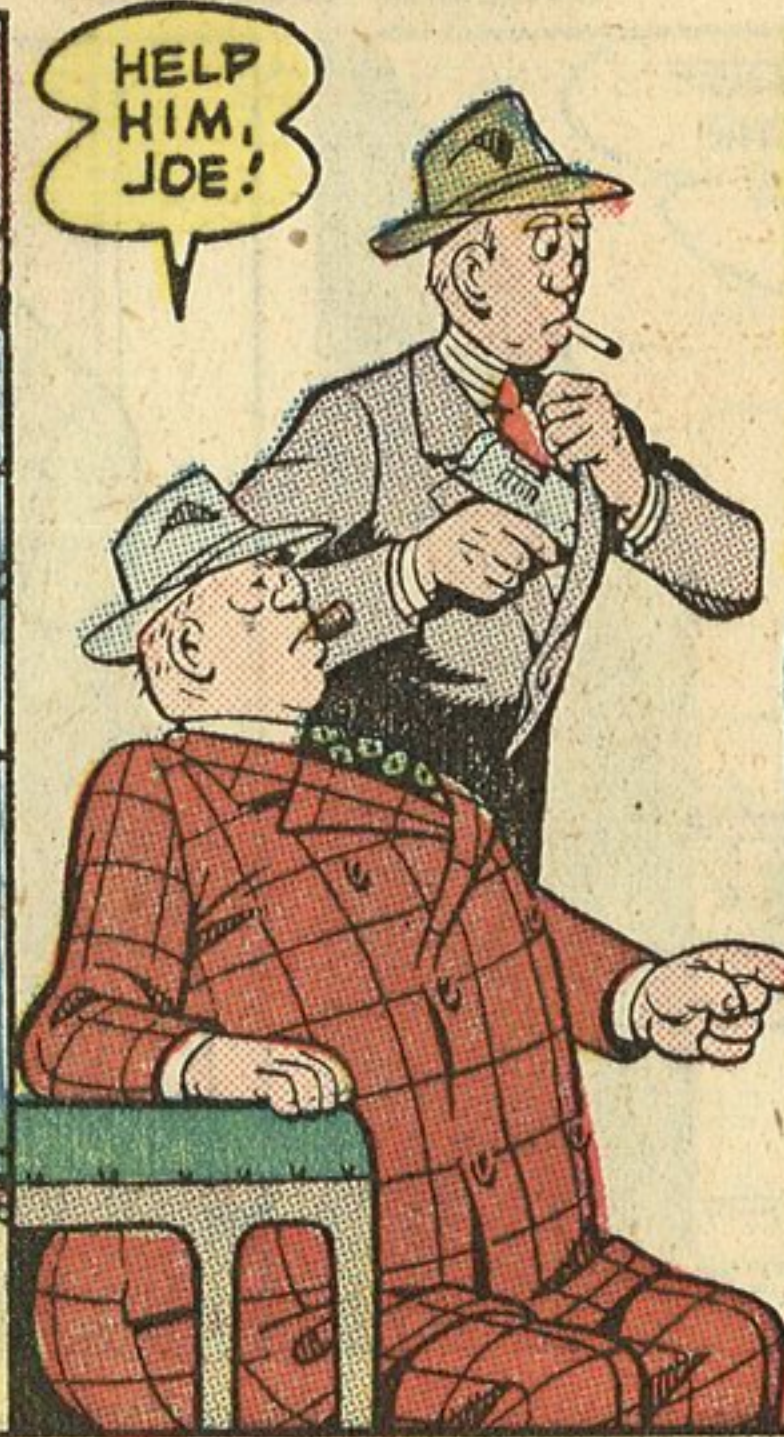
I'M NOT, EITHER! IT JUST SEEMS THERE WAS A TERRIBLE REALITY

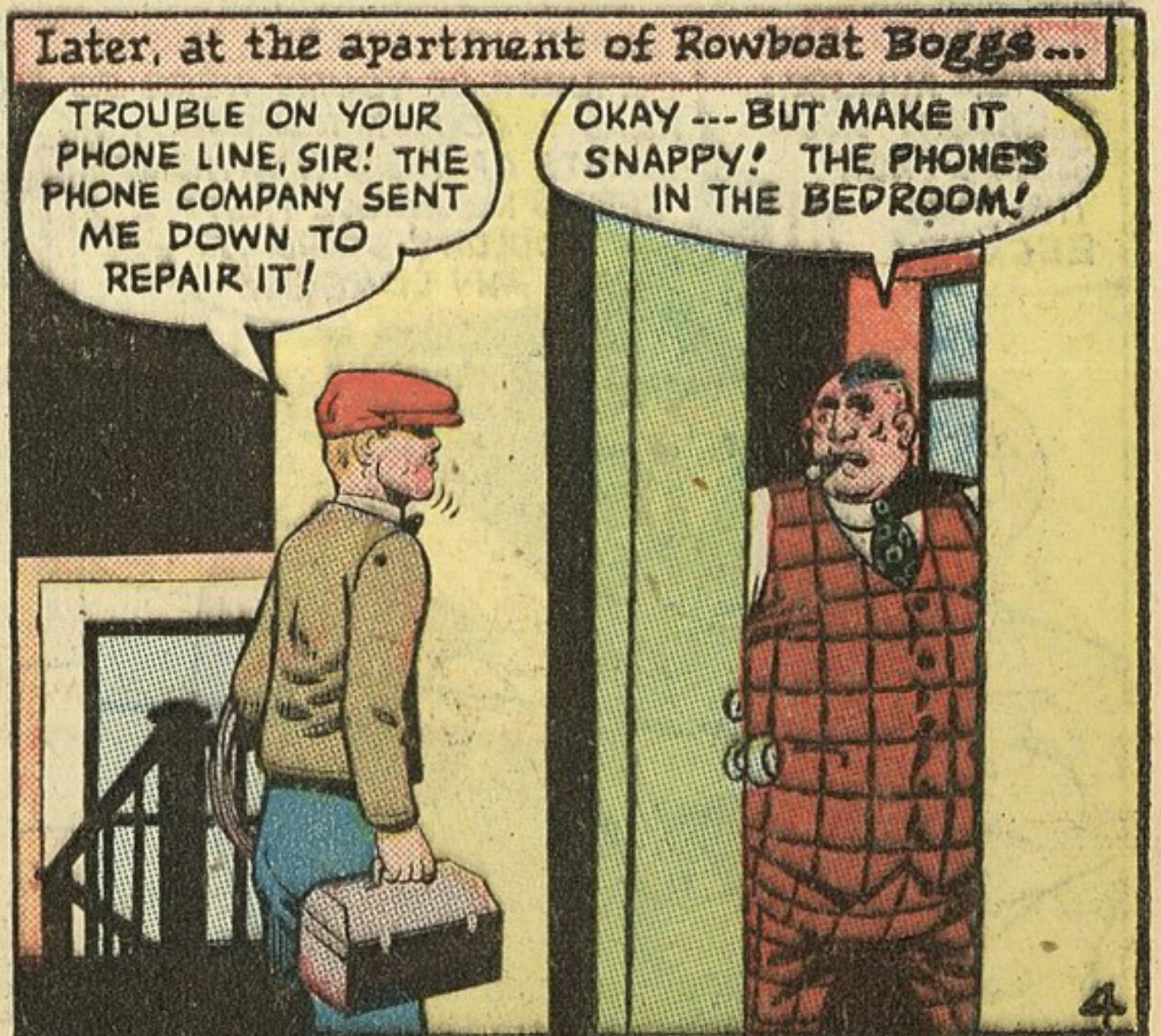
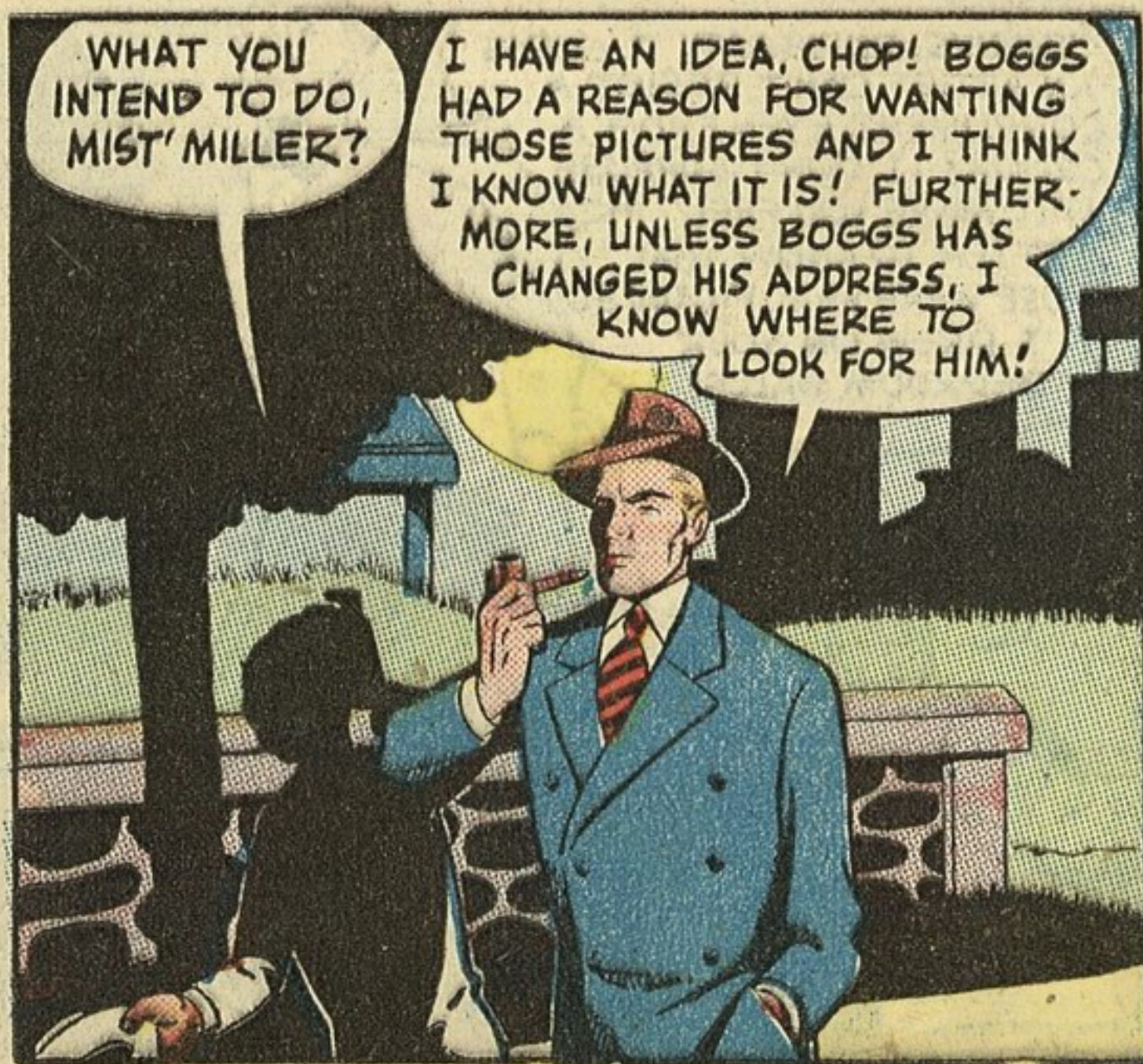
ABOUT THE DRAWINGS.... MR. LACEY SAID HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND HOW BOGGS COULD HAVE A MOMENT'S PEACE AFTER SEEING THEM IN THE PAPER!

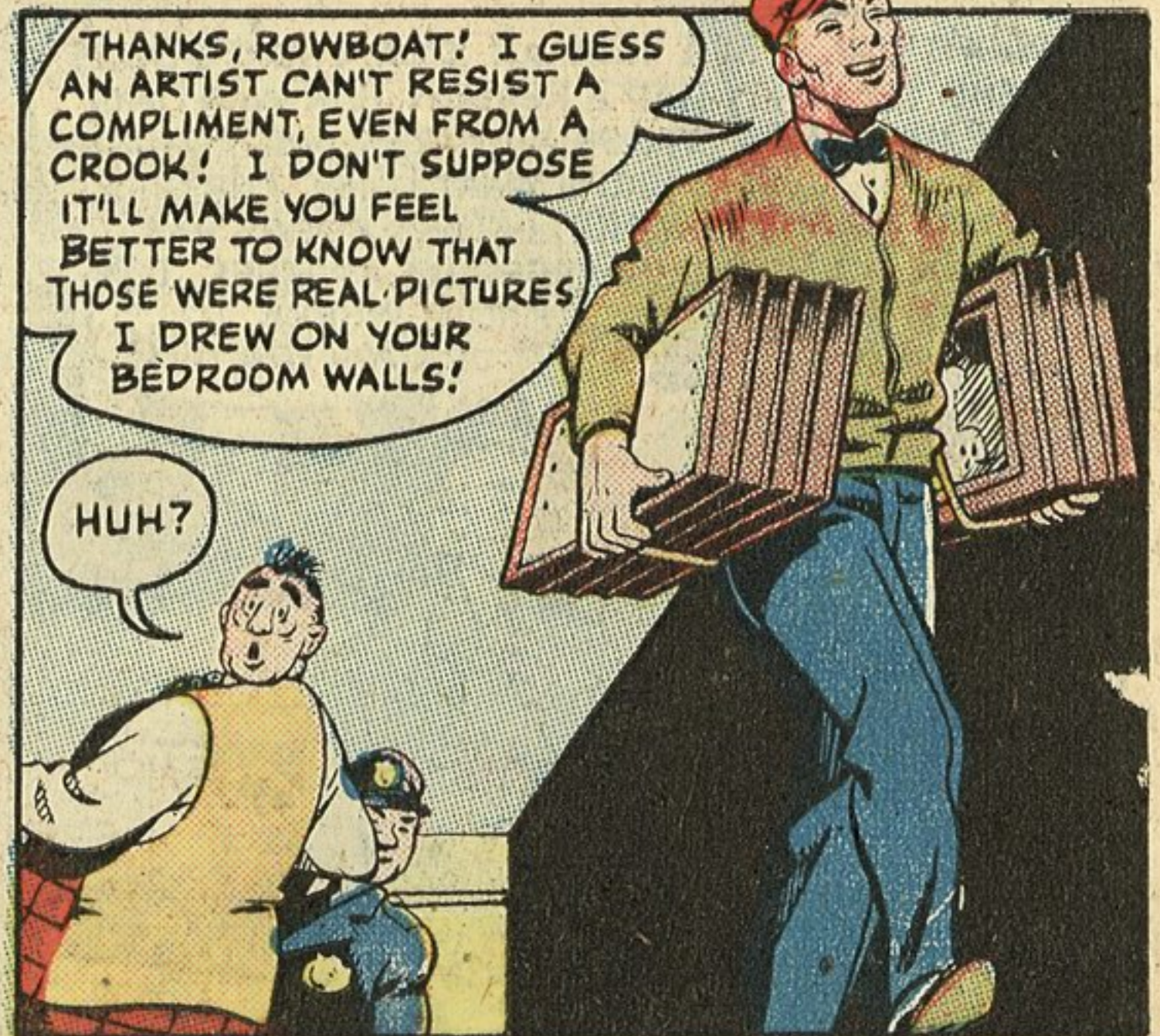




CRACK COMICS



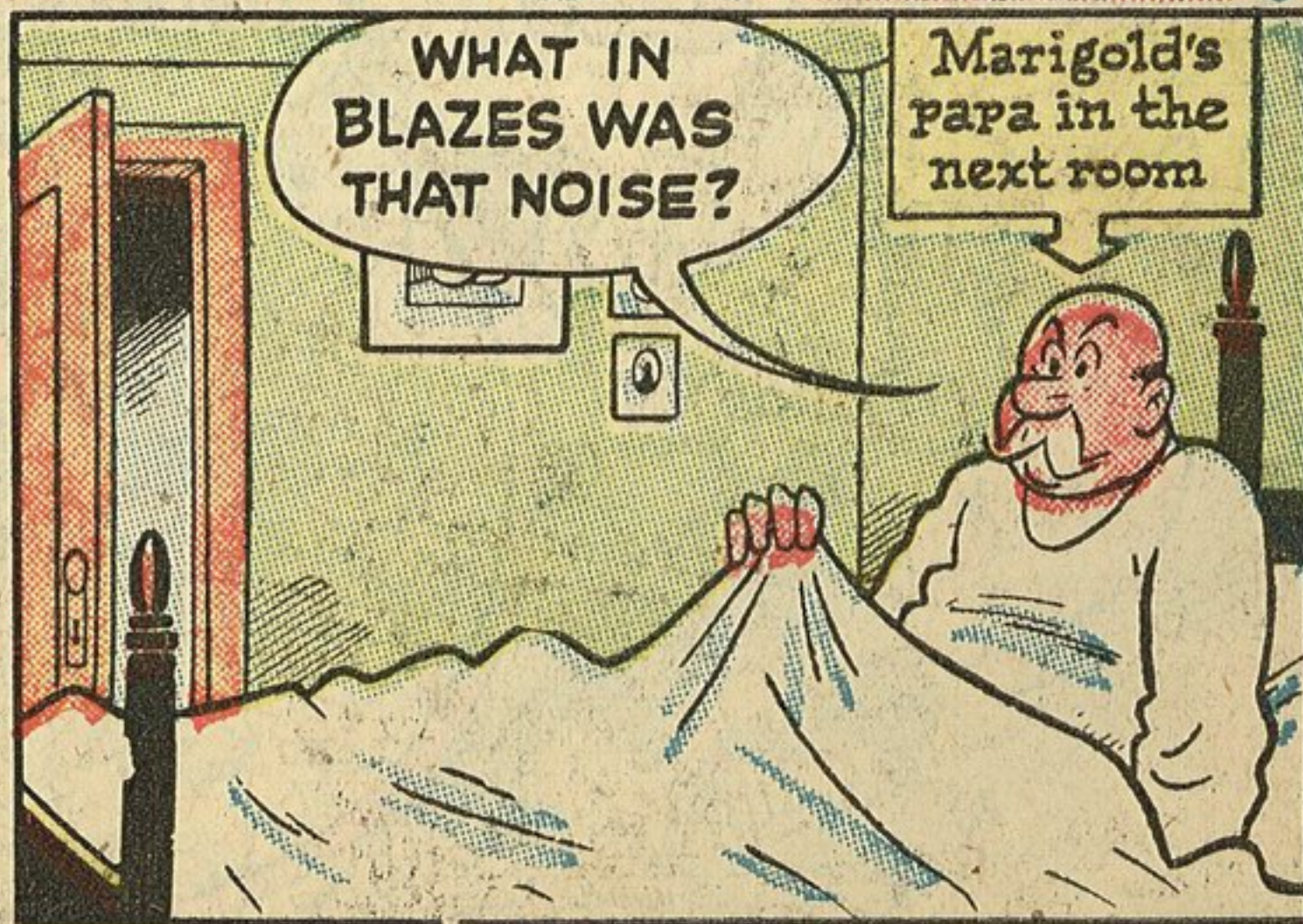
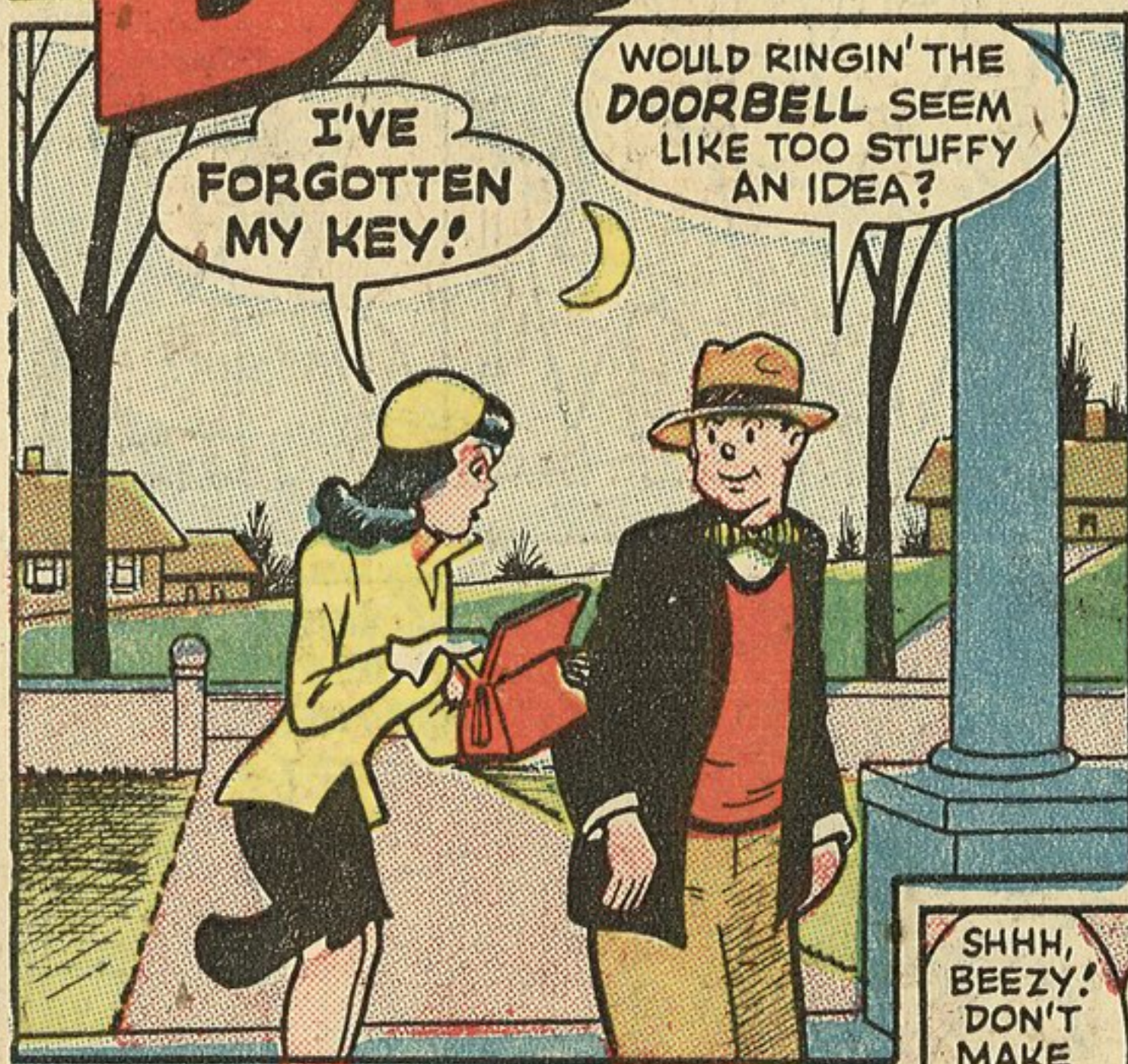




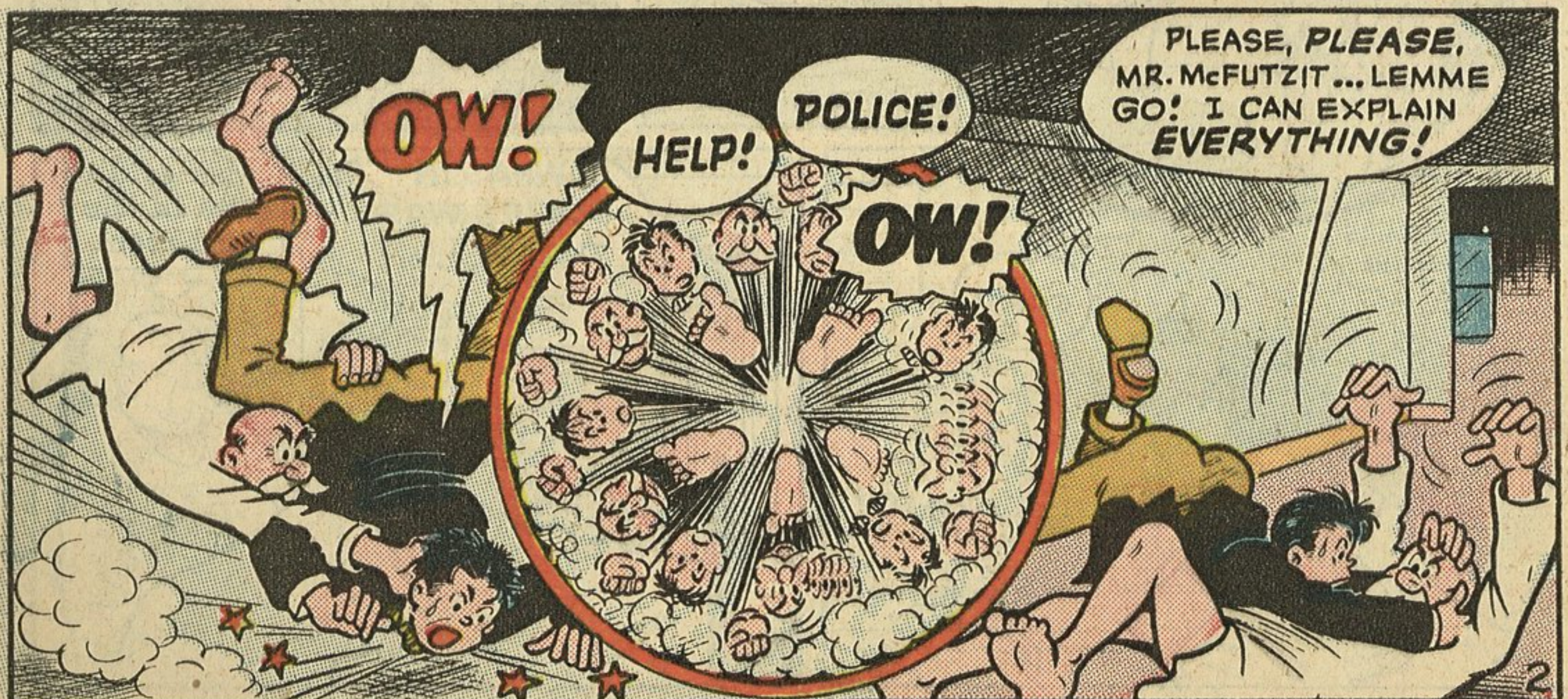
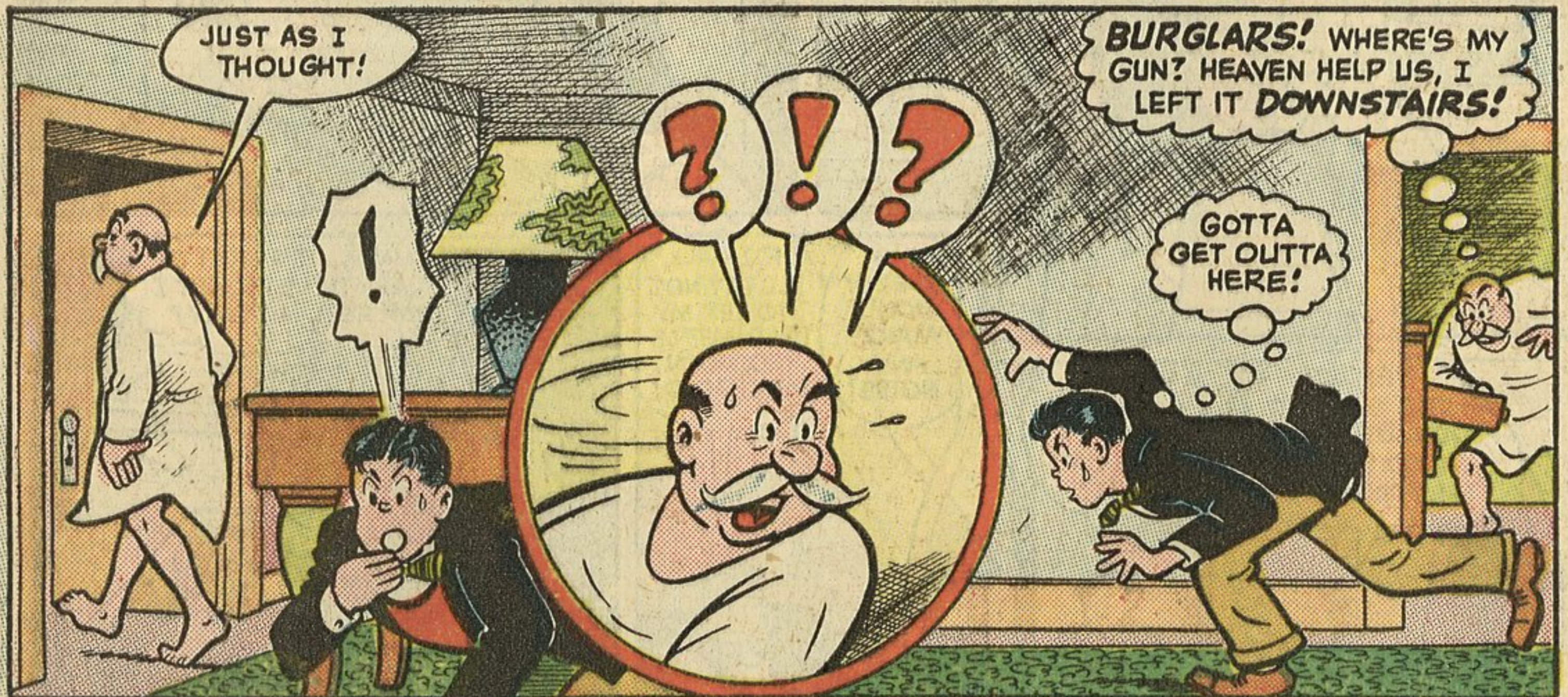
BEEZY

Loitering too long over cokes and hamburgers after a movie causes Beezy to escort his new girl friend to her home at a much later hour than they had both expected!

And to make matters worse...



CRACK COMICS



And Beezy finally **DOES** explain, but after Marigold is admitted, **ANOTHER** visitor joins our little group!

OKAY! OPEN UP! WHERE'S THE **BURGLAR**?

SO THERE AIN'T ANY **BURGLAR** HERE, AFTER ALL, EH? WELL, YOUR NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR PHONED IN SOMEONE WAS PROWLIN' ON YOUR PORCH ROOF!

OH, THAT WAS MR. BUMBLE HERE!

AS WE JUST EXPLAINED TO YOU, OFFICER!

OKAY... BUT THIS GUY LOOKS LIKE A CRIMINAL TYPE TO ME! I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED TO TANGLE WITH THIS TURKEY **AGAIN** SOMEPLACE SOON!

OH, NO, SIR!

OKAY, THEN ... I'LL GO, IF YOU'RE SURE YOU AIN'T GOT NO **OTHER** BURGLARS HID AROUND THE HOUSE SOMEWHERE!

WELL, BUMBLE, I'M SORRY WE HAD ALL THIS SILLY MIX-UP! BUT SINCE IT'S ALL DONE WITH, LET'S FORGET IT!

OH, THANK YOU, SIR... AND I SWEAR I'LL NEVER GIVE YOU ANOTHER BIT OF TROUBLE!

THAT'LL BE VERY HANDY, I'M SURE!

JUMPIN' GEE-WILLIKERS, SIR! WHAT A SWELL STAMP COLLECTION YOU'VE GOT!

YES, ONE OF THE BEST IN THE COUNTRY, IF I DO SAY SO!

I WAS IN THE MIDST OF SORTING AND CLASSIFYING THEM LAST NIGHT, BUT I GOT TIRED AND LEFT THEM STREWN ALL AROUND! I'D LIKE YOU TO CALL AGAIN WHEN I HAVE THEM PROPERLY FILED!

I'D LOVE TO SIR! I'M A PRETTY GOOD COLLECTOR MYSELF!

After Beezy's departure ---

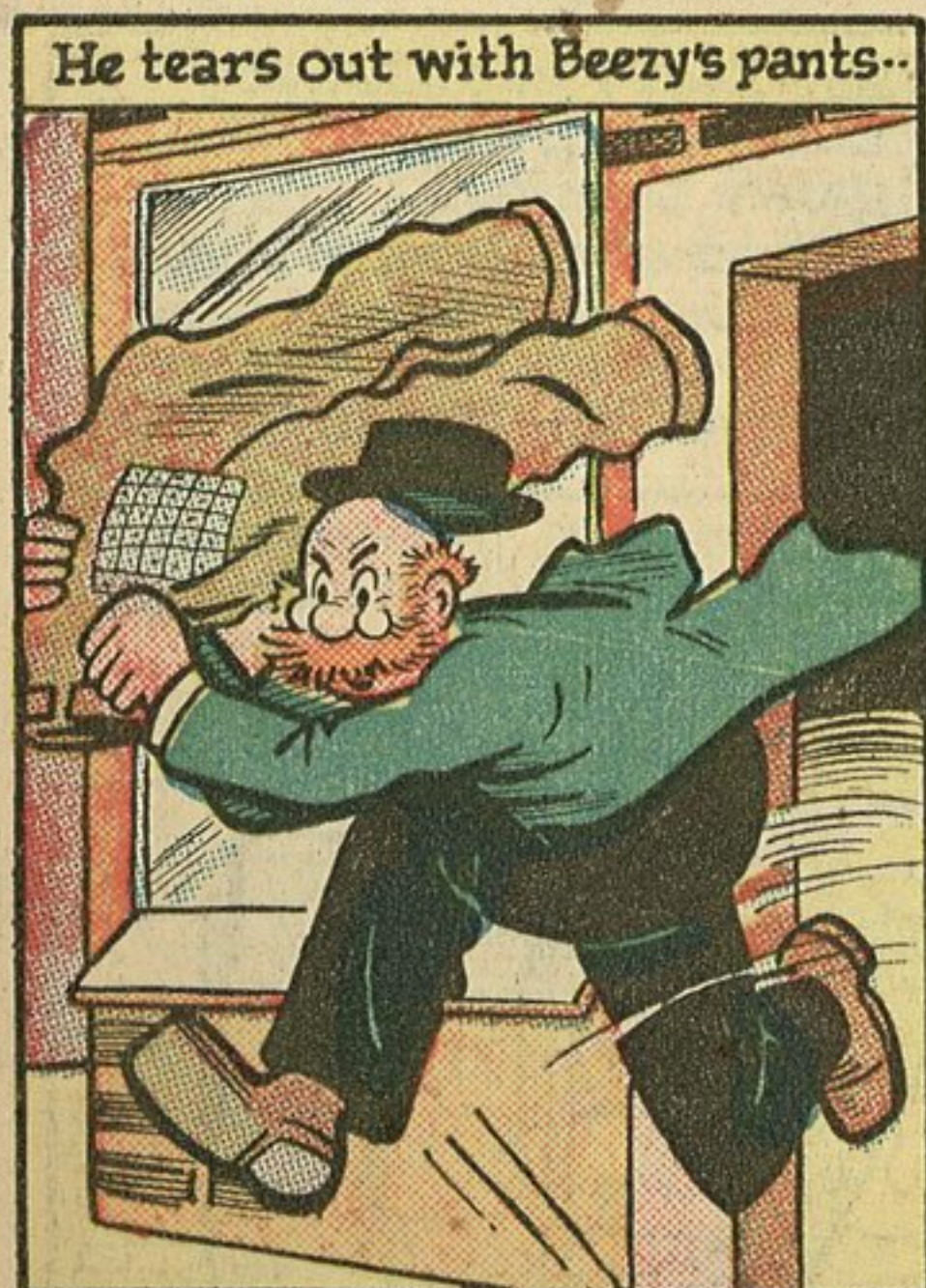
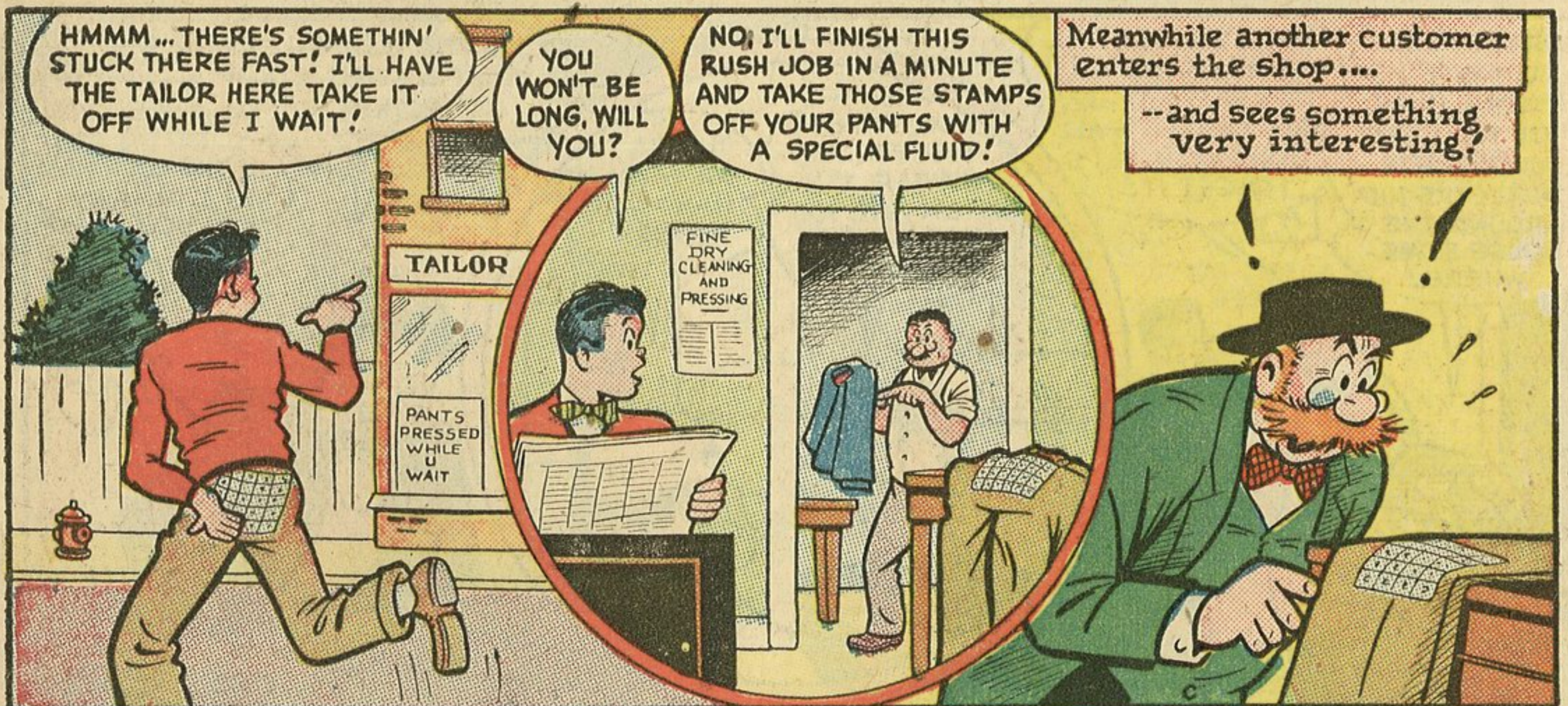
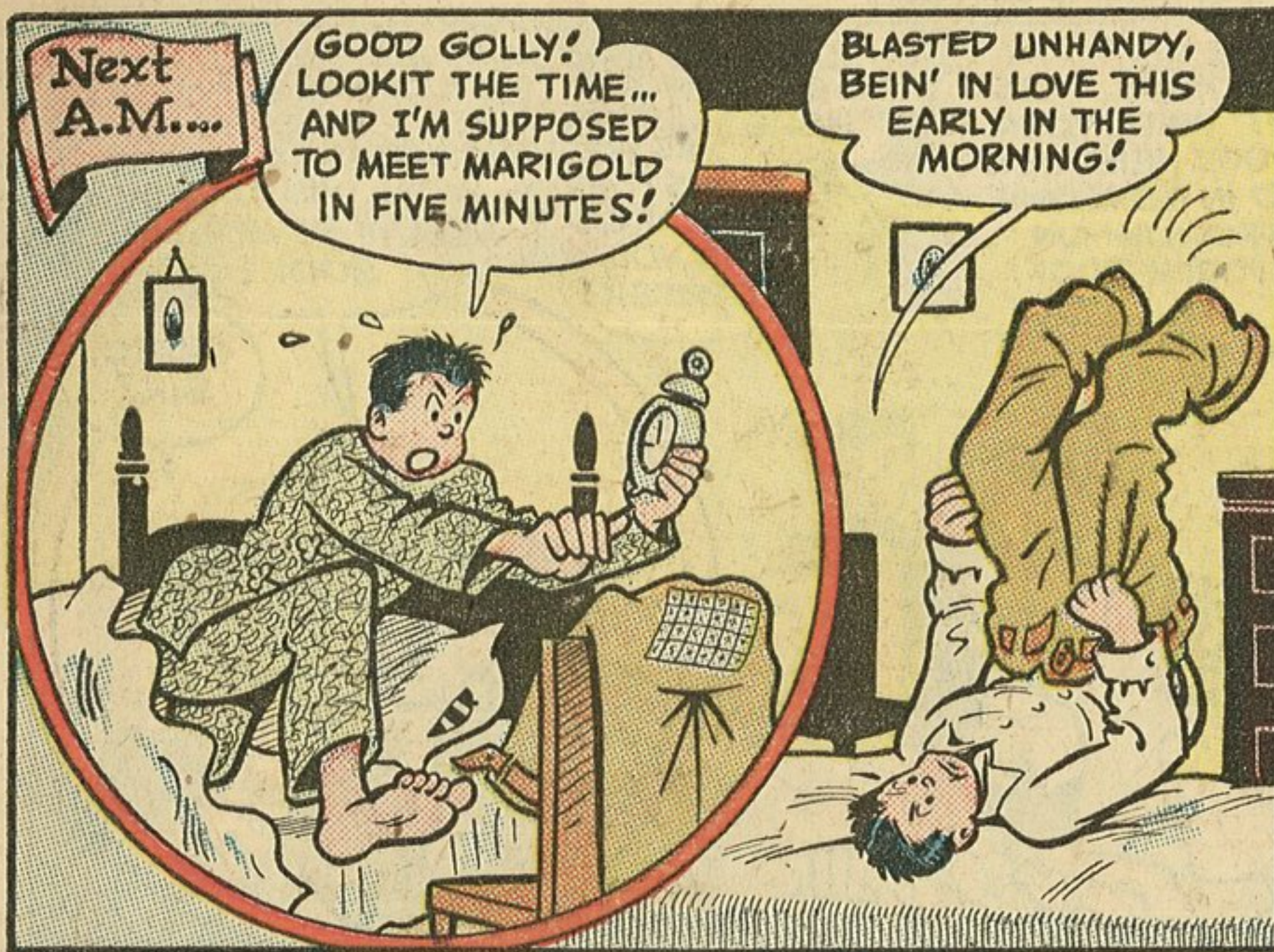
IF HE'S A STAMP COLLECTOR, DAD, YOU AND HE WOULD HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON!

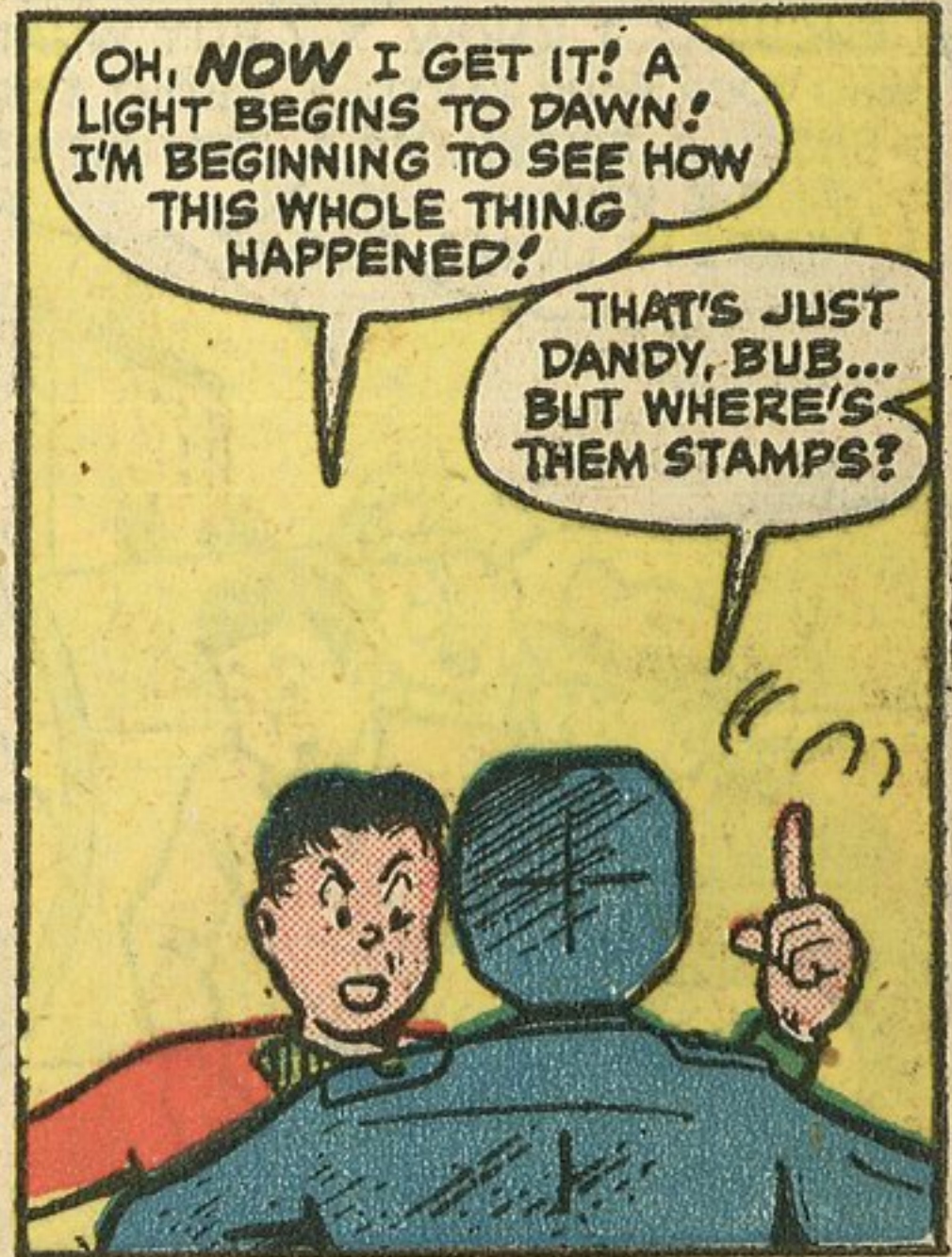
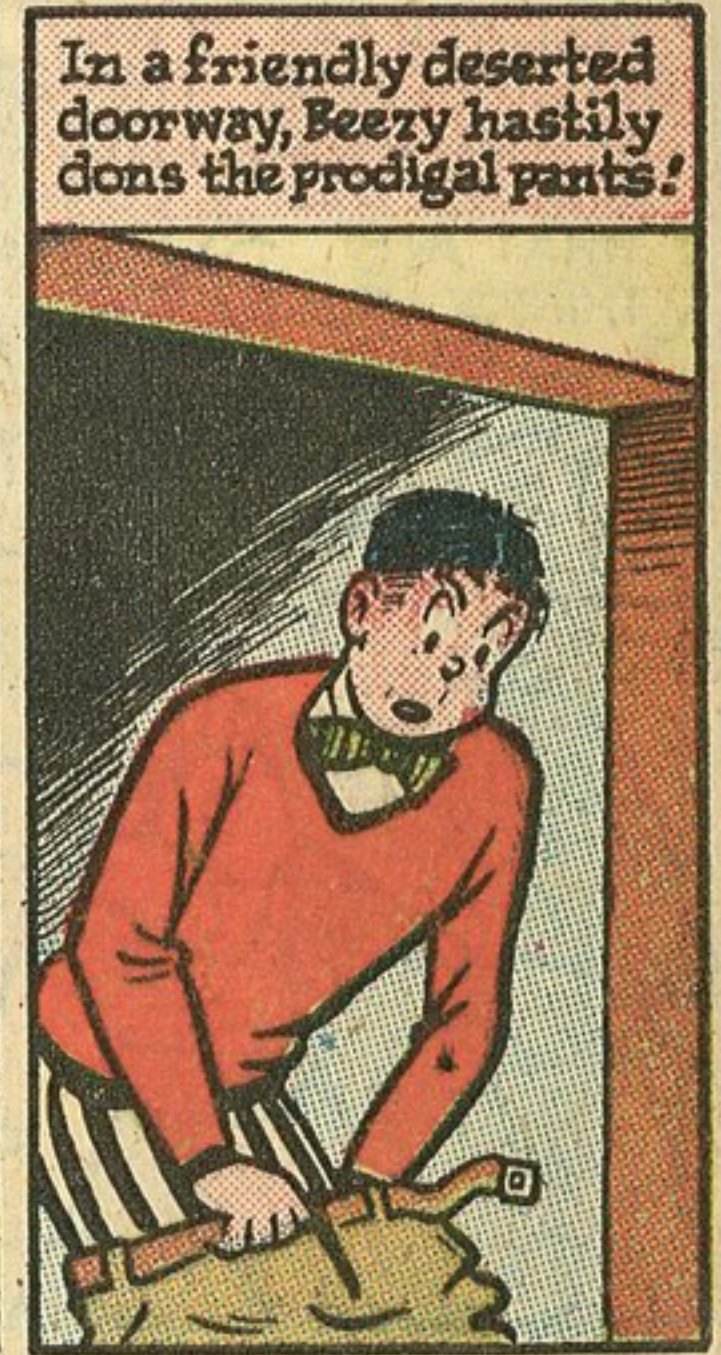
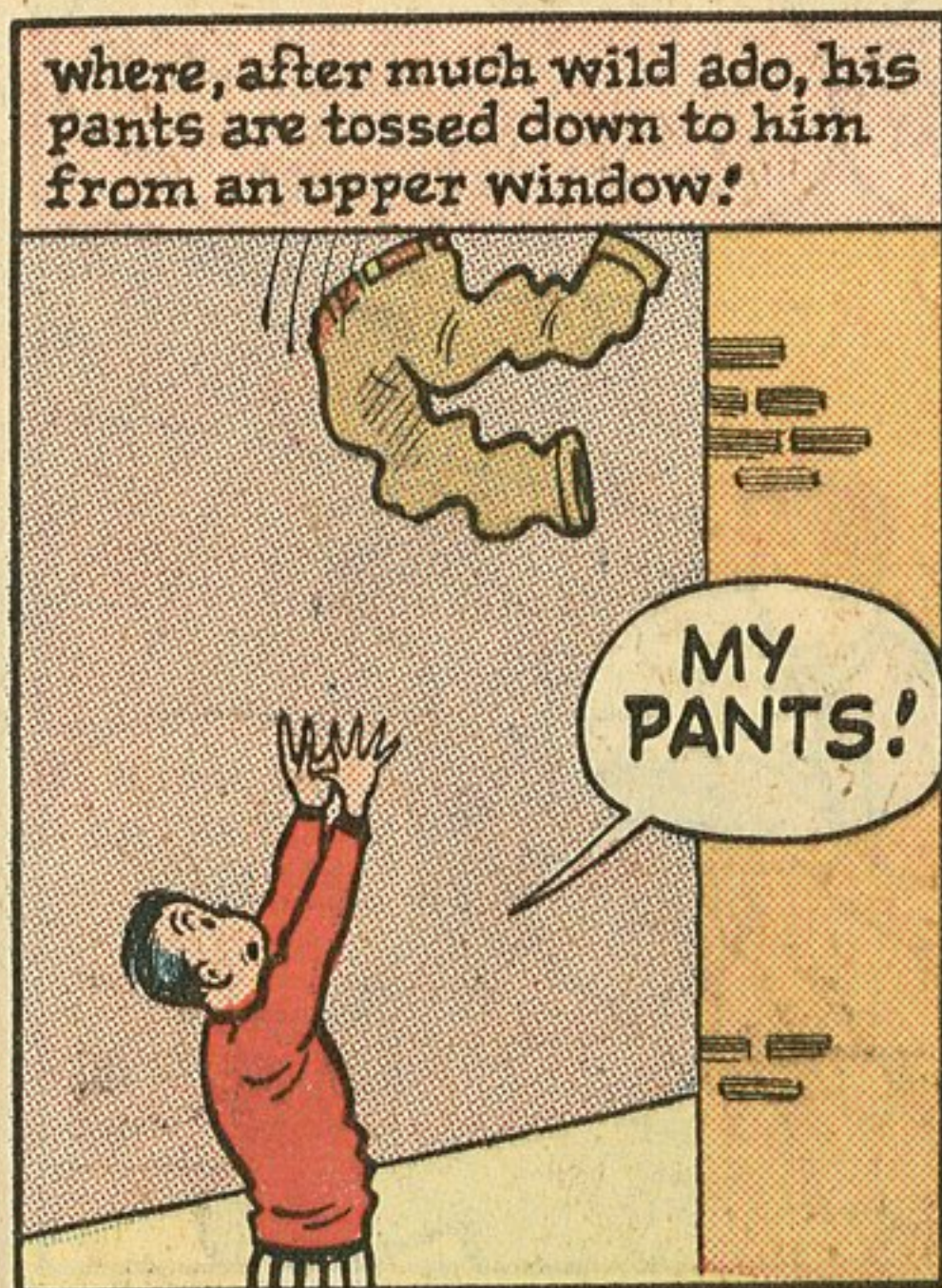
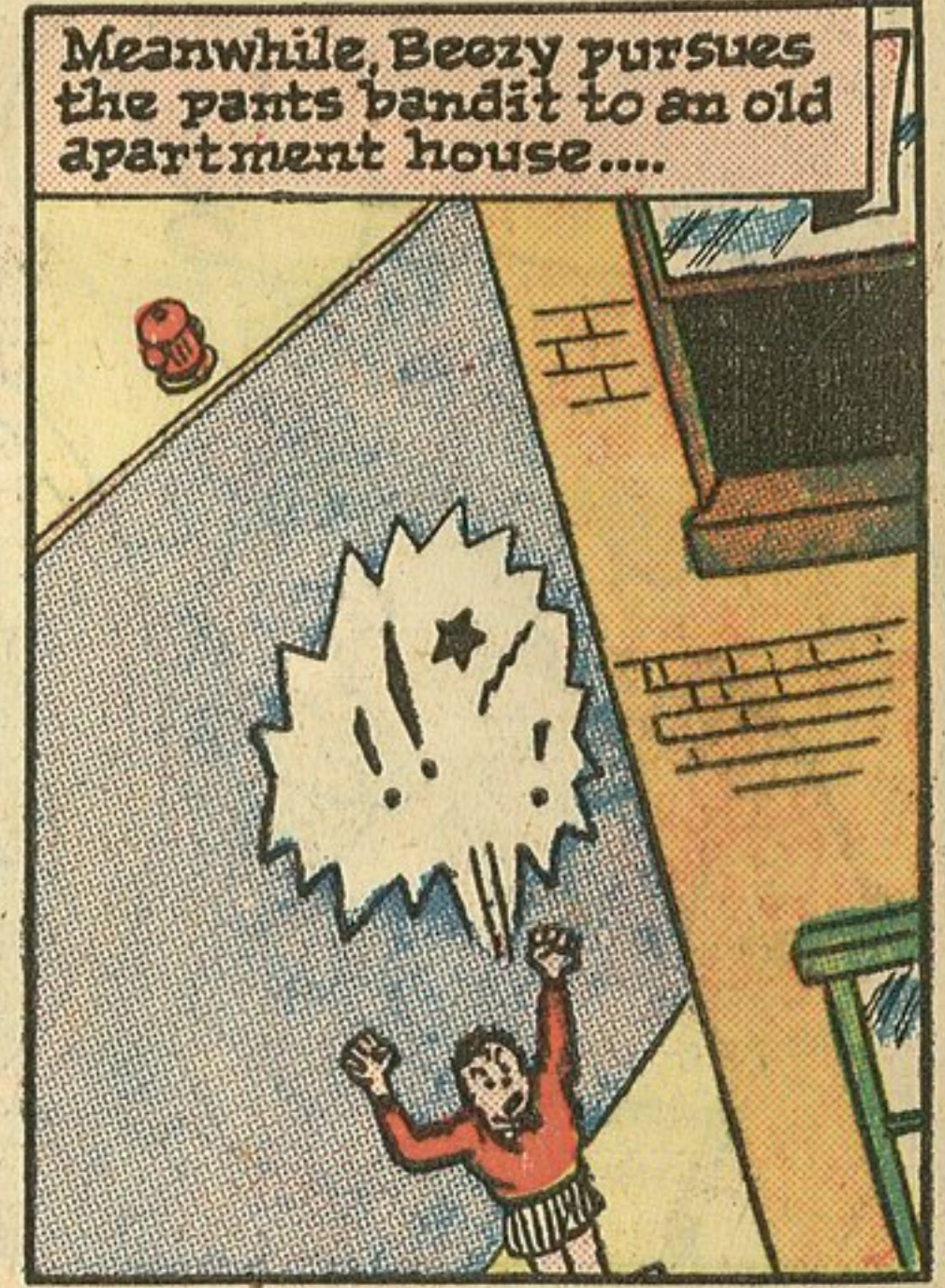
HE'S NOT A BAD BOY, EVEN IF HE IS A BIT OF A CHUCKLEHEAD! I MIGHT EVEN GIVE HIM A SPARE STAMP OR TWO, NOW AND THEN!

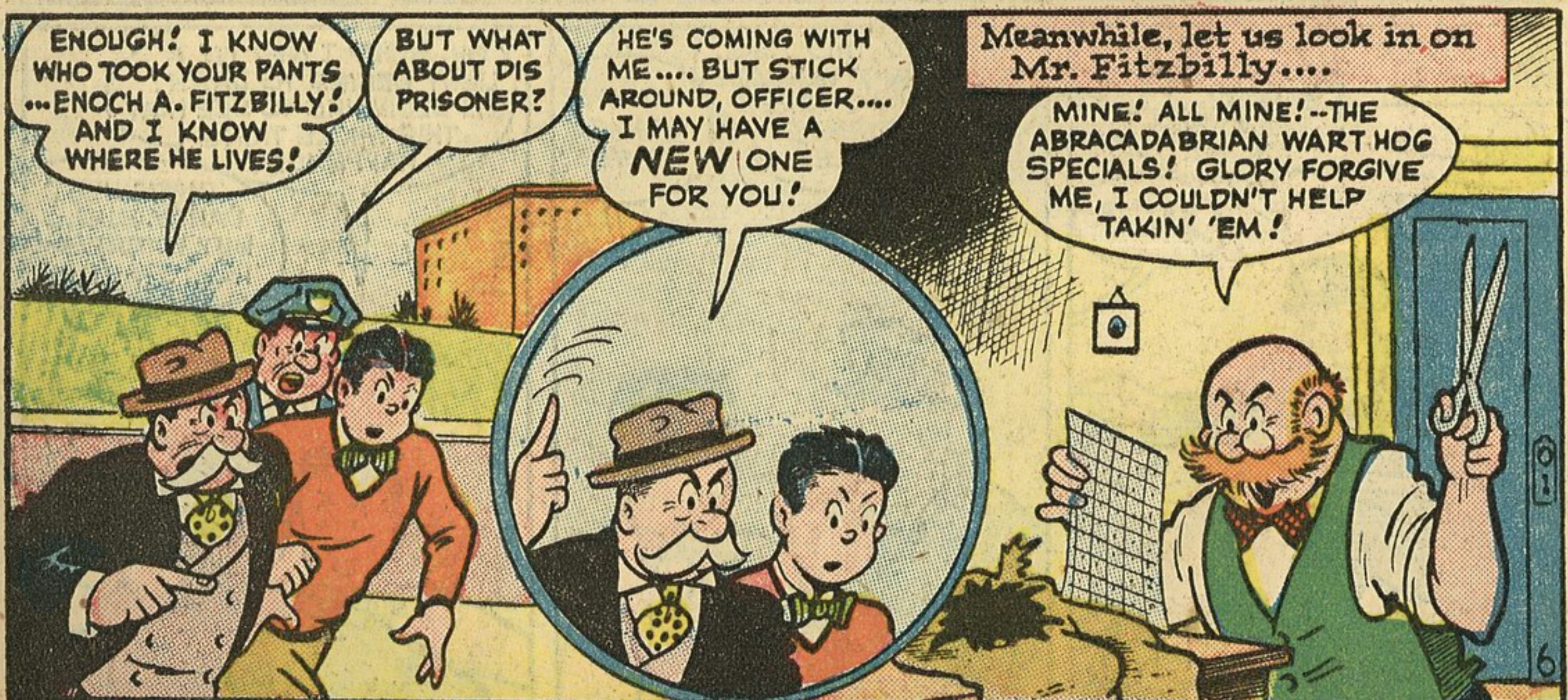
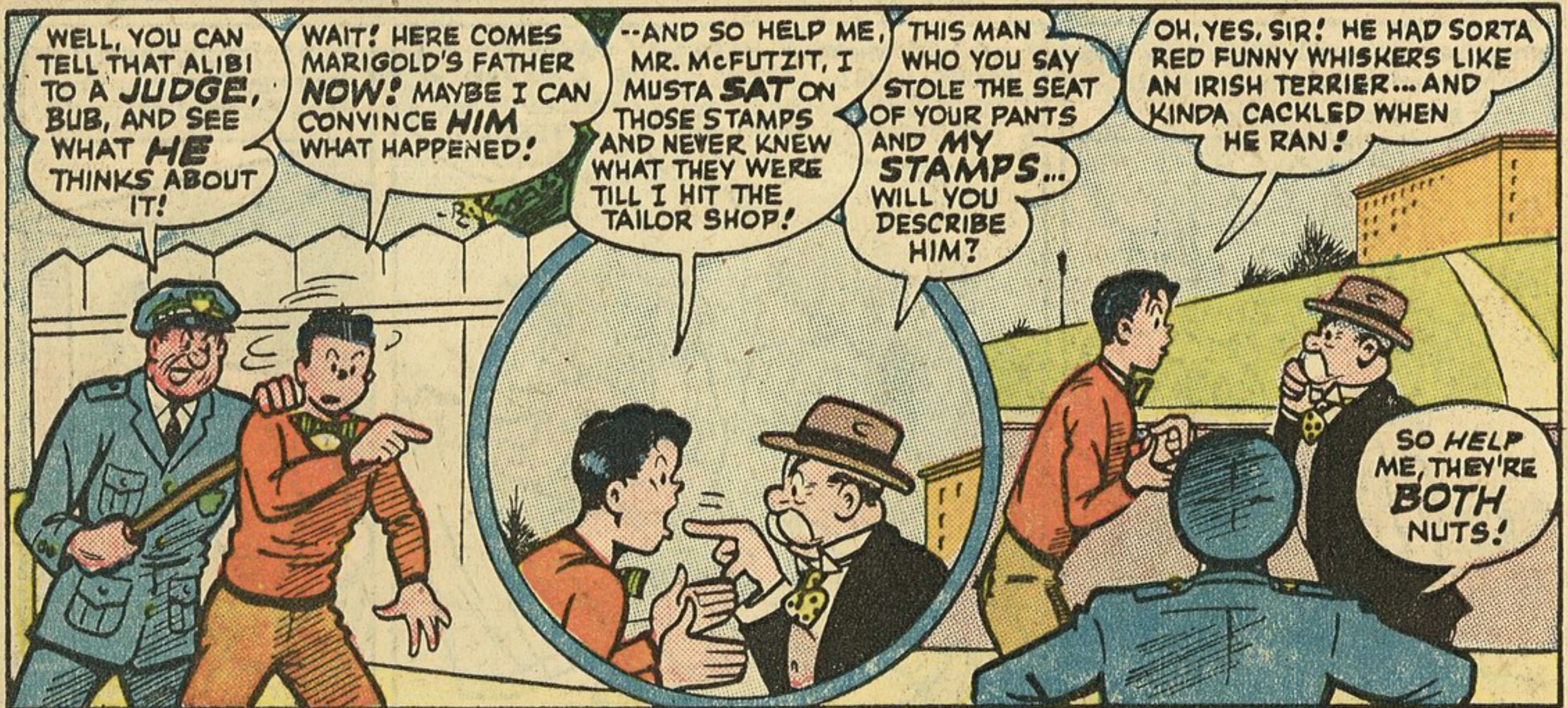
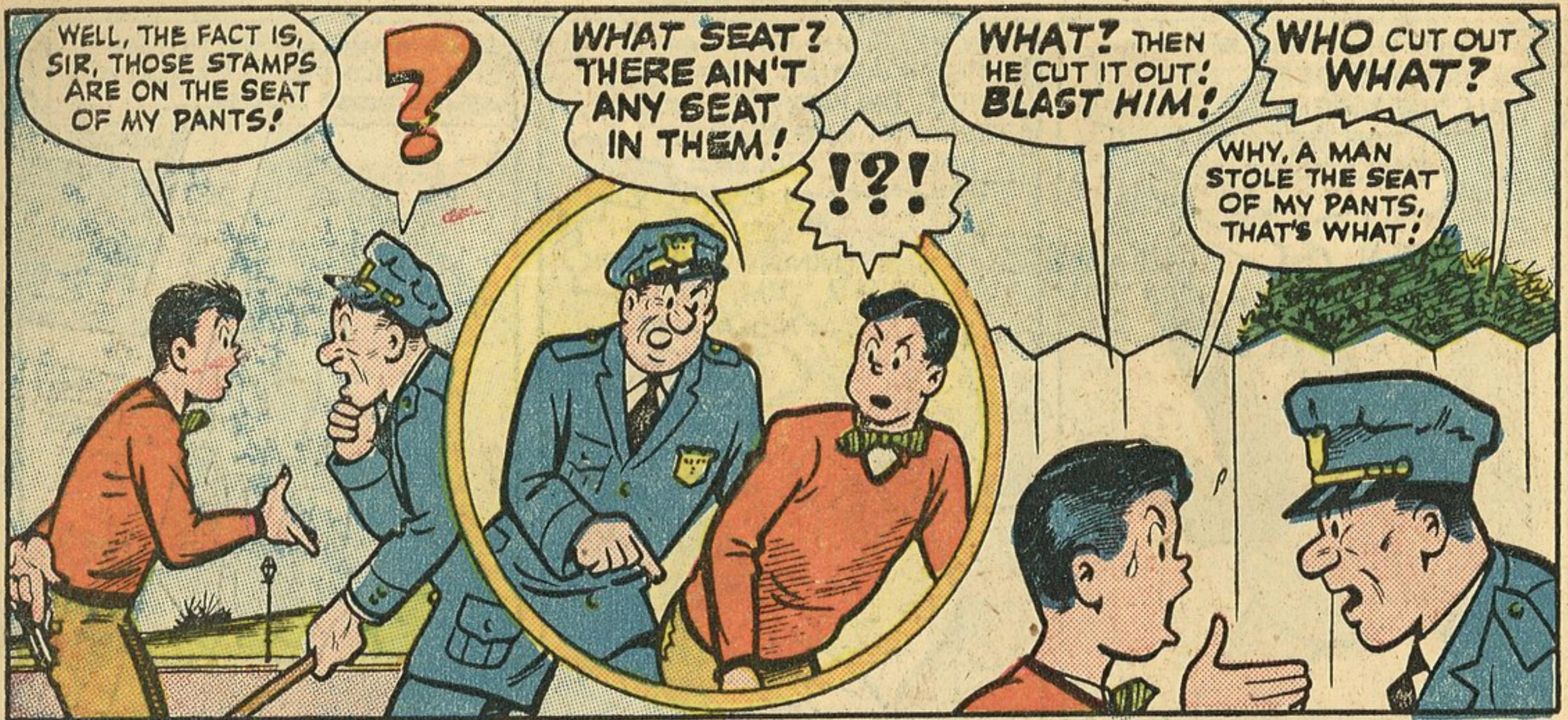
But Beezy has already taken a few of the old gent's stamps... he innocently sat on a whole rare sheet of them and went home with them stuck to the seat of his pants!

GOODNIGHT, MA!

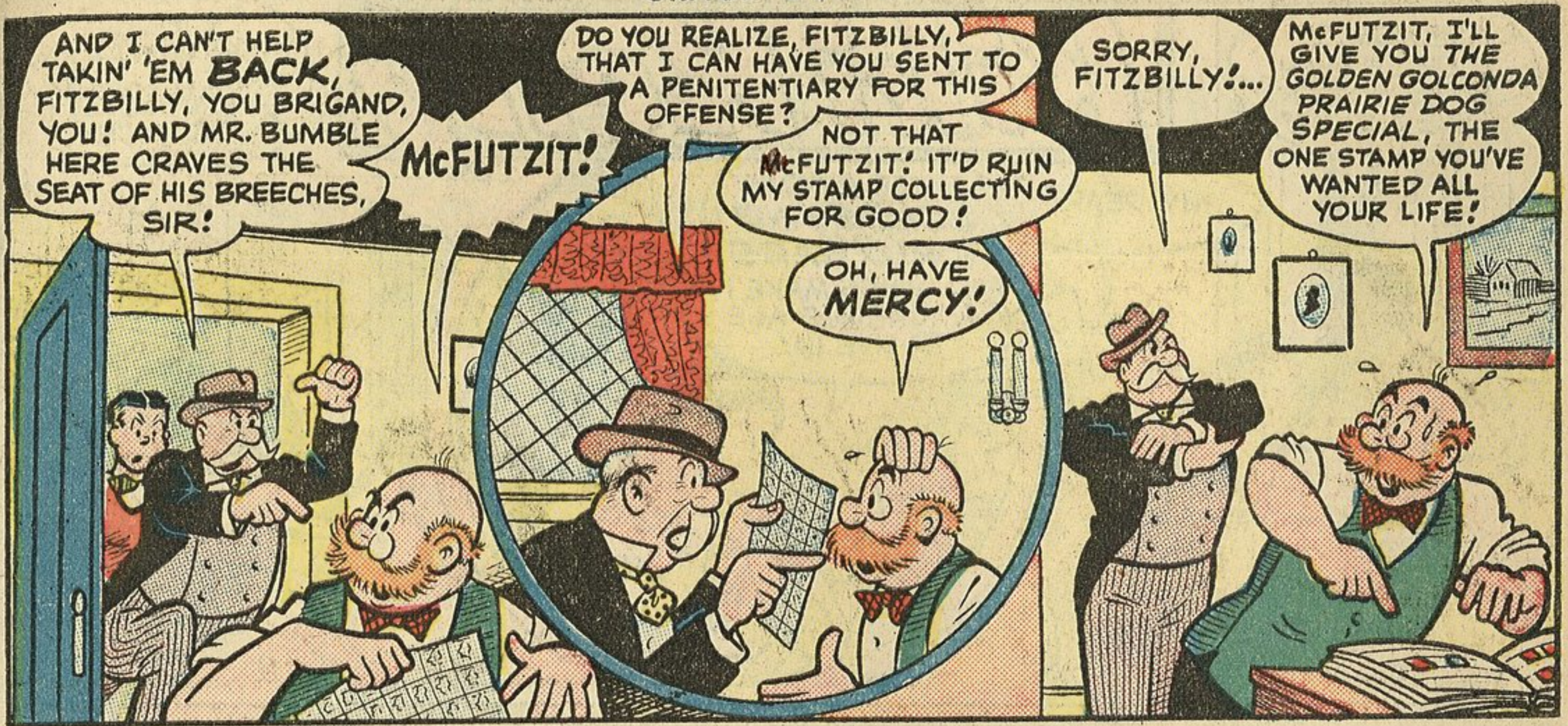
GOODNIGHT, BEEZY!

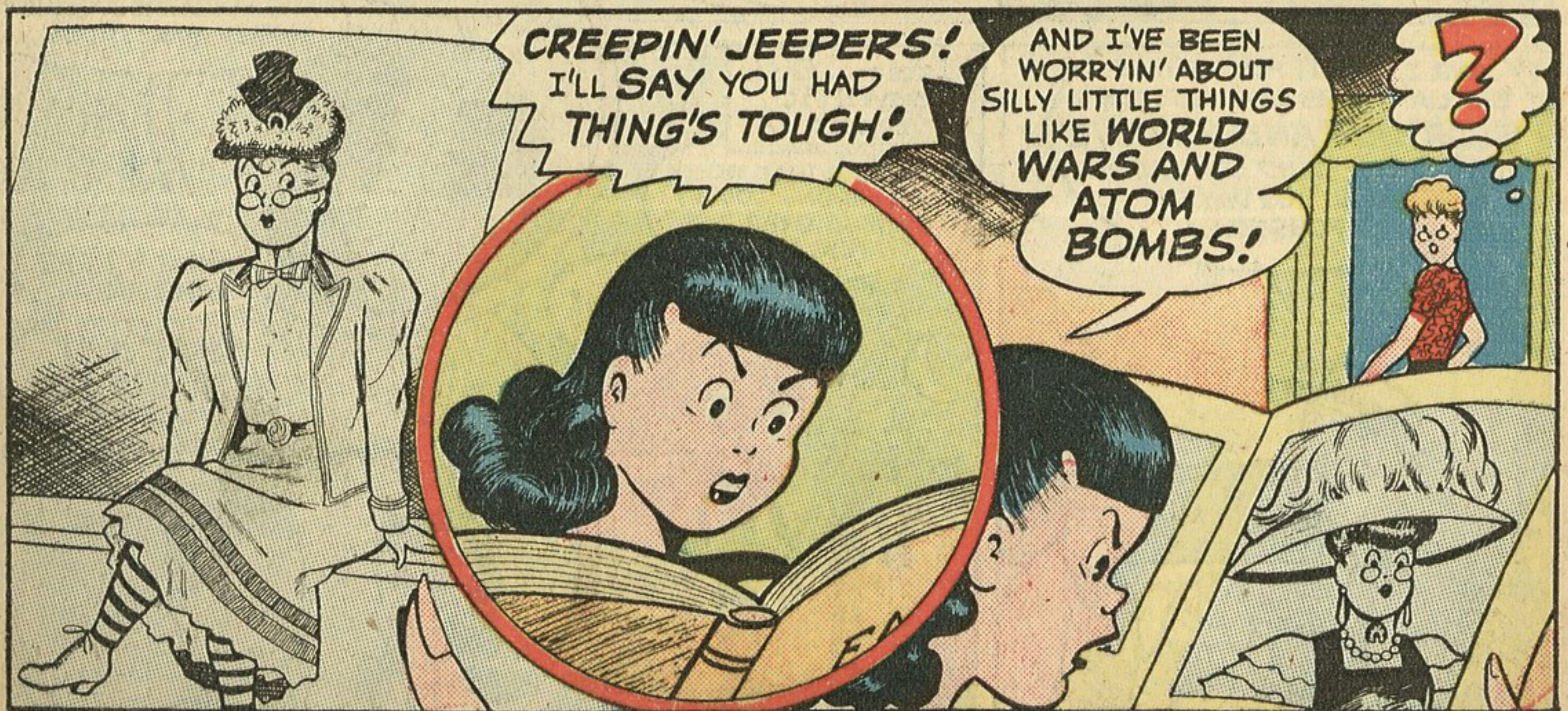
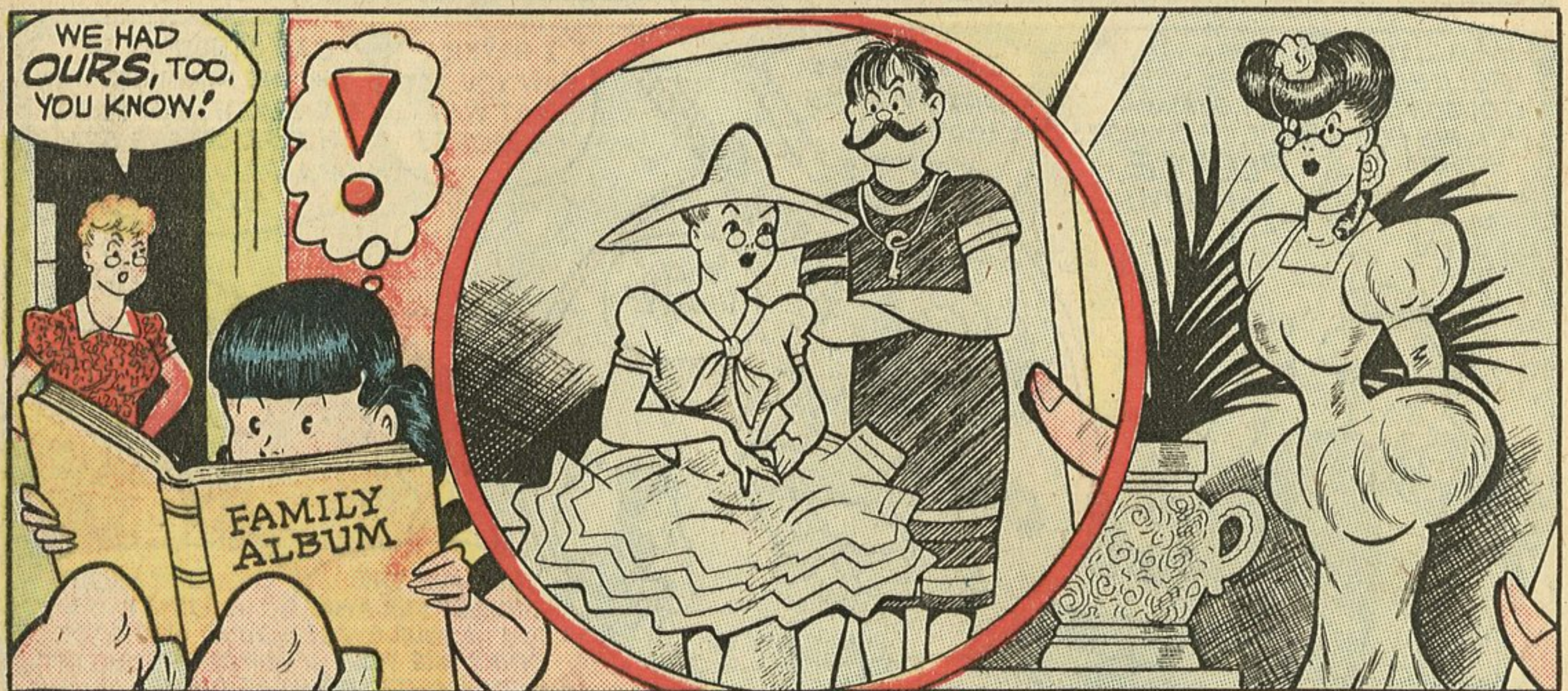




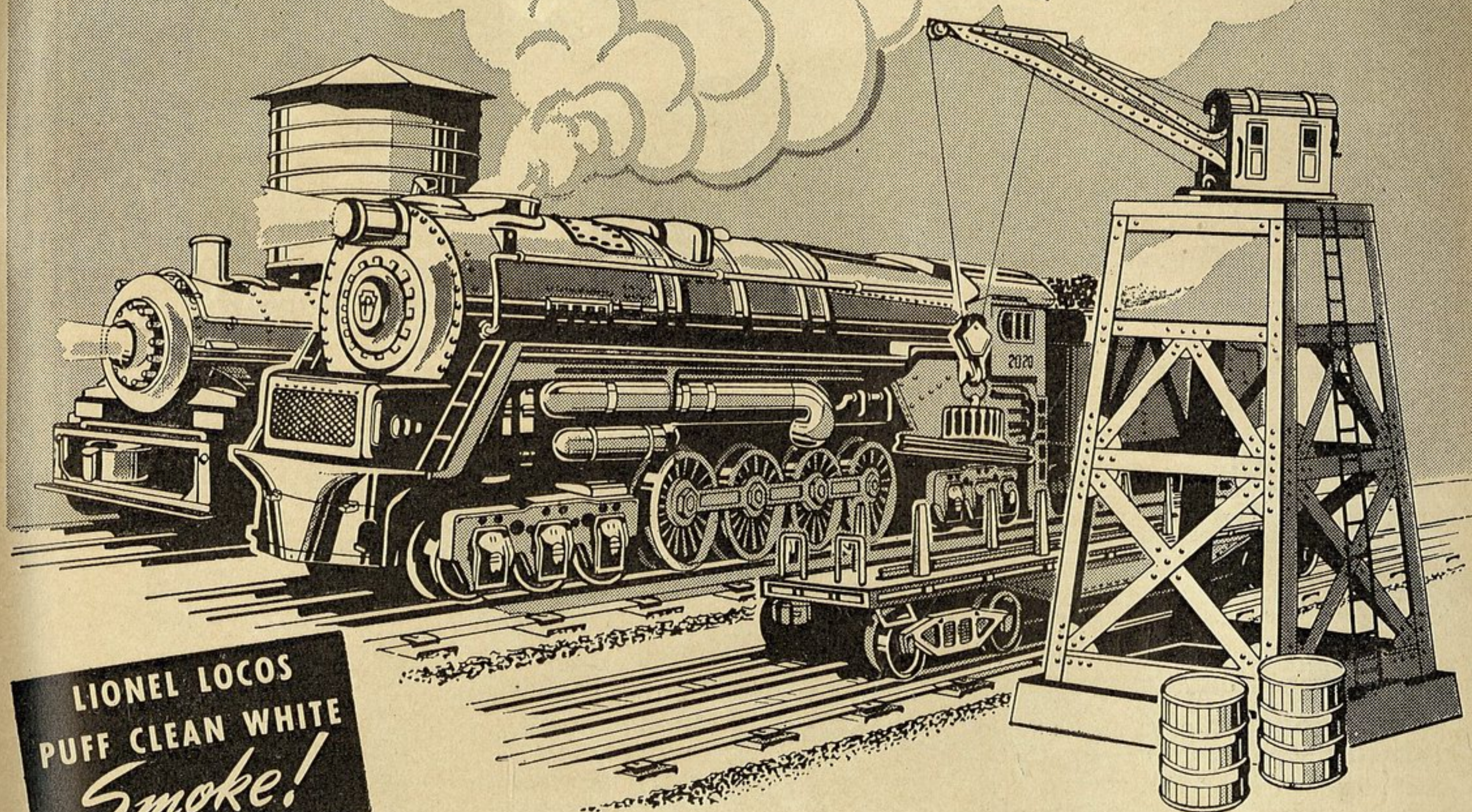


CRACK COMICS

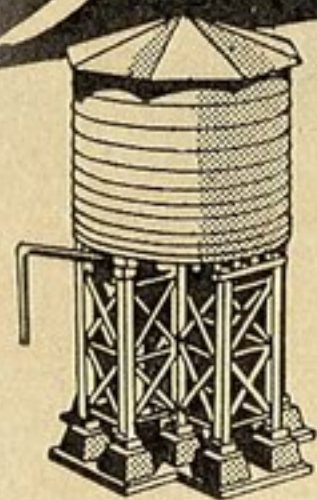




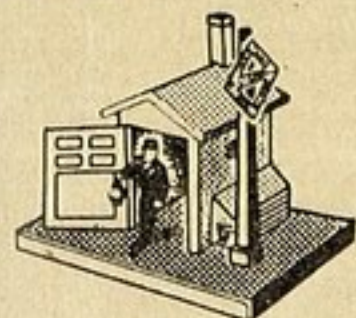
If you want a LIONEL Train for Christmas, here's what to do!



**LIONEL LOCOS
PUFF CLEAN WHITE
*Smoke!***



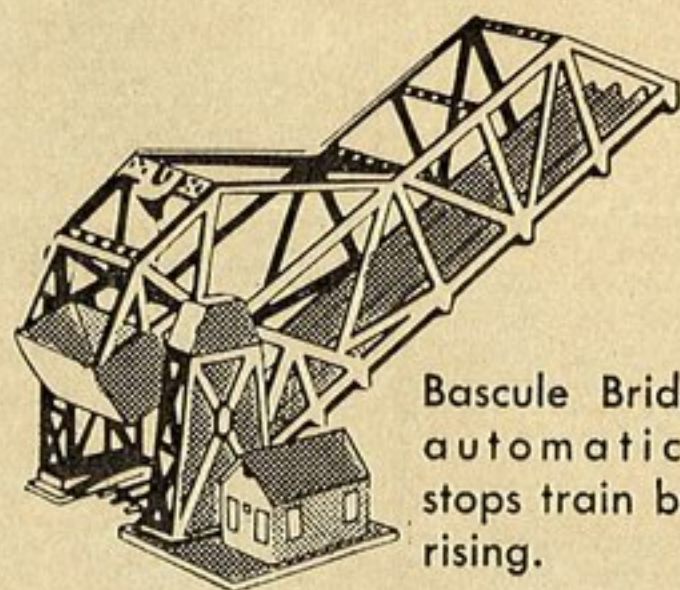
Brand new operating Water Tower — water lowers and rises in the tank. Remote control operation.



Automatic Gateman — rushes out and swings lantern when train approaches.

WE'LL SEND YOU OUR SECRET "POP PERSUADER"

It's sure fire! — guaranteed to let "Pop" know you want a LIONEL Train for Christmas. You'll love it. "Pop" will get a kick out of it. And Say! — the new LIONEL trains and accessories are out of this world. Send the coupon today — you'll see!



Bascule Bridge — automatically stops train before rising.

**Mail
Coupon
Today**

*Full Color Catalog also
Scenery Building Book*



LIONEL TRAINS

Locos puff SMOKE and WHISTLE like real trains.

THE LIONEL CORPORATION, Dept. "A3"
15 East 26 St., New York (10), N. Y.

Please send the full color catalog and Scenery Construction Book — also secret "Pop Persuader". (I enclose 10c for mailing.)

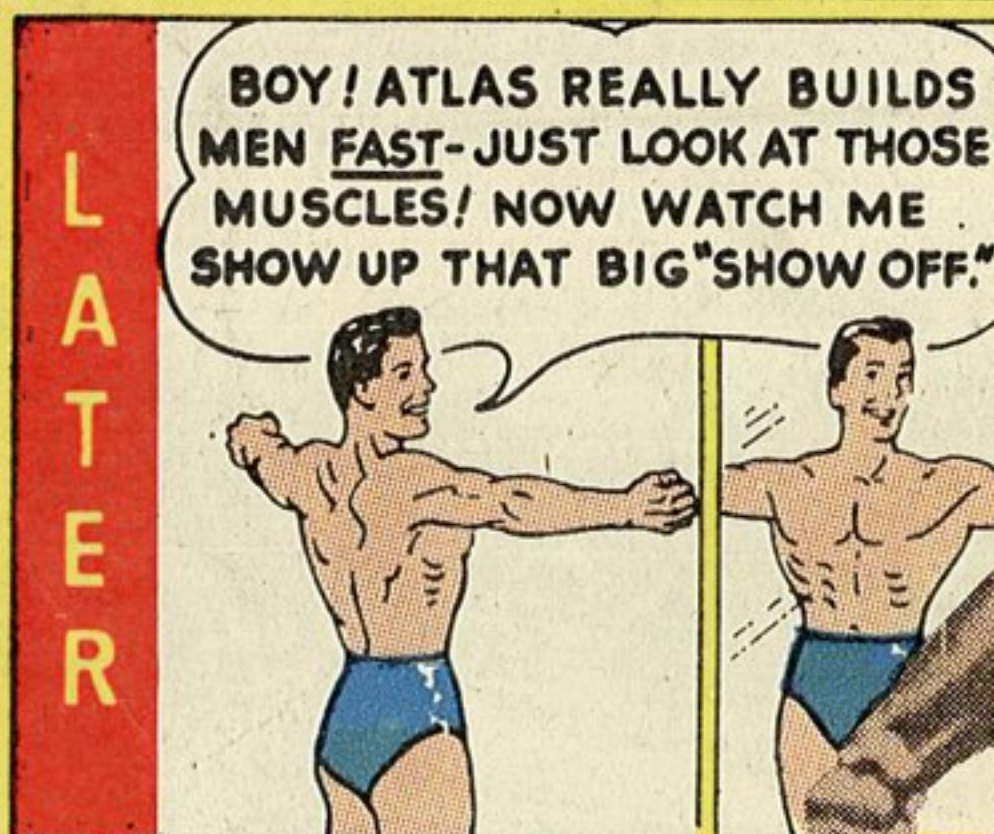
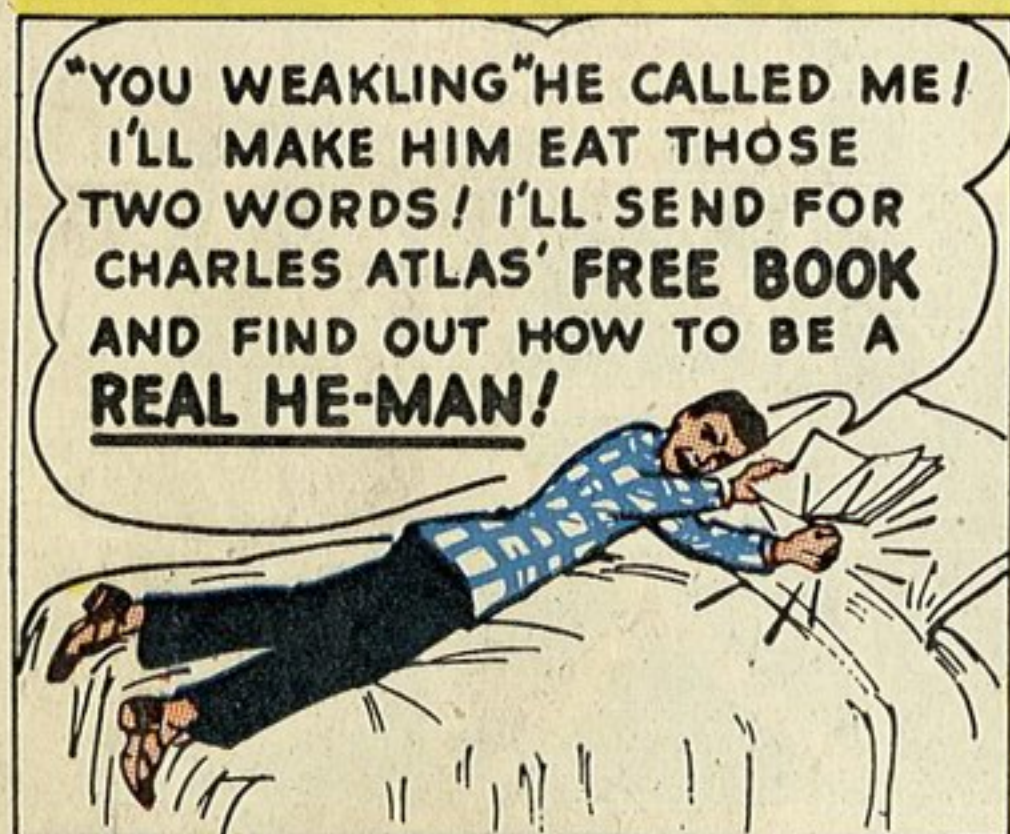
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(Please don't forget 10c for mailing charges)

HOW JUST TWO WORDS TURNED MAC INTO A HE-MAN!



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too —in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If you (like Mac), are fed up with being "pushed around"—if you're sick and tired of having the kind of a body that people PITY instead of ADMIRE—then give me just 15 minutes a day! That's all I need to PROVE I can make you a NEW MAN!

I know what I'm talking about. I was once a thin, peepless, 97-pound "bag of bones" myself. Then I discovered my now-famous secret, "Dynamic Tension." It turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I have used this secret to rebuild thousands of other scrawny, half-alive weaklings into perfect, red-blooded specimens of real HE-MANHOOD. Let me prove that I can do the same for YOU!

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will

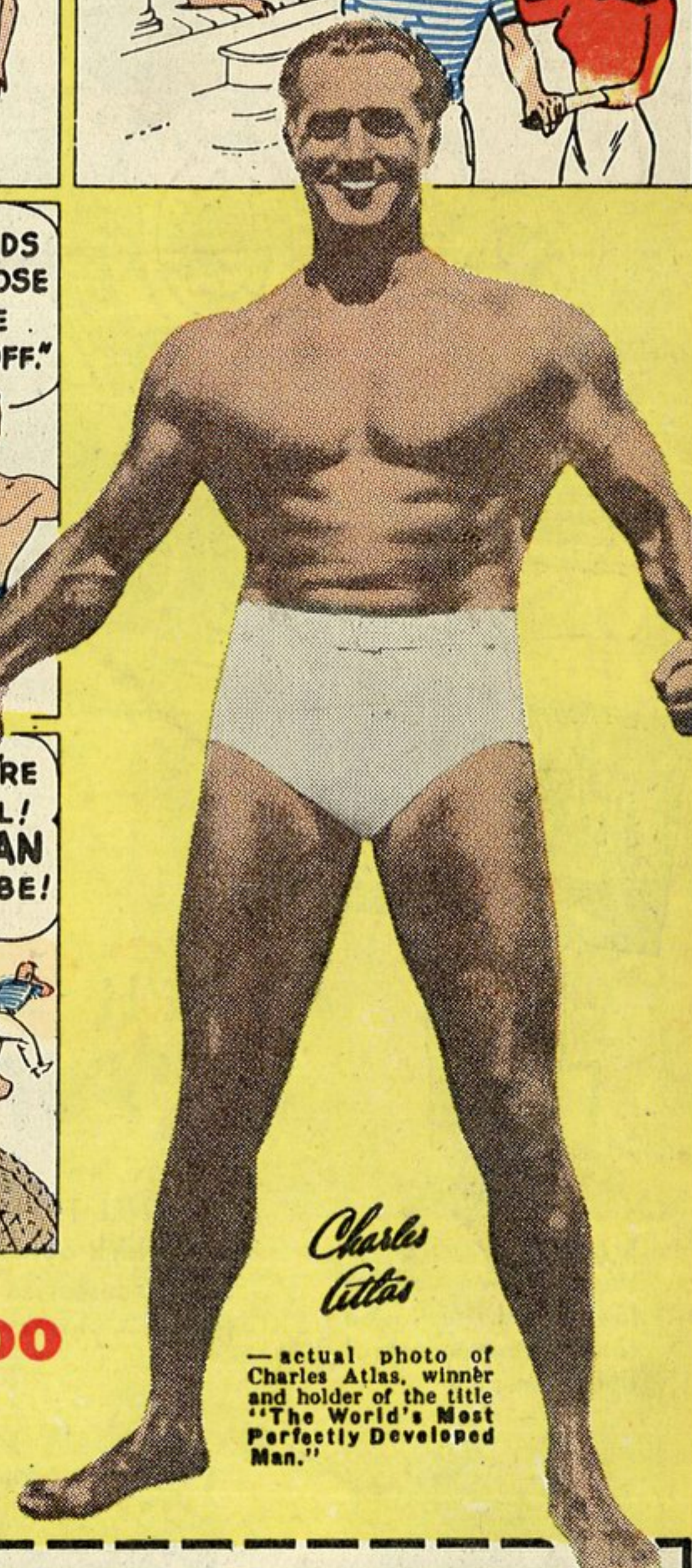
make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension." Shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Dept. 330 M, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of Charles Atlas, winner and holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330 M,
115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

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